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1918

To Mr. Wm H. Fleming
Literary Editor of
The Lancaster

from his associate
E. L. Alterton
Christmas 1895.

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THE LOOKER-ON

OCTOBER, 1895.

PADEREWSKI AND HIS ART.

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

THE question of nationality plays a curious rôle in the history of the pianoforte. For about a century and a half almost all the great pianoforte players and composers—Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann—were Germans. But with Schumann and his wife the list of Germans, supreme in this department, practically came to an end, unless we except Hans von Bülow, who was a great teacher rather than an inspired interpreter; and Brahms, whose pianoforte works are not idiomatic. Thus the field was left open for Slavic and Hungarian competitors. Hungary gave us Liszt, Heller, and Joseffy; Russia produced Rubinstein, Essipoff, and Pachmann; Scotland, D'Albert. But the land preëminent for pianists is Poland. Chopin was a Pole, and so was the brilliant Carl Tausig, who, had he not died at the age of thirty, would, in the opinion of his pupil, Joseffy, and many others, have surpassed even his master, Liszt. While there is good reason to believe that Josef Hofmann, who so delighted two continents as a prodigy, will ultimately take his place in the first rank. The two Scharwenkas, Moszkowski, Leschetitzki, and Slivinski are among the minor Polish masters. And now, to cap the climax, we have Paderewski, whom Poland will some

some day honor as now it honors Chopin; so that, musically speaking at any rate, it is safe to say, "Noch ist Polen nicht verloren"—Poland is not yet lost.

Modern Poland has less than eight million inhabitants, and is about one-third the size of California. Why this insignificant corner of Europe should have produced four of the world's greatest pianists—we might even say five, since Rubinstein's father was a Polish Jew—is as inexplicable as the problem of genius in general. Is it accidental, or a consequence of the romance, pathos, and tragedy of Polish history? Is it due to the influence of the Polish women, world-famed for their beauty and their gift of inspiring poetic fancies in their admirers? We know not; we only know that Poland has taken the place of Germany as the home of great pianists. Oddly enough, many American journalists seem to imagine that Poles are Germans, since they are constantly speaking of "Herr Paderewski." They might as well speak of "Herr Grover Cleveland" or "Signor Bismarck."

Ignace Jan Paderewski—who, since the death of Anton Rubinstein, must be regarded as the greatest of living pianists—was born on November 6, 1860, in Podolia, a province of Russian Poland, which might be called the granary and garden of Russia. In our minds the word "Russian" is inseparably associated with pictures of snow and ice, but Podolia has a climate similar to that of South Germany. Its wheat is the heaviest known, and used to be exported to Italy and Greece as early as the fifteenth century, while the luxuriant growth of the grape-vines, mulberries, and melons attests the mildness of its climate. To be a gentleman farmer in such a country is not the worst fate that might befall a man; nor could a musical genius pass the days of his childhood under more favorable circumstances than those which surrounded Ignace on his father's farm.

Paderewski's father was an ardent patriot who aroused the suspicions of the Russian officials, and in 1863

1863 he was banished to Siberia. After a few years' exile he was allowed to return, but, although he lived till 1894, his spirits were broken, and the only solace of his last years was the growing fame of his son, who, he must have felt, would, like Chopin, do more to make known and endear Poland to the world than any of her kings and politicians had ever done. Politicians are not usually musicians, and Paderewski's father was no exception to the rule; it was from his mother that Ignace, like Rubinstein and many other musicians, inherited his talent—in accordance with Schopenhauer's doctrine that men of genius derive their intellectual gifts from the maternal side. Ignace's mother, however, died when he was still a child, thus throwing him on his own resources.

It is related of Chopin that he was so sensitive in his infancy that he could not hear music without crying, and of Mozart that he fainted on hearing the sound of a trumpet. Ignace appears to have been similarly sensitive to sounds. As a boy he used to crawl on the piano stool, strike the keys, listen to the vibrations that make up a tone, and modify his touch till he got the exact quality his delicate sense of tonal beauty craved. He also had the sense of absolute pitch—that is, he could name every note he heard and tell the component parts of every chord without seeing the keyboard. Eager as he was to listen and learn, there was hardly any food for his musical appetite except the folk-songs of the peasants, which in Poland are beautiful and characteristic. Once a fiddler tried to give him a few lessons on the piano, of which he knew but little himself. Subsequently an old piano teacher was engaged to visit the isolated farm once a month. He taught the boy and his sister how to play simple arrangements of operatic tunes for one or two performers; but of systematic instruction there could be no question under such circumstances.

He was twelve years old when he went to Warsaw, where at last he was able to hear good music and to take lessons,

lessons, Janotha being his teacher on the piano, and Roguski in harmony. In the library of the Conservatory he also found opportunities, which he did not neglect, for studying the works of the classical and romantic composers. But for a long time his lack of early training remained a disadvantage. Even at sixteen, when he attempted his first concert tour, in Russia, he was technically far from satisfactory. Miss Fanny Morris Smith relates that "during this journey he played his own compositions and those of other people; but, as he naively confessed, they were all his own, no matter what he played, for he did not know the music, and as he had little technic and could not manage the difficult places, he improvised to fill up the gaps."

There is reason to think that the Russian amateurs who heard Paderewski on this tour were not particularly spoiled or critical. St. Petersburg and Moscow enjoy good concerts and operatic performances, but in provincial towns musical culture has not reached the highest possible level. I am indebted to Miss Szumowska, Paderewski's charming and talented pupil, for an anecdote relating to this first tour, which he is fond of telling. He had announced a concert at a certain small town, but, on arriving, found that no piano was to be had for love or money. Finally, he ascertained that a general living some miles away had a piano. The general was perfectly willing, on being applied to, to lend his instrument; but when the pianist tried it, he found, to his dismay, that it was so badly out of repair that some of the hammers would stick to the strings instead of falling back. However, it was too late to back out. The audience was assembling, and in this emergency a bright thought occurred to the pianist. He sent for a switch, and engaged an attendant to whip down the refractory hammers whenever necessary. So bang went the chords, and swish went the whip, and the audience liked this improvised duo more, perhaps, than it would have enjoyed the promised piano solo.

After

After this maiden tour, Paderewski resumed his studies at the Warsaw Conservatory, and two years later he was considered sufficiently advanced to be appointed to a professorship. In the following year, aged only nineteen, he married a Polish girl. Early marriages are rarely advisable, especially in the case of penniless artists who wish to carve their way to fame. Paderewski's married life lasted only a year—a year of privation and poverty—a year in which he probably did not earn one-tenth of what he can now earn in two hours. His wife died, leaving him an invalid boy, bright in mind but paralyzed in body, who now is taken care of by Mr. Gorski in Paris, and to whom his father is devoted.

Grief has ever been a fertilizer of genius. After his great loss, Paderewski gave up his whole soul to his art, in which he now made more rapid progress than before. He went to Berlin, where his opportunities for hearing good music were, of course, very much better than they had been at Warsaw. Here he took lessons in composition of Kiel, whose best service to his pupil was that he fanned his enthusiasm for his own two idols, Bach and Beethoven. Professor Urban, of Kullak's Academy, was also his teacher for a time, and at the age of twenty-three he accepted a position as professor at the Conservatory of Strasburg.

Up to this time, apparently, no one had suspected Paderewski's latent powers. It takes genius to discover genius. It so happened that during his Strasburg days he became intimately acquainted, at a summer resort, with the famous Polish actress, Mme. Modjeska, who was perhaps the first to recognize his rare gifts. She describes him as at this time "a polished and genial companion; a man of wide culture; of witty, sometimes biting tongue; brilliant in table-talk; a man wide-awake to all matters of popular interest, who knew and understood the world, but whose intimacy she and her husband especially prized for the 'elevation of his character and the refinement of his mind.'"

His

His familiarity with musical literature was already exhaustive. To amuse these same friends he once extemporized exquisitely upon a theme in the characteristic style of every great composer from Palestrina to Chopin. When he had finished, they begged him to play it once more according to himself, and that time it was the most beautiful of all.

The suspicion naturally arises that it may have been due largely to the sympathetic encouragement of the famous Polish actress that Paderewski gave up the drudgery of teaching, and went to Vienna to prepare himself for the career of a concert pianist under the guidance of his famous countryman Leschetitzki, who may be safely asserted to have shown himself, next to Liszt, the most successful trainer of pianists.

CONQUEST OF PARIS AND LONDON.

WHILE the Germans and Austrians are undoubtedly the most musical of all nations, they are not very quick in discovering a new genius, unless they happen to have a Schumann among their critics. Paderewski's début in Vienna was a pleasant enough affair, but did not do much to establish his fame, and it remained for Paris to discover his merits and proclaim them to the world. The Parisian public and press received him so cordially that the curiosity of London was aroused, but when he crossed the Channel and gave his first concert there, on May 9, 1890, the result was a disappointment. The *Academy* said: "If this artist did himself full justice on this occasion, we cannot understand the fuss that has been made of him. He is a virtuoso player, but apparently not of the highest order." The *Athenæum*, while conceding that he certainly succeeded in astonishing the small audience, accused

accused him of sensationalism and exaggeration, summing up its verdict in these words: "He is certainly not a model pianist, and his playing gives as much pain as pleasure to listeners of refined tastes." But when he gave his second concert, a week later, the critics took back everything they had said. The *Academy* found his readings "poetical in a high degree," and the *Athenæum* was "enabled to agree with the eulogy bestowed upon the Polish artist by Parisian critics. It is only fair to add," it continues, "that at the previous recital M. Paderewski may have been unfavorably influenced by the sparse attendance and the inferior pianoforte on which he played."

Sparse, indeed, had been the attendance at that first London recital; the receipts did not exceed ten pounds. But with every succeeding recital the audiences grew in number, and to-day, when Paderewski gives a concert in that city, the receipts rarely fall below $5,000, which is as much as Mme. Patti received in the most brilliant period of her operatic career. Nor are the music-lovers of other English cities less multitudinous and eager to hear him than the Londoners. In 1894, when his manager arranged an English provincial tour embracing twenty-two cities, the seats were in many of these places all sold as much as two months ahead of the date of the concert! In Edinburgh the excitement was so great, and the hall so crowded, that at least a dozen ladies had to be carried out in a fainting condition. On another occasion, in London, it was noted that a number of amateurs had provided themselves with breakfast and lunch, and waited patiently all day long for the doors of St. James's Hall to open.

Reports

FIRST TWO AMERICAN TOURS.

REPORTS of Paderewski's extraordinary success in England had, of course, preceded him to America, and when he made his first appearance in New York, on November 17, 1891, he was greeted at Carnegie Hall by a large and brilliant audience. It does not at all follow that because an artist succeeds in London, Paris, or Vienna he will have the same happy fate in New York. Many musicians—especially singers—have a tale of woe to tell on that score, and it is an undeniable fact that the New York musical public is the most critical and fastidious in the world. Paderewski, however, triumphed at once; he is an artist of too high a type to be dependent on the lottery of luck. As he walked across the stage and seated himself at his Steinway Grand, his appearance and demeanor at once indicated the keynote of his whole performance—an honest devotion to his art which scorns any sort of trifling with the audience, or posing as a genius, in the old style, by personal untidiness.

While the public at once recognized Paderewski's greatness, the critics, with a few exceptions, lagged behind. A writer in a musical paper thus summed up the situation satirically: "Paderewski, the pianist, came and did not conquer at once. . . . The press all the week was a study. Praise was given, but grudgingly, and the fatal comparison of names was instituted. If Paderewski had only had Joseffy's hair, Rosenthal's appetite, Rummel's laugh, Rubinstein's powers of perspiration, Pachmann's grin, why, then Paderewski would have been a great pianist," etc. But the public paid no heed to these insinuations, and when, after two concerts with orchestra (at which he played concertos by himself, Saint-Saëns, and Beethoven),

ven), he began a series of solo recitals at the Madison Square Garden concert hall, it was found that this hall was too small to contain all the enthusiasts, and he had to return to Carnegie Hall, which has a seating capacity of twenty-seven hundred, with standing-room for about a thousand more; and this hall was thenceforth crowded at every recital, although the price of seats was almost on an operatic scale.

In less than six months, Paderewski gave the enormous number of one hundred and seventeen concerts, his fame growing all the time like an avalanche. His last concert in New York was given at the Metropolitan Opera House, for the benefit of the Washington Arch Fund. The great pianist volunteered his services for this occasion, Mr. Higginson generously gave the assistance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra free of charge, so that the proceeds of the concert, $4,275, could be turned over to the Fund intact. Mr. Paderewski felt grateful towards Washington's countrymen for their cordial recognition of his genius, and he played on this occasion like one truly inspired, so that after he had interpreted his own concerto, with the superb accompaniment of Mr. Nikisch and his orchestra, not a few of those in the audience felt convinced that they had just heard the greatest pianist that ever lived.

As Mr. Paderewski had given his services for a patriotic purpose, it was proper that patriotic compliments should be exchanged after the concert. Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, as members of the Washington Arch Committee, came on the stage, and Mr. Godwin made a short address, in which he thanked all those who had contributed towards the success of the concert, and then spoke of Mr. Paderewski's home in Poland, expressing the hope that that unlucky country might some day be released from its oppressors. A smile lighted up Mr. Paderewski's fine features as these words were spoken; but instead of responding in words, he shook his head, put his finger on his lips, sat down once more at the piano amid thunders

thunders of applause and played a Liszt rhapsody as he alone can play it. It was an historic event, which those who were lucky enough to be present will never forget.

After such a brilliant success, it was not surprising that Paderewski's managers succeeded in persuading him to return for a second tour, beginning in the autumn of 1892. In New York he again took possession of Carnegie Hall, and gave there eleven concerts, including two with orchestra, and every one of them was crowded to the doors. Stranger things happened in the West, as the following newspaper item shows: "Paderewski played on Monday evening in Cleveland, and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad Company ran special trains, one from Sandusky and the other from Norwalk, for the benefit of the residents of those two cities who wished to hear him."

Of course the receipts varied with the size of the halls. One Chicago concert yielded over seven thousand dollars; but if New York did not reach such a high figure, that was simply because it has no concert hall as big as the Chicago Auditorium. Here are a few official figures covering fourteen consecutive concerts: Binghamton, $1,500; New York, $5,069; Boston, $2,364; New Haven, $1,926; New York, $5,060; Rochester, $1,352; Albany, $1,350; Hartford, $1,915; Boston, $2,995; New York, $5,524; Buffalo, $2,050; Philadelphia, $5,324; Brooklyn, $3,162; Boston, $3,999; total, $43,590, or an average of $3,113.

The total number of concerts given during this second tour in twenty-six American cities was sixty-seven, and the receipts amounted to $180,000—a sum never before reached by any instrumental performer, and rarely equalled by a prima donna in the palmiest days of the *bel canto.* These financial results show that those managers who offered Rubinstein $2,500 an evening for an American tour a few years ago were not so rash as some fancied they were. Paderewski reached that average, and it is possible that Rubinstein, with the

the prestige of his life-long reputation as pianist and composer, might have exceeded it. It is interesting to compare Rubinstein's net earnings in 1872—$50,000 for 215 concerts—with Paderewski's gross receipts of about $180,000 for sixty-seven concerts, of which, perhaps, $150,000 are net. For the number of concerts given he earned about nine times as much as Rubinstein. This does not prove that he is nine times as great a pianist as Rubinstein, but it does indicate that musical culture in America had made enormous strides in twenty years.

PERSONAL TRAITS AND ANECDOTES.

AMERICA, thanks to our full purses, our ready enthusiasm for what is best of its kind, and our "magnificent distances," is at once the Eldorado and the terror of European artists. We came very near ruining the career of little Josef Hofmann by overwork, and even the leonine Rubinstein, at the age of forty-one, found the American tour so exhausting that he wrote in his autobiography: "May Heaven preserve us from such slavery! . . . The receipts and the success were invariably gratifying, but it was all so tedious that I began to despise myself and my art." Nothing—not even the offer of $2,500 an evening—could induce Rubinstein to repeat the experiment. Paderewski, although he nearly suffered nervous collapse after his first

first tour, luckily was willing to come again, and as his second tour was more reasonably arranged, he might have come out of it fresh and smiling but for the Chicago trouble.

One of his noblest traits is his genuine modesty—a trait which has not been altered by the fact that he now receives homage as the greatest living pianist and one of the most gifted composers. Sir George Grove praises Schubert as "one of the very few musicians who did not behave as if he considered himself the greatest man in the world." In this respect Paderewski resembles Schubert. "Paderewski," said the pianist De Pachmann, in one of those quaint little speeches he loves to address to his audiences, "Paderewski is the most modest artist that I have ever seen. I myself am the most unmodest artist, except Hans von Bülow. He is more unmodest than I am."

To his colleagues and rivals Paderewski is pleasant and generous. He invites them to dinners and interests himself in their affairs. He and Mr. Joseffy are excellent friends, who thoroughly appreciate each other's good points.

Paderewski belongs to the modern school of musicians in being a man of general culture and refinement. He is not one of those numerous musicians who care for nothing but their own art. He is interested in the other arts, too, as well as in literature and life. He is as brilliant in table-talk as at the piano, and is a most sympathetic and intellectual companion. He has very decided opinions of other composers, and his taste is remarkably catholic. He likes Grieg's songs better than his pianoforte works, while Brahms' piano pieces, as he once said to me, hardly exist for him: "they seem all treble and bass." But he admires the chamber-music of Brahms. His worship of the romantic Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann does not interfere with his enjoyment of the classical Mozart and Beethoven. He adores Bach and Schubert, and at the same time he is a thorough Wagnerite. To hear "Parsifal" or "Tristan,"

tan," he says, you ought to go to Bayreuth, for the "Meistersinger" to Vienna, for "Tannhäuser" to Dresden; while of the "Flying Dutchman," the best performance he ever heard was at a small German city of thirty thousand inhabitants.

Like most Poles, he has a great talent for acquiring a knowledge of languages. He speaks Polish, Russian, French, German, and English fluently, and he is an excellent letter-writer, as the few who have been favored by him are aware. In recent years, however, he has acquired almost a horror of letter-writing, and seems to have fallen into the bad habit of Chopin, who would rather get into a cab and deliver a message personally at the other end of Paris than write a note of twenty lines.

Genius involves hard work, in a pianist as in a poet. Ease and finish are the rewards of years of toil. When we know how persistently Paderewski works to perfect his playing, we hardly wonder that he shirks the duty of writing letters. His triumphs were not too easily won; he had to practise and study many years to earn them. To this day he will practise ten or twelve hours or more a day when preparing for a concert tour, to keep his fingers supple and his memory reliable. But the secret of his success lies in this, that he practises not merely with the fingers, but with the brain too. He once told me that he often lies awake for hours at night, going over his next programme mentally, note for note, trying to get at the very essence of every bar.

This mental practice at night explains the perfection of his art, but it is not good for his health. Indeed, if he ever sins, it is against himself and the laws of health. He smokes too many cigarettes, drinks too much lemonade, loses too much sleep, or sleeps too often in the daytime. For this last habit he is, however, not entirely to blame; for, whenever he gives a concert, all his faculties are so completely engaged that he is quite exhausted at the end, and unable to go to sleep for hours. His favorite antidote to this artistic insomnia is

is a game of billiards. Of this game he is passionately fond, and he regards it as a sort of tonic; for, he says, "If I walk or ride, or merely rest, I go on thinking all the time, and my nerves get no real rest. But when I play billiards, I can forget everything, and the result is mental rest and physical rest combined.'

Like Liszt and Rubinstein, Paderewski has an intense personal magnetism which especially attracts women. I have seen an audience compel the poor pianist to add five pieces to the sixteen on the programme, the chief applauders being women. Often have I seen half the ladies in the parquet leave their seats while these extras were being called for and crowd as near the stage as possible so as to get a closer view of the magnetic performer and his bewitched fingers. After the concert, those who were lucky enough would crowd into his room, while others would wait below to see him drive off.

To conclude these remarks on Paderewski's personality, let me quote a line of Mr. J. G. Huneker: "His life has been full of sorrow, of adversity, of viciousness never. His heart is pure, his life clean, his ideals lofty."

HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS.

IT is often said that a trace of charlatanism is essential to the success of even a genius. Paderewski is a living refutation of this assertion. He never resorts to clap-trap, trickiness, or sensationalism in order to win applause. He makes no concessions to the popular craving for cheap tunes, but gives his hearers only the choicest products of the highest musical genius, from Bach to the present day. He never stoops to conquer, never allows anything trashy or trivial to mar the artistic harmony of his theme. He does not need to resort to any such tricks to succeed. His popularity has been won by his personal genius and his sincere devotion to the

the very best music. What prepossesses an audience at once in his favor is the genuine simplicity of his bearing, the absence of all desire to pose. He never indulges in any antics or capers, but comes on the stage with modest bearing, takes his seat at the piano, preludizes a moment—what superb chords!—till all is quiet, and then plays as only he can play.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes the average spectator on seeing Paderewski at the piano is the entire absence of effort in his performance. He seems to shake the notes from his sleeves like a prestidigitateur; technical difficulties do not exist for him; indeed, from his playing one might fancy that there was no such thing as a difficult piece, and that anybody might do what seems so absurdly easy.

Charlatans draw attention to their skill by an obtrusive brilliancy of execution and a parading of difficulties. It cannot be denied that this is a good way to "astonish the natives," and that it often brings a certain kind of success. But astonishment is a state of mind which is soon dulled, and for permanent success with the public it is necessary to appeal to the deeper and more æsthetic emotions. The secret of Paderewski's permanent success lies in this, that he makes us forget that there is such a thing as technique by his supreme mastery of it and by making the musical ideas he interprets so absorbingly interesting to all classes of hearers. Paradoxical as it may seem, it may be said that the genius of a musician is most unmistakably revealed in his power over the unmusical. Genius makes extremes meet; that is to say, it fascinates not only those who have the most highly cultivated taste for music, but also those to whom the art is usually a sealed book and the playing of ordinary academic pianists "all Greek." Genius translates this Greek into English, or any other language you please. It is an emotional Volapük which makes all music intelligible to everybody.

This is not mere "sentiment," or "fine writing." I really

really know of unmusical individuals who shun piano recitals as intolerable bores, but who never miss a Paderewski recital, because, when he plays, Bach and Beethoven are no longer riddles to them but sources of pleasure.

Vanity is the principal cause of the failure of many brilliant pianists. They try to show the public not how beautiful the music of Chopin or Schumann is, but what clever performers they themselves are. The public soon notes their insincerity, and neglects their concerts. Paderewski, on the other hand, never plays *at* an audience. He hardly seems to play *for* it, but for himself. I once asked him if he ever felt nervous in playing, and he said he often did, but only because he feared he might not satisfy himself. He is his own severest critic.

Paderewski almost always begins a concert with Bach, Handel, Scarlatti or some other very old master, following this up with Mozart or Beethoven, then the German romantic school (Weber, Schubert, Schumann), and finally the Slavic and Hungarian schools—Rubinstein, Chopin, Paderewski, Liszt. This historic arrangement has the obvious advantage that it leads the individual hearer through the same stages of development that the musical race went through. Each of the recitals thus becomes an object-lesson in musical history, adding instruction to pleasure.

It should be borne in mind that the excessive fatigue of constant travel has had the natural result of making some of his recitals less interesting than others. If there are any who have heard him but once and who were disappointed, they will herein find the explanation. Even when he is in the concert mood, it often happens that he has to play two or three pieces before he is at his best—a common experience with artists. But it is not always so, especially when Bach heads the list. On such an occasion an expert who had never before heard him play would be apt to say to himself, "This man is evidently a Bach specialist; he has played his best card first." Later on he would feel inclined to pronounce him

him a Beethoven specialist; but not till after the Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt numbers would he discover the whole truth, namely, that Paderewski is *a specialist in all good music.* Like Liszt, he has the mocking-bird gift of imitating the style of all the great pianists and composers, often surpassing them in their own song.

That he is preëminent above all pianists in the matter of beauty and variety of tone-color is a fact beyond all dispute. Dr. William Mason, a pupil of Liszt, considers him in this respect superior even to his master. Having heard Liszt only once, I feel hardly entitled to an opinion in this matter, but I do not for a moment doubt Dr. Mason's judgment. The gift of a beautiful tone (touch) comes by nature, like a beautiful face, but it can be improved by cultivation and exercise. We have seen that as a boy Paderewski used to listen to the vibrations that make up a tone, and modify his touch till he got these vibrations just as his delicate sense of tonal beauty wanted them. Something similar to this he does to this day at his recitals. He has no looks, no grimaces, for the audience. No public smile ever sits on his lips, yet if you look closely you will observe subtle changes of expression on his features: he is listening intently to his own playing, and if the tone is as beautiful as he wishes it, an expression of pleasure flits across his features. He seems to be far away in dreamland, playing for himself alone; and his reward is not the applause of the audience, but the delight in his own playing.

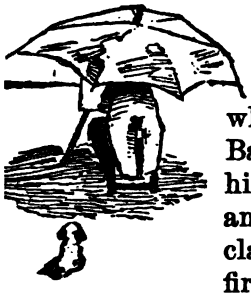
Tone, in a modern piano, is as much a matter of pedalling as of finger-touch. By pressing the right pedal, we lift the dampers from all the strings and allow the sympathetic overtones to add their voices to the tones we strike, thus enriching and deepening the colors. No other pianist, except perhaps Chopin, has understood the art of pedalling as Paderewski understands it. In this respect he is epoch-making; his pedalling is a source of unending delight and study to connoisseurs. No expert could mistake his chords and arpeggios for those of any other pianist. No other has quite such a limpid

limpid yet deep tone, a tone of such marvellous carrying power that its pianissimo is heard in the remotest parts of the house; no other can, like him, make you hear soft, voluptuous horns, lugubrious bassoons, superbly sustained organ-pedals, and amorous violoncello tones. So perfect is his pedalling that he never by any accident blurs his harmonies and passages, while at the same time he produces tone-colors never before dreamt of in a pianoforte. By rapid successive pressures of the pedal he succeeds in giving the piano a new power, that of changing the quality of a tone after it has been struck, as every one must have noticed, for instance, in his performance of his popular Minuet.

Hans von Bülow, in his edition of Beethoven's pianoforte works, marks certain passages quasi violoncello—or some other instrument which the composer evidently had in mind. Bülow himself was not very successful in suggesting these orchestral tints, whereas Paderewski constantly does so in the most fascinating manner, especially in Liszt, whose style is often orchestral in its suggestiveness, without ceasing to be idiomatically pianistic. If occasion calls for it, Paderewski can convert the piano into a small stormy orchestra; but he has a way of his own for producing orchestral effects which depends on the skilful use of the pedals instead of on muscular gradations of forte and piano. For instance, as the surging sounds of some mighty arpeggios gradually die away over the pedal, you will hear above them a weird sustained tone, like that of a muted horn from another world; another moment you will hear the wail of an oboe, or the majestic strains of trombones, or the sonorous boom of a bell; and in the Chopin Berceuse he converts the piano into an æolian harp whose harmonies seem to rise and fall with the gentle breezes. By the clever use of pedal and arpeggios he produces that "continuous stream of tone" which was characteristic of Chopin's playing, and which, in its unbroken succession of multi-colored harmonies, reminds one of the magic tone-colors and mystic sounds that come

come up from the invisible Wagnerian orchestra at Bayreuth.

BACH AS A MODERN ROMANTICIST.



WHEN Mozart once came across a composition by the neglected Bach he exclaimed, "Thank heaven, here at last is a piece from which I can learn something." Beethoven said of this same composer that his name should not be "Bach" (brook), but "Ocean." It is well known with what enthusiasm Mendelssohn revived Bach, and how the Philistines ridiculed him for it; well known how Schumann and Wagner worshipped Bach, and declared him the master of masters. At first hearing, nothing could seem less similar than Chopin and Bach, yet the influence of Bach becomes more and more obvious in the latest and most mature works of Chopin; and through his life, whenever Chopin prepared for a concert, he, to use his own words, "shut himself up for a fortnight to play Bach."

Yet the public persists in considering Bach a mere bundle of dry counterpoint. Why? Because he is seldom interpreted as he ought to be in the modern romantic spirit. It remained for Liszt to show to the world what there is in Bach. Read what Wagner wrote when Liszt played for him the fourth prelude and fugue from the "Well-Tempered Clavichord": "I knew indeed very well what I was to expect of Liszt at the piano; but what I now learned to know I had not expected of Bach himself, well as I had studied him. *It showed me how little study amounts to compared with revelation.*"

Let the young ladies who are studying music bear that last sentence in mind. They will learn more by hearing Paderewski play once than by taking a hundred ordinary lessons. For Paderewski is the Liszt of to-day. He plays Bach as Liszt played him. He makes

makes a chromatic fantasia and fugue sound like a modern improvisation. He scorns the "angular fashion" of playing Bach which was in vogue among the older pianists, but treats him as a modern romanticist. He convinces you of the fact that Bach, though he was born in 1685, is really one of the most modern composers; a composer, in truth, of whose works most are still "music of the future." They would not remain so long were there more Liszts and Paderewskis to reveal their wealth of tone, their organ-like sonority, and above all their marvellous polyphonic web of melodies. Paderewski plays these interwoven simultaneous melodies with such clearness that the ear can follow each as easily as if it were played on a separate instrument of the orchestra. When you hear him play Bach, you realize that they who say there is no melody or emotion in him, simply do not see the forest on account of the trees.

THE IDEAL BEETHOVEN PLAYER.

AN amusing episode in Paderewski's American experiences was brought about by the question whether he could play Beethoven. We all know that D'Albert is (as Bülow was) less satisfactory in Chopin and Liszt than in Beethoven and Brahms, and as a rule it is also true that pianists of the Chopin-Liszt school are not equally interesting in Beethoven and the so-called German "classical" school in general. As Paderewski belongs to the Chopin-Liszt school, it was natural to suppose that he was not a great Beethoven player; and the first year the critics, with very few exceptions, said so. It cannot be denied that he did not always make so deep an impression with Beethoven as with composers of the romantic school; but this, I insisted, was quite as much the fault of Beethoven as of Paderewski, since Beethoven, with all his wealth of ideas, is not an *idiomatic* writer for the pianoforte, and his works for that instrument are, therefore, in the matter of style and fascination,

fascination, inferior to those of Bach, Chopin and Schumann, and do not stir a modern audience so deeply as compositions of the romantic, idiomatic school. On this point most professionals and amateurs are agreed; yet, thanks to a strange kind of conservative terrorism, very few have the courage to express their convictions. Beethoven is expected to arouse as much applause as Chopin, and if he fails to do so, the pianist is blamed!

On this subject the eminent pianist and teacher, Dr. William Mason, contributed some articles, at the critical moment, to the *Century* and *Evening Post*, which threw much light on the matter and brought out the comic side of the discussion. Dr. Mason frankly confessed that, in his opinion, Beethoven's pianoforte works are not idiomatic; adding: "Forty years ago my teachers, Moscheles, afterwards Dreyschock, and finally Liszt, used to say that Beethoven's piano compositions were not *Klaviermässig* . . . not written in conformity with the nature of the instrument." He also pointed out that "whenever a pianist makes his first appearance in public as a Beethoven player, he is at once subjected to strictures on all sides by numerous critics who seem to have been lying in wait for this particular occasion, and there immediately arise two parties, each holding positive opinions, of which the one in the negative is usually the more numerous. This is by no means a new fad, but quite an old fashion, dating back, at least as far as the writer's experience goes, something over forty years and probably much further." No pianist was spared in this process, not even Liszt, of whom many of the critics said that he could not play Beethoven, whereas, according to Wagner, he was the first who revealed the inner spirit of Beethoven's music.

Following out Dr. Mason's suggestions, I made some researches and found that, according to the great composer's contemporaries, *Beethoven himself could not play Beethoven!* C. Pleyel, for instance, wrote that he had no "school," that his playing was "not pure," that

that he "pounded too much," and created difficulties which he could not overcome. After this *reductio ad absurdum* little more was heard about Paderewski's inability to play Beethoven. Dr. Mason summed up his verdict on Paderewski by saying that, on the whole, "he stands more nearly on a plane with Liszt than any other virtuoso since Tausig. His conception of Beethoven combines the emotional with the intellectual in admirable poise and proportion; thus he plays with a big, warm heart, as well as with a clear, calm, and discriminative head, hence a thoroughly satisfactory result. Those who prefer a cold, arbitrary, and rigidly rhythmical and *ex-cathedra* style will not be pleased."

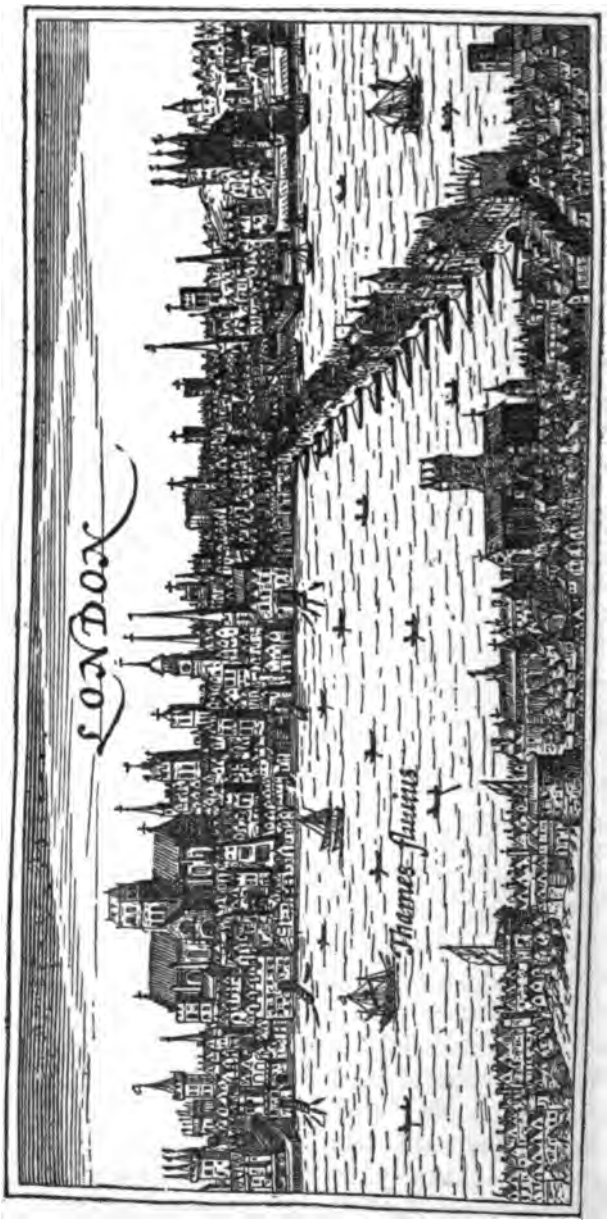
THE BOARDS WHICH SHAKESPEARE TROD.

By Wm. H. Fleming.

Previous to Shakespeare's day permanent theatres did not exist in England. Plays were acted by strolling bands of actors. These actors wandered from town to town, stopping at any place where they could gather an audience. They erected a raised platform which they used as a stage. This platform might be placed in an inn yard, or on the common in the centre of the town. About the time of Shakespeare the Elizabethan drama began to find a home in permanent theatres. With two of these, the Blackfriars and the Globe on the Bankside, Shakespeare's name and fame are forever associated. For the companies acting in them his plays were written, and on their boards his plays were first acted.

Both of these theatres were built toward the close of the sixteenth century. The Blackfriars was on the north side of the Thames, and was used as a winter theatre. The Globe was on the south or Surrey side of the Thames, and was occupied in summer.

The building used as the Blackfriars Theatre was originally a dwelling-house. This house was purchased in 1596 by James Burbage and converted into a theatre. The Globe was completed in 1599 and opened in 1600. Of it, Halliwell-Phillipps, an authority on this subject, gives the following account: "The exact position of the Globe Theatre will be gathered from the annexed view of London, which was published a few years after its erection, and contains by far the most interesting representation we have of the building. A person entering Southwark from London Bridge, after passing the last gateway, its poles and its traitors' heads, would proceed a short distance along the High Street. Turning


LONDON
Thames fluvius

Turning then to the right, threading the streets and alleys that lay on the south of the church and Winchester House, he would arrive at the Globe, the circular building which is seen amidst the trees in the open space below the thickly populated fringe of houses known as the Bankside, the theatre itself being only about two hundred yards from the margin of the river. A little farther on is the Bear Garden, the flags indicating that the doors of both establishments were open to the public. It would appear from this engraving that there was in the original Globe Theatre a circular substructure of considerable size, perhaps constructed of brick or masonry, which probably included a corridor with a passage to the pit or yard and staircases leading to other parts of the house. Upon this substructure the two wooden stories, in portions of which were included the galleries and boxes, were erected. The building was constructed mainly of wood and was partially roofed with thatch, but the larger portion of the interior was open to the sky. This latter circumstance, however, did not exclude winter performances, for, amongst the very few records in which the exact dates are mentioned, is a notice of one that took place in the month of February."

In this theatre the following Shakespearian plays were acted: "Romeo and Juliet," "King Richard II.," "King Lear," "Troilus and Cressida," "Pericles," "Othello," "Macbeth," "The Winter's Tale." It was destroyed by fire in 1613 during the performance of "King Henry VIII." This event is described by Sir Henry Wotton: "King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or stuff wherewith one of them was stopped did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period to that virtuous fabric, where-

in

in yet nothing did perish but wood, straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that perhaps had broiled him if he had not, by the benefit of a ready wit, put it out with bottled ale."

The Globe Theatre was rebuilt and opened in 1614. The illustration on page 30 gives an accurate idea of the exterior of the New Globe. Both these theatres were octagonal. In the prologue to "King Henry V." Shakespeare describes them as "this wooden O."

The

The interior of the Elizabethan theatres was very crude. In 1596 John De Witt, Canon of St. Mary's Church, Utrecht, visited London. He attended a performance at the Swan Theatre. This was built in 1595, and, like the Globe, was situated on the Bankside. He made a pen-and-ink sketch of the interior, the original of which is now in the Royal Library at Berlin, of which the following is a copy.

It will be noted that De Witt gives only a view of the stage and rear part of the theatre. When making his drawing he evidently stood in the pit, looking toward the stage. Hence that part of the interior of the theatre facing the stage does not appear in the picture. Accompanying the sketch is a description by De Witt of the Swan Theatre: "This theatre will seat three thousand spectators. It is built of flint-stone, a material which abounds in Great Britain, and is ornamented with wooden columns, so cleverly stained to imitate marble as to deceive any but a very close observer. As its shape seems to be modelled upon the ordinary Roman work, I herewith send you a drawing of it." From this I infer that, like the Coliseum at Rome and other Roman amphitheatres, it was oval.

The stage was entirely disconnected from the walls of the building. The spectators could walk all around. The front was uncovered. About half-way back were two columns, and extending back from the tops of them was a roof. It joined a two-story building. In the first story some of the audience sat. The second story was used by employees of the theatre. One of them is seen in the illustration coming from a door on the right, and waving a flag, which was the signal to the outside public that the performance was about to begin. The two doors, which are just back of the columns, were used by the actors for entrance and exit. Their waiting-room was underneath the stage. In this room, hung on the wall, was a placard called a "plot" or "plat." On it all the stage directions were written in large letters. This the actors were supposed to consult and to play

play their parts accordingly. It also gave directions to the musicians. The orchestra, which plays so important a part in the Shakespearian dramas, particularly those which are historical, was seated on the stage. There was no drop-curtain in the Shakespearian theatres. Nor was there any scenery. The importance of the latter fact cannot be overestimated. It explains the frequent appeals which Shakespeare makes to the imagination of his audiences. In "King Henry V." the scene of the action changes many times. There was, however, no scenery to make this visible to the eye of the spectator. Hence, before each act is a prologue. In this Shakespeare appeals to the imagination. Before Act I. Chorus says:

> "But pardon gentles all,
> The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd
> On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
> So great an object: can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?
> O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
> Attest in little place a million;
> And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
> On your imaginary forces work.
> Suppose within the girdle of these walls
> Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
> Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
> The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
> Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
> Into a thousand parts divide one man,
> And make imaginary puissance:
> Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
> Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
> For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
> Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
> Turning the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
> Admit me Chorus to this history;
> Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
> Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play."

Before Act II. Chorus describes the preparations for the invasion of France, and concludes:

> " . . . and

> " . . . and the scene
> Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
> There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
> And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
> And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
> To give you gentle pass."

During Act III. King Harry and his army sail for France, which Chorus describes. In Act IV. the Battle of Agincourt is represented. Chorus in the Prologue describes the preparations for the battle, and adds:

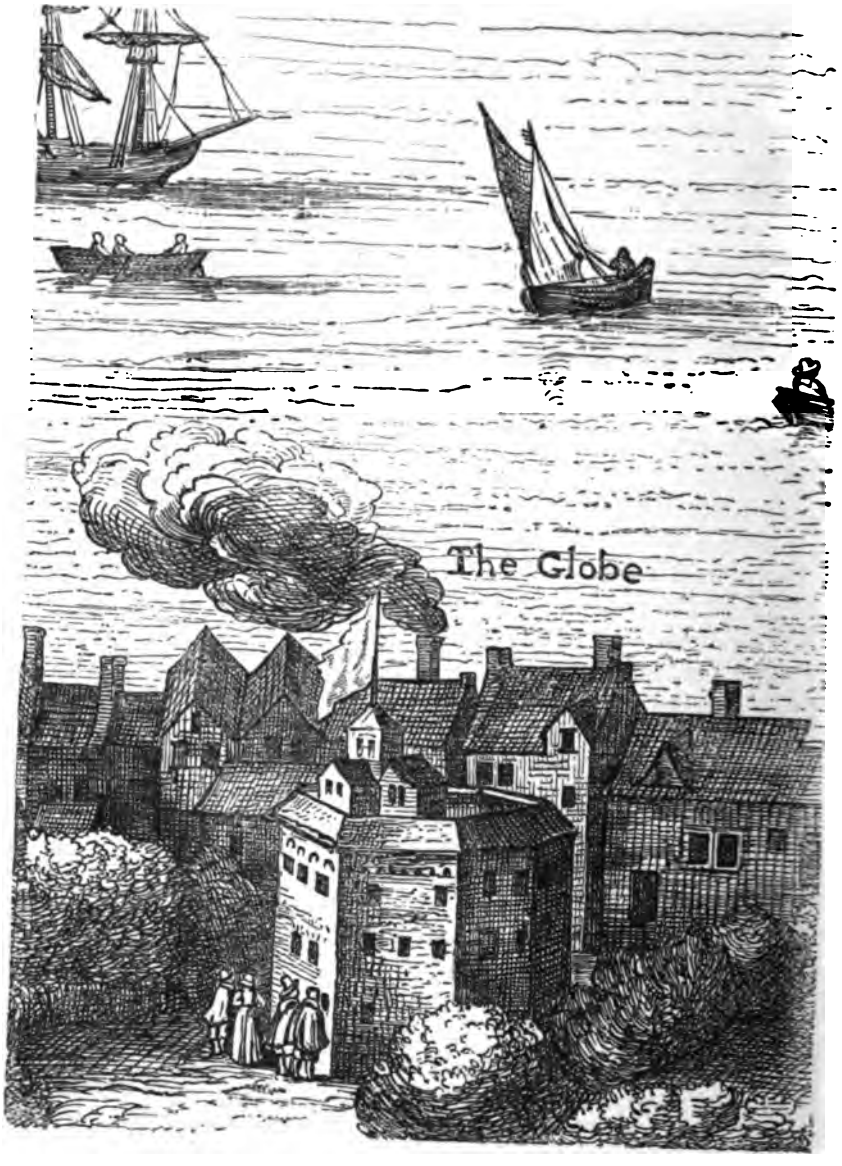
> "And so our scene must to the battle fly;
> Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt."

In the last act, the action of the drama takes place in Calais, in London, and again in France, all of which is described by Chorus in a prologue. At the present time the dramatist would have trusted to scenery to produce these effects, but Shakespeare, having no scenery, had to appeal, by word of mouth, to the imagination of the audience.

The people who frequented the Elizabethan theatres were far from reputable. The Lords of the Council in a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, 31 December, 1631, wrote:

"Wee have receaved a lettre from yow renewing a complaint of the great abuse and disorder within and about the cittie of London by reason of the multitude of playhowses, and the inordinate resort and concourse of dissolute and idle people dailie unto publique stageplaies."

The audience was composed mostly of the fast young noblemen and of the lower classes; *e. g.*, tradespeople, apprentices, idlers. The former, by paying an extra price, obtained seats on the stage, where chairs or stools were placed. Here they smoked, ate, guyed the actors, and the audience in the pit. The latter were called "groundlings." They occupied the ground or pit of the theatre just in front of the stage. They were unruly


The Globe

ruly and misbehaved. The Porter in "King Henry VIII.," describing the crowd in the Palace Yard, says:

"These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure."

These audiences often contained criminals. Hence a pair of stocks was kept upon the stage, so that any thief caught stealing could be immediately confined in them. The spectators, both those on the stage and those in the pit, guyed the actors; and the latter retorted in kind. And yet this audience was perceptive and receptive. The time was one of great activity. Life, both national and individual, was full of zest. With the Shakespearian dramas, the people who thronged the theatres were sympathetic and enthusiastic.

The actors were men, no women being allowed to appear on the stage until after the Restoration. They did not by any means restrict themselves to the author's words. Great liberty, even license, was allowed them. One of the stage-directions in Folio I. is: "Speak and rayle what they list," which means that the actors could indulge in any by-play, or make any reference to current events or to persons they wished. It is to this Shakespeare refers when Hamlet says to Polonius:

"Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."

Shakespeare, like most of the dramatists of that time, acted in his own plays. Amongst other parts, he took that of the Ghost in "Hamlet," Adam in "As You Like It."

It is not strange, then, that the Elizabethan theatre and all connected with it were under a social ban. Both actors and audiences were considered disreputable. They had no social position. Shakespeare felt this keenly. In two sonnets he expresses this feeling:

"Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,

Gor'd

Gor'd my own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
  Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
  Askance and strangely. . . .

* * * * * * * * *

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide
  The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
  Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
  And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Under the circumstances existing in the Shakespearian theatres, real acting, in Mr. Irving's opinion, was impossible. In an address delivered at Oxford he said:

"Figure to yourself a crowd of fops, chattering like a flock of daws, carrying their stools in their hands, and settling around and sometimes on the stage itself, with as much noise as possible. To vindicate their importance in their own eyes, they kept up a constant jangling of petty, carping criticism on the actors and the play. In the interval of repose which they allowed their tongues they ogled the ladies in the boxes, and made a point of vindicating the dignity of their intellects by being always most inattentive during the most pathetic portions of the play. In front of the house matters were little better; the orange girls going to and fro among the audience, interchanging jokes—not of the most delicate character—with the young sparks and apprentices, the latter cracking nuts and howling down some unfortunate actor who had offended their worships; sometimes pipes or tobacco were being smoked. Picture all this confusion, and add the fact that the female characters of the play were represented by shrill-voiced lads or half-shaven men. Imagine an actor having to invest such representatives with all the girlish passion of a Juliet, the womanly tenderness of a Desdemona, or the pitiable anguish of a distraught Ophelia, and you realize how difficult under such circumstances great acting must have been. In fact, while we are awe-struck by the wonderful intellectuality

ality of the best dramas of the Elizabethan period, we cannot help feeling that certain subtleties of acting, elaborate by-play, for instance, and the finer lights and shades of intonation, must have been impossible. Recitation, rather than impersonation, would be generally aimed at by the actor."

Such were some of the conditions under which "Hamlet," "King Lear," "As You Like It," "Cymbeline," and the other great tragedies and charming comedies of Shakespeare were acted. It is for this reason that these theatres possess more than an antiquarian interest. The student of the Shakespearian drama must constantly bear in mind the circumstances surrounding the presentation of those dramas. Shakespeare was the stage manager of the Globe Theatre Company. He knew perfectly the resources and the limits of the stage. He wrote his plays to be acted. When one remembers the crude condition of the stage at that time, his success as a dramatist becomes more remarkable. Without scenery or appropriate costumes, with the crudest stage properties, with an audience to a great degree uncultured, coarse, he yet produced his dramas. It is another, added to many, triumphs of mind over matter, and bears testimony to Shakespeare's genius as a dramatist.

CHARACTERS.

HENRI LOUIS FRANÇOIS DE SAINT HONORE D'ORLEANS, PRINCE DE MONTBRAISON.

COLONEL CHICHESTER ALEXANDER, *Of Fairfax County, Virginia.*

GASTON, COUNT DE GALVEZ. . . .	*An adherent of the usurper Napoleon.*
CAPTAIN FOUCHE.	*An officer in the army of his majesty, Louis XVIII.*
MONSIEUR BURAS.	*His highness' man of business.*
PHILIPPE.	*An attached and trusted major-domo.*
CÆSAR.	*Belonging to the retinue of the great American heiress.*
MISS VIRGINIA FAIRFAX.	*Of Fairfax County, Virginia, betrothed to the prince.*
MRS. FAIRFAX.	*Mother of the great American heiress.*
MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE VIRDAM.	*Sister of the Prince de Montbraison.*
CHLOE.	*An adherent of the house of Fairfax.*
TIME.	*During Napoleon's exile to Elba and the beneficent reign of his most gracious majesty, Louis XVIII., King of France.*

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The chateau of the Prince de Montbraison, near Paris.*

A terraced garden, the terraces of which rise one above the other to the drop, which shows the wooded vista of the park. At Centre broad steps lead from the upper terrace to the level garden. At Left is seen the wing of a stately chateau, to which the terraces lead. Statues and urns adorn the terrace balustrades, from which vines and flowers trail to the earth. There is a garden seat at right, by it a little table upon which is a large vase; the vase is empty.

Afternoon. Light fanciful music.

Duchess de V. (*calling off Right*). Philippe! Philippe! Have you the flowers? Make haste, Philippe!

(*Enter the Duchess on first terrace from right, a small garden sprinkler in her hands. She is a white-haired woman of sixty, richly dressed in old brocade, worn in the fashion of Louis XVI. time. She crosses the terrace slowly to the steps at Centre. Pausing, she turns and glances right as she calls*)

Are you coming, Philippe?

Philippe (*answering off Right*). I am coming, madame. I have an armful of the fleur-de-lis.

Duchess (*descending the steps and crossing to table at Right as the music dies*). I have filled all the chateau with the flowers. What shall I do with these?

(*Enter Philippe on terrace from Right, his arms full of the fleur-de-lis.*)

Philippe. You see, madame!

Duchess. Ah, you have plucked too many. We pull our rarest flowers so carelessly.

Philippe. No! no! Madame, they are quite common, the beds are full of them.

Duchess. The commonest things are those that we should value most.

Philippe. Madame is sad?

Duchess. Give me the flowers. I will put them in this empty vase. We may well be profuse on such a day. Ah—

(*Arranging flowers in vase on table at Right, and pouring water about and upon them; then, as she puts the sprinkler down*)

they are indeed superb! Lilies of France! Why, Philippe, if my brother must pluck flowers to hold within his withered hand, why does he not choose those of his own land rather than this wild flower from across the seas?

Philippe. His fancy——

Duchess. Fancy! 'Tis indeed the word—caprice, ah yes, caprice! You were with the prince in Paris, you have seen Mademoiselle Fairfax.

fax. Is she so beautiful, so beautiful that she can make an old man forget his years, a prince his royal blood?

Philippe. Madame remembers that his highness' former marriage was as this will be.

Duchess. But that was years ago, and he was young, and loved as young men love. He is an old man now.

Philippe. Madame!

Duchess. No, no, Philippe! I will not say that I approve. The prince is old enough to have outgrown such a folly!

Philippe. Folly is never outgrown, it lasts, madame. Mon Dieu! how long it lasts!

Duchess. My brother will be absurd with a young wife.

Philippe. Pardon, madame, not absurd! The Prince de Montbraison has lived seventy years and I have never heard him called absurd. Such a man as your brother, madame, cannot be absurd.

Duchess. But this engagement has set the court and Paris laughing!

Philippe. Madame, madame! Not laughing! Not laughing at the Prince de Montbraison! Not laughing at the king's own cousin!

Duchess. I fear it is so.

Philippe. They dare not! He is the first and finest gentleman in France! He had no model, and there will never be a copy.

Duchess. I trust this marriage may not bring him sorrow. And you Philippe, you think——

Philippe. His highness the Prince de Montbraison is to entertain Mademoiselle the American. Madame la Duchess will know, when she sees mademoiselle, that mademoiselle is an angel.

Duchess (*moving Left*). If he would only leave love-making to his grandson. Gaston could better play the lover's part.

Philippe. Madame! If the prince should hear you! I dare not speak his name. He wishes to forget that the young count ever lived.

Duchess. Does my brother ever hear from Gaston?

Philippe (*deprecatingly*). Madame!

Duchess. Has Gaston ever written since his flight?

Philippe. Madame!

Duchess. Does my brother know where he has fled?

Philippe. Madame!

Duchess. Tell me, Philippe, tell me all that you know of my nephew!

Philippe. Has not his highness given orders that his grandson's name shall not be mentioned?

Duchess. My brother cannot presume to dictate my course!

(*Looking anxiously over her shoulder as she speaks, then in a lower voice*)

Tell me, Philippe!

Philippe. Madame knows of Monsieur Gaston's disgraceful affection for the usurper Napoleon.

Duchess.

Duchess. It has caused me many tears.

Philippe. When the usurper was exiled to Elba, Monsieur Gaston, fearing arrest for plotting his return, fled here. His grandfather, the prince, saw him—and such a scene! The son of kings to share in a usurper's plots! The royal blood of France disgraced by such a friendship! The young count flushed and answered that his blood was not

alone the blood of kings! that there were warmer currents flowing from his heart than monarchs knew! And my hands shook as his highness pointed to the door, and I could scarcely open it to let the young count pass, for I knew that the government had ordered his arrest and that the prince alone could save him. Then Monsieur Gaston fled the country.

Duchess. 'Twas the next day that I returned from Lisbon, and I have never heard my brother speak poor Gaston's name. I wonder if he knows his hiding-place?

Philippe (*deprecatingly*). Madame!

Duchess. He may be poor. I too have known what 'twas to be an exile. He may even have need of bread!

Philippe. Oh no, madame.

Duchess (*turning to him*). My brother does not know?

Philippe. Monsieur Gaston is in America.

Duchess.

Duchess. He may starve there!

Philippe. It is impossible! His highness sends him gold by every ship that leaves Calais!

Duchess. And Gaston? Gaston knows?

Philippe. No, madame. His highness says that 'tis not his affair.

Duchess. In whose name does he send the gold?

Philippe (*bowing low*). Madame la duchesse, his highness has instructed me to send it in your name.

Duchess. In mine!—will my brother ever forgive him, Philippe?

Philippe. The man may, the prince—never!

(*Enter Captain Fouche followed by soldiers. Right, 3d Ent.*)

Duchess (*turning*). Captain Fouche.

Fouche (*bowing low*). Madame la duchesse.

Duchess. You come from Paris, captain?

Captain. Direct from Paris, madame.

Duchess. And the news?

Captain. None worth the telling since madame la duchesse (*bowing*) has dimmed the lustre of the court and made life only beautiful at Montbraison.

Duchess. Does not Mademoiselle Fairfax console you for my absence?

Captain. She too is fled the capital. Paris is dull indeed. I passed her carriage on the highway. All that is most beautiful and best (*bowing*) comes to the chateau Montbraison.

Duchess. Followed by that which is most gallant and most gay.

(*Courtesying to Captain Fouche.*)

Captain. Alas, madame, I come on business.

Duchess. From the court?

Captain. Alas, madame, not from the court. May I ask if the Prince de Montbraison is at leisure?

Duchess. Go, Philippe!

Philippe. Madame, the prince is at his toilet. I dare not interrupt him. If monsieur——

Duchess (*as Philippe hesitates*). Can find amusement in the chateau until my brother leaves his apartment.

Captain. Most willingly, were I not charged to act without delay. Madame, it is with deep regret I am compelled to inform you that I am sent to search the chateau for a proscribed adherent of the usurper who has returned to France.

Duchess. Captain Fouche!

(*Sweeping to the steps at Centre, then turning.*)

Sir! You address the Duchess de Virdam! You forget that this is the home of the Prince de Montbraison!

Captain (*bowing low*). Madame, my seeming want of respect is more pardonable than a neglect of the duty that I owe my king!

Duchess. This indignity comes not from the king!

Captain. My orders come through his majesty's government!

Duchess (*ascending the steps*). Whom do we harbor? What traitor? I go to tell his highness of this outrage!

Captain.

VIRGINIA FAIRFAX.

Captain. I am sent to arrest——

(*Glancing at papers in his hand.*)

Duchess. Monsieur!

Captain (*glancing up*). Gaston, Count de Galvez. His description —Madame!

Duchess. Gaston!

(*She reels. The captain springs up the steps and supports her to the garden.*)

My nephew!

Philippe. Monsieur Gaston!

Captain. Madame, explain!

Philippe. Hush! Hush! Monsieur, the prince's grandson!—Mon Dieu! The prince!

(*Light, graceful music. Enter the Prince de Montbraison on upper terrace from chateau, crossing slowly to the steps at Centre. He is dressed in the fashion in vogue during the reign of Louis XV. His coat is of superb brocade trimmed with gold lace, his knee-breeches are of white satin, his stockings of white silk, his high-heeled shoes have diamond buckles. He wears a powdered wig, a sword hangs at his side. He carries a slight cane, a lace handkerchief, a gold snuff-box. His long lace ruffles almost hide his hands. Though very old he is erect and stately, and leans but slightly on his cane as he crosses the terrace and comes slowly down the long flight of steps, raising his hat and bowing.*)

Duchess (*aside*). Captain Fouche, on your honor as a gentleman, no word of this till I have spoken with you!

Captain (*aside*). I obey, madame.

Philippe (*moving to meet the prince, extending his hand*). Your highness must be careful of the last step!

Prince (*motioning him away petulantly*). Now! now! Philippe! I have known how to walk for some years, and I have been going up steps and coming down steps all my life. I was near to walking up the steps of the guillotine with my poor cousin Louis to oblige my friends the revolutionists.

Philippe. I thought——

Prince. Oh, Philippe, have I not for the last fifty years been trying to break you of that bad habit of thinking? And yet you will persist?

Captain (*bowing*). Your highness——

Prince (*graciously*). My dear Fouche——

Duchess (*quickly*). Captain Fouche has done us the honor to stop at the chateau for an hour's refreshment.

Prince. Nay, nay, not for an hour. We shall not let him go upon his way before to-morrow, and your attendants (*seeing soldiers*)—you travel as a gentleman should travel, captain—Philippe will see that they lack nothing.

Captain. I thank your highness. My men will look to their horses. (*Soldiers exit to Right.*)

Duchess.

Duchess. Come, Captain Fouche, I wait your arm. (*To prince*) We will rejoin your highness presently.

(*The duchess and Captain Fouche pass off the lower terrace into chateau Left.*)

Prince (*to Philippe as he takes snuff*). The captain comes from Paris?

Philippe. From Paris.

Prince. He did not say he passed a coach upon the highway?

Philippe. He passed the coach of Mademoiselle Fairfax.

Prince. O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! (*Listening.*) I do not yet hear wheels. You can see no carriage approaching, Philippe?

Philippe (*looking off Right*). I can see as far as the park gates, but there is no carriage in sight.

Prince. Philippe.

Philippe. Your highness?

Prince. How do I appear, Philippe?

Philippe. Like a prince, your highness.

Prince. But there is selection even among princes.

Philippe. Like the Prince de Montbraison. (*Hesitating.*) Your highness——

Prince. Well, Philippe?

Philippe (*hesitating*). Your highness will not be angry?

Prince. How can I say till I have heard you?

Philippe. Monsieur Gaston——

Prince (*turning quickly away, his hand trembling upon his cane*). I will not hear his name, I will not hear his name! He has disgraced the royal blood of France! I will not hear his name!

(*His hand still trembling.*)

Philippe. I ventured, as your highness sends him gold——

Prince (*turning upon Philippe*). How dare you taunt me with my weakness! If you refer to it again I shall withhold the gold, and then, mon Dieu! then he will starve! How shall you feel then?

Philippe. I only ventured to think——

Prince. I am amazed at your presumption!

Philippe. Your highness——

Prince. I shall not object to your thinking for yourself, if such a course seems right to you, but to presume to think for me!

Philippe. Your highness will pardon——

Prince (*relenting*). I do not wish to be severe, but a prince thinks differently from his major-domo. He would not be a prince if it were otherwise.

Philippe. But your highness differs from every one.

Prince. So much the worse for them! There need never arise any difference of opinion between us, Philippe, if you will only agree with me.

(*Sound of wheels off Right.*)

Prince. My guests!

Chloe.

Chloe (*speaking off Right*). Lord! Lord! Miss Virginia, child, let Colonel Alexander assist yo' down, do, honey!

Prince (*moving Right*). Philippe, you will mention to madame la duchesse the fact that my guests are arriving.

(*Exit Philippe Left.*)

Cæsar (*speaking off Right*). Colonel Alexander, sah, yo' have fo'got your cane, sah.

Mrs. Fairfax (*speaking off Right*). Hush, Chloe! Cæsar, be silent. Your hand, Colonel Alexander.

(*Enter Virginia Fairfax, Right, dressed superbly in the fashion of the day, followed by Chloe and Cæsar carrying band-boxes and parcels. Cæsar wears a colonial livery and powdered wig. Mrs. Fairfax follows, leaning upon Colonel Alexander's arm.*)

Prince (*advancing and kissing Virginia's hand as he bows above it*). Ah, mademoiselle, this is a great honor that you confer upon me. (*To Mrs. Fairfax*) Madame, I have much to thank you for.

Virginia. And this is your chateau? It is not strange that Frenchmen love their homes, they are so beautiful.

Prince. Nay, mademoiselle, it is not my chateau, 'tis yours, and I the most devoted of your slaves. (*To Colonel Alexander*) Colonel Alexander,

Alexander, it is with the sincerest pleasure that I welcome a friend of my old and dear comrade, your countryman, Mr. Franklin, to Montbraison.

Colonel. A most eminent man, sir, in conversation both witty and instructive.

Prince. Ah, very witty, very witty. We crowned him with roses at the court of my poor cousin, the late king. I very well remember the occasion. A most charming man.

(*Enter the duchess and Captain Fouche on first terrace from chateau.*)

Duchess (*aside to Captain Fouche*). You will not use Gaston's name? You will be considerate?

Captain (*aside to duchess*). Madame, I have pledged my word.

Duchess (*aside*). I cannot thank you now. (*On steps*) Will your highness present your friends?

Prince. Madame la Duchesse de Virdam, Madame Fairfax, Mademoiselle Fairfax, Colonel Chichester Alexander, of Virginia.

Duchess (*courtesying*). Madame, we have had the pleasure of meeting Captain Fouche in Paris.

Captain (*bowing*). It has been my greatest fortune.

Duchess May I lead the way to the chateau?

Prince. By all means, let us go in.

(*Mrs. Fairfax and the duchess, followed by Cæsar and Chloe with boxes, ascend the steps and pass along the terrace, Left, Colonel Alexander following slowly. The prince extends his hand with elaborate courtesy to Virginia.*)

Prince. Mademoiselle, may I conduct you?

Virginia (*glancing back as they mount the steps*). The terrace is so lovely, and the fleur-de-lis——

Prince (*as they mount the steps*). Ah, you must see my gardens.

Captain (*turning suddenly from Right*). One moment, Prince de Montbraison.

Virginia. The captain calls you back.

Prince. You will pardon me?

Virginia. Unwillingly.

Prince. You are so gracious!

(*He bends above her hand. She turns from him, taking Colonel Alexander's arm, and passes slowly off at Left. The prince turns and comes down the steps.*)

Prince. Captain Fouche?

Captain. Can your highness grant me a moment?

Prince. I am quite at your service, my dear friend.

Captain. I desire to explain my presence.

Prince. Nay, nay, it needs no explanation. We are but too charmed to have you here.

Captain. Your highness' kindness is but another reason that I state my business instantly.

Prince. Business?

Captain.

Captain. I must inform your highness that I am sent to watch these grounds—if necessary, to search the chateau!

Prince. Search the chateau?

Captain. A proscribed adherent of the usurper Napoleon has returned to France and lies concealed in this vicinity!

Prince. Search the chateau! Search this chateau! Search the chateau of Henri Louis François de St. Honore D'Orleans, Prince de Montbraison, for a proscribed traitor! Sir, you are mad!

Captain (bowing). Such are my orders.

Prince. Pardon, pardon! It is impossible! Captain, you are mad!

(Stopping him as he would speak.)

Pardon! I will not brook a contradiction! You are mad!

Captain. I must inform your highness that I bring the written order.

Prince. From whom does such an order emanate?—Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! I under surveillance! Oh, mon Dieu!

Captain. Your highness is at perfect liberty. I am ordered to watch the chateau.

Prince. Pardon, I can see no difference—'tis the same thing. Who has dared to order such an outrage?

Captain. The prefect of police——

Prince. The prefect of police! Conni! Were it the king, I might submit. The prefect of police! It is beyond belief! Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! These are the days of sans culotte! The king shall know of this!

Captain. My duty is most painful—your highness' annoyance——

Prince. Pray do not be distressed, my friend. It is your duty to obey. But the prefect of police! Mon Dieu! He shall be shot! By St. Denis, he shall be shot! He shall learn that Henri Louis François de St. Honore D'Orleans, Prince de Montbraison, rejects his insolence and can revenge an outrage!

Captain. I regret——

Prince. There! there! My dear Fouche, take it not so to heart. I have been too much moved. I have forgot myself, I fear I have forgot myself. You will pardon my hasty utterance and accept my apology. If aught that I have said reflected upon you, I much regret, I very much regret its utterance.

Captain. I assure your highness that you have been most courteous.

Prince. I am much relieved. I feared——

Captain. And may I beg that you will seclude yourself within the chateau till after sunset. You will thus avoid all danger of an encounter with the traitor whom we seek.

Prince (bristling). Does the prefect of police advise——

Captain (bowing). Not so, 'tis I who ventured to recommend it.

Prince (mollified). I will act upon your suggestion. I thank you for it.

Captain.

Captain. I may continue to execute my orders feeling that I still retain your highness' good opinion?

Prince (*graciously*). Nay, nay, my esteem, my dear Fouche, my high esteem.

Captain. I thank your highness. I will instruct my men.

Prince. You are my guest. Remember we shall dine at five. I myself shall make the salad.

Captain. Your highness overwhelms me.

(*Exit Captain Fouche, Right Upper Entrance.*)

Prince (*glancing after him*). An admirable man. I really fear that I was hasty in my anger. As my poor cousin, the late king, so often told me, I should control my temper. I really think it has gone far enough; I will begin to-morrow. But, mon Dieu! the prefect of the police! What would Le Grand Monarque have said if the prefect of police sent a captain of guards to search Versailles for traitors! 'Tis without precedent—unheard of!

(*Standing by table, Right. He sees the flowers.*)

La fleur-de-lis, my favorite flower. If there is danger I cannot show mademoiselle the beauties of my gardens till to-morrow, so I will take her these.

(*Slowly taking the flowers from the vase.*)

Virginia—I like the name—Virginia, Princesse de Montbraison. Yes, I like the name.

(*Arranging the flowers thoughtfully in his hands.*)

"A proscribed adherent of the usurper Napoleon has returned to France, and lies concealed in this vicinity"—those were his words, and yet——

(*Suddenly his hands tremble and the flowers fall one by one upon the table.*)

Gaston—if it were Gaston!—I—I—will go in.

(*Turning to the terrace.*)

I will go in. Philippe! Philippe!

(*Enter Gaston at Left 3d Entrance. He is a distinguished and handsome young man. He wears a long cloak over his riding-dress and carries a riding-whip in his hand. As the prince calls he starts forward.*)

Gaston. Let me assist your highness?

Prince (*turning—starts back*). Gaston!

Gaston (*bowing*). At your highness' service.

Prince. Sir! How dare you present yourself before me! Are you returned to France to share in the usurpers' plots against your blood?

Gaston. Not so, nor to bear again the reproaches that I do not merit!

Prince. Know you that your arrest is ordered by the government?

Gaston. I know it, sir.

Prince. Know you that gendarmes watch the chateau, thinking that I harbor traitors?

Gaston.

Gaston. Sir, I know it.

(*Enter duchess on terrace, Left.*)

Prince. Then know that the Prince de Montbraison harbors no traitors against the crown!

(*Moving quickly Right.*)

Captain Fouche!!

Duchess (*sweeping forward on the terrace*). Henri D'Orleans!

Prince (*turning aghast*). Bien merci! My sister!

Duchess (*rushing down steps*). Gaston!

Gaston (*embracing her*). Dear aunt!

Prince (*shrugging his shoulders as he brushes a tear lightly from his eyes*). Women and sentiment were ever my tyrants! Mon Dieu! what is right and what is wrong?

Captain (*answering off Right*). Who calls?

Prince. Quick! to the chateau! 'Tis the captain's voice!

Gaston. Sir, I care not. Let him find me here!

Prince (*looking Right*). He comes! Go! go! Parbleau! will you defy me too? Go! go!

Duchess. Gaston! Gaston! the chateau!

(*Gaston and the duchess ascend the steps to terrace and pass quickly off at Left*).

Captain (*entering Right*). Who calls?

Prince (*turning calmly to the captain as he takes a pinch of snuff*). My dear Fouche!

Captain. Who called my name?

Prince. Pray give me your opinion of this snuff. 'Twas brought to me by Colonel Alexander. He recommends it highly.

Captain. Your highness——

Prince. You like the quality?

Captain (*compelled to try the snuff*). Exceedingly, but prince——

Prince. 'Tis really incomparable.

Captain. Your highness called my name?

Prince. I, sir? I never call, it cracks the voice.

Captain. A gentleman but now entered the chateau. I saw him on the terrace!

Prince. 'Twas Colonel Alexander.

Captain.

Captain. His coat was blue!

Prince. Sir, he may have changed his coat. You do not say he has but one. Pray take another pinch of snuff.

Captain. No more. I must rejoin my men.

Prince. I will make inquiry and learn who called.

(*The captain bows and exits Right.*)

Prince (*closing his snuff-box*). A stubborn and persistent man, but manageable.

(*Enter Virginia on terrace. Crossing to Right she gazes off into the distance. The prince pauses a moment watching her.*)

Prince (*aside, gently*). So fair—so young. I sometimes think so sad. (*To her*) Mademoiselle admires the view?

Virginia (*sighing*). Your highness spoke?

Prince. The view—it pleases you?

Virginia (*pensively*). I know not why, but it recalls to me the view from my own home across the broad Potomac to the blue May'a'-land sho' beyond.

Prince (*gently, as she comes down the steps to him*). This is your home, my child.

(*Then lightly, as Virginia turns away her head*)

How often have I heard my friend, the Marquis de Lafayette, speak of the broad Potomac and of the home of that estimable man, Mr. Washington. Mademoiselle seems sad. May I speak to mademoiselle?

Virginia. I hoped to find you here alone that I might speak to you.

Prince. Permit me to lead you to a seat.

(*He leads Virginia to the seat at Right.*)

Virginia (*taking up the scattered fleur-de-lis*). These flowers—let me restore them to the vase. Will you, prince?

Prince. Mademoiselle, to-night the marriage contracts are to be signed. You are quite sure that you shall not regret, quite sure that you are willing to link your young life with the fewer years of an old man? You will not let my deep regard weigh in this matter.

Virginia (*toying with the flowers*). Prince de Montbraison, my hand is pledged to you; it shall never be withdrawn by me.

Prince (*bowing low*). Mademoiselle!

Virginia. But before the signing of the contracts it is my duty, my hard duty——

(*Her voice breaks.*)

Prince. Nay, nay, be not distressed—another time.

Virginia. It must be now.

Prince. I listen, mademoiselle.

Virginia. I—I was beloved—I loved——

(*The prince bows low.*)

I knew that it would hurt you, but 'twas but honorable, but just, that I should tell you. Believe me, I would not wound your heart, or give you pain that might be spared. You know I would not, prince?

Prince. Mademoiselle, I know it.

Virginia.

Virginia. 'Twas in America, at my own home. 'Twas a young Frenchman whom I loved—a refugee, proscribed, unhappy, friendless. How well I loved him he will never know.

Prince. And he?

Virginia. He had no lands—a refugee—no name—was far too proud to share with me my wealth, and so we parted.

Prince. And you, you have forgotten him?

Virginia (*sadly*). Yes, I have forgotten him.

(*She weeps.*)

Prince (*a little brokenly*). Mademoiselle, I value your confidence and trust so highly that I can forget in their enjoyment the sorrow that I feel.

Virginia. And you are satisfied?

Prince (*kissing the hand that she extends to him*). I am the happiest of men.

Virginia. Surely the most chivalrous!

Prince. Mademoiselle, it is the duty of every prince to be a gentleman! I will leave you alone till you are more composed and then, with your permission, I will rejoin you here.

(*Virginia bows. Exit the prince slowly, Right.*)

Virginia (*still seated*). Ah, Gaston! Gaston! I have turned the last page of the romance of my life, and the last sweet hopes have faded as the fragrance fades from the withered immortelle when the snow falls in far-away Virginia. If you and I ever meet again, Gaston, it can be but in sadness, it can be but as strangers, to part as though you had never loved me, as though I had never trusted my hand to your hand, nor listened to fond words from your lips.

(*Enter Gaston on terrace from chateau. He pauses, not seeing Virginia's face.*)

Gaston. A lady—— (*She moves.*) Virginia!

Virginia (*rising*). Gaston! Gaston! Your voice! Gaston!

(*Turning away she covers her face with her hands.*)

Gaston (*at her side*). Virginia! I will not ask what happy chance has brought us here together. I dared not hope to see your face for months. I thought the sea between us yet.

Virginia. And I—I thought that we had parted forever.

Gaston. You will forgive my pride? I could not offer you a beggar's hand, I could not ask you for a pledge, I could not bind you by a word. But I—I hoped, I trusted. I returned to France to gather up the scattered remnant of what once was mine, meaning to lay it at your feet.

Virginia. And you——

Gaston. My lands are seized, my moneys scattered by those whom I most trusted, and I am hunted like a criminal!

Virginia. Oh, Gaston! Gaston!

Gaston. But it is naught, I can forget it all. Your eyes draw all the sting of failure from my heart, their witchery steals from me every fear!

Virginia.

Virginia. Nay! Why are you here, here at the chateau of the Prince de Montbraison?

Gaston. It was my last resort. I am his daughter's son.

Virginia (breaking from him). You! Gaston de Galvez.

Gaston. I, Gaston, Count de Galvez. This is the only home that I have ever known.

Virginia (sinking upon a seat at Left, covering her face with her hands). What have I done? What is it I have done?

Gaston. My love, look up. Weep not, look up and bid me hope!

Virginia. I dare not raise my face to yours, I dare not meet your eyes. You must not hope.

Gaston. Not hope?

Virginia. You must not hope, nor I. I—am betrothed!

Gaston (starting back). No! no!

Virginia (rising). I am the betrothed of the Prince de Montbraison!

Gaston. No! no!

Virginia. 'Tis true! 'Tis true!

Gaston (scornfully). Mademoiselle, I wish you joy.

Virginia. You think that I am heartless, proud, ambitious, vain!

Gaston (scornfully). Are you not these, and fickle too?

Virginia (proudly). I am not, sir, nor shall you lay the burden at my door! I loved you, sir! Nor shame to say I loved you well! You jilted me—left me without a word! Your pride forgot my heart! How could I guess your purpose? My blood's as proud as yours and will as little brook a slight as yours will brook humility. You left me, and I took a woman's way to wreck my life!

Gaston (his head bent). Then I alone must bear the blame.

Virginia (gently). Nay, Gaston, if you will bear the blame, I will not let you bear it all. I'll share it too.

(As she speaks, enter the prince on 1st terrace from Right. He pauses, seeing them.)

Gaston. Nay—I will bear all the blame! I love you as I loved you then, I love you more deeply since absence teaches me how close your heart is knit to mine! Virginia!

(As Gaston speaks the prince catches his meaning, puts his fingers over his ears and moves hurriedly across the stage towards the chateau. As he reaches the steps, Gaston catches Virginia in his arms. It is too much.)

Prince. Sir! Release her from your arms! Begone!

Gaston (releasing Virginia). Your highness——

Prince. Silence! I will hear nothing.

(Enter the duchess, Mrs. Fairfax, Colonel Alexander, and Philippe on terrace from chateau.)

Philippe. Monsieur Gaston!

Mrs. Fairfax. Monsieur de Galvez!

Virginia. Prince! You will not hear me!

Prince. Your pardon! He must begone! Hence, sir! Begone!

Philippe.

Philippe (*looking Right*). The gendarmes!

(*Enter Captain Fouche and soldiers.*)

Captain. Monsieur de Galvez, follow me! Madame, your pardon. Your highness, I but execute my orders!

Virginia (*clinging to him*). Gaston! Gaston!

Duchess. Captain Fouche!

Captain. Madame, it is my duty! Sir, you will follow me?

Gaston. I follow you. Farewell, Virginia.

Virginia (*to the prince*). Oh, speak! Speak in his behalf!

Prince. Mademoiselle commands?

Virginia. Nay, I entreat!

Captain (*to soldiers*). Forward!

Prince (*advancing*). Hold, Captain Fouche! Release your prisoner!

Captain. My orders from the prefect of police!

Prince. Sir! Henri Louis François de St. Honore D'Orleans, Prince de Montbraison, yields not his grandson to the prefect of police!

Captain. Your highness leaves me no choice! I must enforce my orders. Forward!

Prince. Hold, sir! I recognize no order from the prefect of police!

(*Thrusting Gaston up the first steps, where he is seized by Colonel Alexander and the duchess. The prince stands with drawn sword before him, holding the way.*)

Let him who dares lay hands upon my guest! Back, sir, or draw your sword upon the cousin of the king!

(*The captain hesitates, bows low, yielding the point as the curtain falls slowly as the prince stands with his sword trembling in his hand.*)

CURTAIN.

Entre-Act

ITALIAN OPERA.

By William Foster Apthorp.

Few forms of art have had harder things said of them than Italian opera. Perhaps, as Madame Neigeon said of herself and kind, it has done all that was needful for that; but it has had a long and rather glorious career in the world, it has exerted no little influence upon musical thought and doings wherever it has established itself; perhaps its sins, such as they are, have been as much owing to its very prosperity as to anything else.

The bane of all Opera has been that it has so long been regarded as an article of elegant luxury. It was probably predestined to this; for, unlike the folk-song and dance, which sprang from the very heart of the people, or the manifold forms of counterpoint, which were slowly developed in the Church and the austere seclusion of monasteries, opera may truly be said to have sprung from the *noblesse*, from elegant society. It was the first important outcome of the so-called Florentine Music Reform of the seventeenth century, which movement was mooted by a coterie of art-loving nobles in Medicean Florence; and, after going through a brief apprenticeship as the choice entertainment of courts and private palaces, it was first publicly established in Venice, the most luxurious city in southern Europe. It was, so to speak, born in the purple, and has almost always preserved a certain scent of musk; among other art-forms which have to do with music, it has been, from the beginning, principally noteworthy for the amount of money it has cost and for the splendor of its trappings.

For some time, Italian opera was the only form of opera. It was, after a while, imitated in France—with considerable

POL PLANÇON.

considerable freedom, to be sure—and servilely copied in Germany and England. But, side by side with these imitations, the original form flourished brilliantly as an imported exotic. No matter what France, Germany, and England may have done toward developing operatic forms and styles of their own, they had imported Italian opera, too, and it soon became as firmly established an institution in those countries as the native forms themselves. And, by Italian opera, I mean it in the fullest sense of the term: operas written to Italian texts by Italian composers, and sung in the Italian language (not in translation) by Italian, or Italian-taught, singers. And, like most costly exotics, it appealed principally to the leisured, affluent, and luxurious classes wherever it was thus transplanted. It was the "fashionable" entertainment *par excellence*, for some time, decidedly more so than native opera.

In Italy itself it was for a while equally and almost exclusively "fashionable"; but, after awhile, a split came about in the form: the *opera buffa*, which began in the shape of short comic or burlesque interludes, given between the acts of longer serious operas, gradually established itself as an independent form, and was more especially cultivated by the bourgeois middle class and "the people," while the *opera seria* continued the pet darling of the aristocracy. It is to be noted that, perhaps for this very reason, the *opera buffa* became the particular form in which Italian genius expressed itself with the greatest frankness and originality; it became the form most sharply and distinctively characteristic of Italy. It is also worth noting that the lighter comic forms of opera had a similar fate in France, Germany, and England; they cannot strictly be said to have copied much from the Italian model—probably more because the latter was so characteristically Italian, through and through, as to be essentially inimitable, than because no attempts were made at imitation,—whereas serious opera in France, Germany, and England was distinctly based upon the Italian *opera seria*.

seria. This was the parent stock, upon which certain French, German, or English national traits were engrafted. But the French *opéra-comique*, the German *Singspiel*, and the English ballad opera followed courses of development of their own, without much regard for Italian *opera buffa*. And, like *opera buffa* in Italy, these lighter forms acquired, and long maintained, a more sharply distinctive and original "national" flavor in their respective countries than serious opera did. They belonged more especially to "the people" than to the more catholic-minded aristocracy, and their gradual development was more amenable to the influence of specific native conditions.

It seems almost like a logical corollary to this, as it certainly is a fact, that Italian *opera buffa* has seldom, if ever, flourished so thrivingly as an exotic in foreign soil as Italian *opera seria*. Upon the whole, comic forms seem never to have borne transplanting as well as serious ones. We find abundant exemplification of this in our own country. With but few exceptions, the Italian, French, and German operas which have found greatest and most lasting favor with the American public have been of the serious, or tragic, rather than of the comic type. French *opéra-bouffe* (that is, when given in French) had but an ephemeral popularity in the United States; of French *opéra-comique* and the German *Singspiel* we know next to nothing here; and the few Italian *opere buffe* which have been really popular in this country—like Rossini's *Barbiere*, or the Riccis' *Crispino e la comare*—can weigh but little in the balance against the popular serious Italian operas. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* has always been taken quite seriously by our public, not as an *opera buffa;* and it is highly probable that Wagner's *Meistersinger* appeals to the majority of audiences here more by its serious than by its humorous side.

But Italian *opera seria* long maintained its position as the pet darling of the more luxurious part of musical society all over the world. To be sure, it did better than

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than this, too; but this is the phase in which we most instinctively think of it. Its influence was, in a way, unquestionably debilitating; in an article of luxury this was natural enough. It counted among its sworn admirers a host of cultivated, but only half-musical, people; its praises have been sung by more musical ignoramuses, by more enthusiasts entirely devoid of musical education, than any form of music known to history—with the possible exception of the Wagnerian Music-Drama, which has of late years been particularly favored in this way. And the irresponsible dithyrambics of such rabid Italophiles have done incalculable injury to popular musical thought. When a Stendhal or Balzac signs an opinion, the average reader takes it for granted that Stendhal or Balzac knows what he is talking about. The reader does not trouble himself to think that a man may be a great literary genius without being the least bit of a musician. What French and English musical Italophiles have done in this way to promulgate the belief that, as Berlioz said, "Music is an art about which everybody knows," constitutes one of the most deplorable pages in the history of culture.

I think the time when Italian opera most exerted its debilitating influence upon popular musical thought—that is, upon that musical thought which takes its cue from high places—was during one of its most glorious periods: the famous period (ranging, roughly speaking, from about 1830 to 1850) of the Théâtre-Italien in Paris. Few forms of art have ever had so astoundingly brilliant an avatar. Italian opera had gone somewhat into eclipse in France, after its defeat (under Piccinni) by French *grand opéra* (under Gluck) in the seventeen-seventies. But, as Saint-Saëns has said, "the school of Melody" (meaning the Italian opera) "would not own up beaten, and was secretly preparing for the revenge which Rossini was so resoundingly to take, aided by the most brilliant phalanx of singers that ever existed." To Rossini's name add those of Bellini and Donizetti,

Donizetti, and you have the three *di majores* of the Théâtre-Italien in this, its most famous period.

Such singing as was done at that favored house has probably not been heard since; accounts are quite trustworthy, and, although in a somewhat different style, it plainly was fully up to the finest vocal feats of the days of Handel, Hasse, and Porpora. Vocal art can never have risen higher than it rose then. The singers who, successively or together, graced the boards of the Théâtre-Italien in those great days were, among others, Persiani and Grisi, for soprani; Malibran and Alboni, for contralti; Rubini and Mario, for tenors; and Tamburini, Ronconi and Lablache, for basses. Such a galaxy has never been brought together since. Remember that it is literally true that these tenors, baritones, and basses sang the most taxing and difficult roulades and *floriture* with all the ease, flexibility, grace, and purity of tone of the soprani and contralti. The composers then wrote for the singers, and you may be sure they wrote nothing that they could not sing to perfection. I particularly mention this supremacy of vocal technique, not only because it is an historical fact, but also because it implies something artistically higher than mere flexibility of voice; it implies that complete and absolute command over the whole vocal technique which is necessary for all the highest flights of the art of singing: perfectly true intonation, the production of an entirely beautiful vocal tone, grace and distinction of phrasing, and that "coloring the voice" which is one of the finest elements of emotional expression. These great singers did not merely astonish you with pyrotechnic difficulties, they made them sound musically and well, and drew tears from their hearers at will. And their singing was dramatic, too; it struck fire from hearts and sent thrills through audiences. Some of them, especially Lablache, Tamburini, Ronconi, and Grisi, were most admirable actors; people are too prone to forget this nowadays, remembering only the tradition that Rubini was no sort of an actor, and seldom, if ever, even tried to act.

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If anything is thoroughly to be regretted in the decline of Italian opera of this school, it is the parallel decline in the art of singing. Indeed it is only by figuring to ourselves what this singing was like that we of to-day can form any exact notion of the character of the music itself. One might just as well try to form an idea of the true character of Chopin by hearing him played, say, by the late Ignaz Moscheles or Johann Baptist Cramer, as to appreciate the true nature of Rossini, Bellini, or Donizetti by hearing them sung by any but a very, very few of the singers of our own day. It took that superfine delicacy of art by which, as the late Julius Eichberg (no great friend of the school, by the way) once said of Alboni, she "could turn a phrase which was absolutely dripping with idiocy into a divine poem!" And, if it could be turned into a divine poem, the phrase was probably not so very "dripping with idiocy" in itself. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The real weakness of the music lay in its stunted, stencil-plate forms, and also in its super-elegance. As regards the forms, it is curious to note that the composers, when young men, had run away from their respective conservatories before their musical education was completed. They began their public careers when but half fledged; in this they have since been imitated by many Italian singers, much to the detriment of the art of Italian singing. And, for their super-elegance, that was but part and parcel of Italian opera in general being so largely an article of aristocratic luxury.

This side of the business, however, received a rude shock when Giuseppe Verdi came above the horizon. Verdi's appearance was epoch-making, especially in one particular: he brought into Italian *opera seria* a spirit which had nothing to do with the court or elegant drawing-room, but was essentially what the French call *populacier;* he represents the violent irruption of the "musical peasant" into *opera seria.* He could be vocally elegant, at a pinch, too—as in "*Il balen*" in *Trovatore*

Trovatore—but this was not his most congenial vein, and even in "*Il balen*" he is elegant in somewhat sombre and uncourtly colors. Where he was most characteristic was in the fierce glow of his passion and the from-the-shoulder directness and coarseness of his expression. Where Bellini sang like a *petit maître* demigod, Verdi yelled like a brigand; for years he may be said to have given musical expression to the "dangerous classes." And Italian opera society was just effete enough to be ready for him: they found a tartness of flavor to his musical sansculottism that was exactly to their taste. He overran Europe and the musical world. It was the beginning of the end; elegant musical society was joining hands with the proletariat in a sufficiently decadent way. If Verdi had not been the man he was, it might have gone ill with Italian opera—worse even than it has!

But Verdi, beside unquestionable genius, had also a power of mental growth well-nigh unparalleled in the history of art. He seems to have seen clearly enough whither Italian opera had been tending for generations, and also perhaps that he himself was the man of all others to accelerate Nature—unless he were careful. But he was careful, and his genius grew apace. Verdi's gradual change of base as an opera composer belongs, not to past, but to contemporary musical history. I will say nothing of it here, save that for years he has sturdily upheld nearly the whole glory of Italian music on his own shoulders, and that if there is a saviour of Italian opera, he is that man. He has at once prevented the Rossini-Bellini-Donizetti period from being Italy's operatic swan-song, and contributed more than any one else to its being now virtually a closed period, belonging to the historic past.

SINGERS, THEN AND NOW.

By H. E. Krehbiel.

I spent my summer vacation, some years ago, among the Iroquois Indians of the Six Nations Reserve in Canada, investigating the rites of their Condoling Council. These rites are celebrated on the "raising up" of the chief to take the place of a Senator or Councillor who has died. They consist, in part, of chants, expressive of their sorrow at his death, and of commemoration of the founders of the League. These chants were sung for me by Chief John Buck, Head Fire Keeper of the Onondagas and Chief Councillor of the confederated nations—a good, sweet, simple soul, albeit a pagan. He was universally admired and loved among the farmer Indians of the Reserve because of his manly virtues and his eloquence. He became my friend, and when, a year later, I received by mail the three purple wampum beads which notified me of his death, I was more than anything else desirous to be present at the Condoling Council which would follow. But I did not receive a reply to my telegrams and letters in time to reach the Reservation. So I decided that, as I had been made an Indian, I would hold a Council myself. Bringing out the phonographic record I had collected on the Reserve I spent a half-hour listening to Chief John Buck, chanting the same hymn which at the Onondaga Long House his friends were chanting for him.

The incident occurs to me now in connection with some reflections touching the comparative merits of the singers of the present and those of past generations. Are we poorer in the possession of Melba, Sembrich and Calve, the De Reszke brothers and their associates at the Metropolitan Opera House, than our fathers and grandfathers

grandfathers were in the favorites of their day? It is a troublesome question, but how its difficulties would vanish, did we but possess the ability to conjure up their voices as I, by the aid of science, can bid the Onondaga Chief sing to me from his grave! As it is we must rely upon written and oral traditions, that differ in kind if not in degree. We shall probably never meet a man who, having heard Jenny Lind, will admit that she had an equal in the forty odd years that have passed since he heard her sing. But how are we to know that his judgment is correct? Will he tell us how old he was when he heard the nightingale? How susceptible his soul? How much was his enjoyment influenced by the extravagant price he paid for it? or by "The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she," who shared the pleasure with him? Yet we must know these things if we are correctly to estimate the value of his judgment. Do we not know that the older people of his younger days thought the star he worshipped a pale and lifeless orb, compared with the luminaries of their youth? Nor is the case bettered when we turn to the written record. Analysis can determine, the record can preserve the range of a singer's voice and give a hint of its flexibility or of other mechanical and technical attributes, but all that is vital in the singer's art eludes analysis and defies record. I open Volume D of Burney's "Present State of Music in Germany" (printed a quarter of a century ago) and find this translation of Nuantz's characterization of the great Senesino: "Francesco Barnardi, called Senesino, had a powerful, clear, equal, and sweet *contralto* voice" (Nuantz really wrote, "*mezzo soprano*," but Burney changed it because he fancied that inasmuch as Handel wrote only contralto parts for Senesino, his voice must have lost some of its high tones in later years), "with a perfect intonation and an excellent shake; his manner of singing was masterly, and his elocution unrivalled; though he never loaded *adagios* with too many ornaments, yet he delivered the original notes with the

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the utmost refinement. He sang *allegros* with great fire, and marked rapid divisions," (runs or rondolade), "from the chest, in an articulate and pleasing manner; his countenance was well calculated for the stage, and his action was natural and noble: to these he joined a figure that was truly majestic, but more suited to the part of a hero than of a lover." Now how did Senesino sing? He was "suited to the part of a hero"; was he a precursor of Albert Niemann, or Jean de Reszke? Such a comparison is impossible; there is no basis upon which it can be made. Senesino was one of the ornaments of the period when singing was the be-all and the end-all of operatic representation. When he and Farinelli, Sassarelli, Ferri, and their tribe dominated the stage, it strutted with sexless Agamemnons and Cæsars. Telemachus, Darius, Nero, Cato, Alexander, Scipio, and Hannibal ran around on the boards as languishing lovers, singing woful ballads to their mistresses' eyebrows, ballads full of trills and scales and florid ornaments. They represented the art that came from the great Roman schools, and we know what marvels of vocal feats they could perform. We know that Sassarelli sang cadences of fifty seconds' duration; that Ferri with a single breath could trill upon each note of two octaves, ascending and descending; and that Farinelli once sang so beautifully in the part of a hero brought in chains before a tyrant that Senesino, who was playing the part of tyrant, burst into tears and threw himself into Farinelli's arms. But how much does a knowledge of all this help us in making a comparison of them with the heroic singers of to-day? It only emphasizes an obvious truism; other times, other manners, in music as in everything else. The great singers of to-day are those who appeal to the taste of to-day, and that taste differs as do the clothes we wear from the style in vogue a century and a half ago.

Thanks to German influences the world over, the opera is returning to its original purposes. Greatly as his art differs from the tentative efforts of the Florentine

tine reformers, who invented the lyric drama while trying to recreate Greek tragedy, Richard Wagner rounds out a cycle with Peri, Cuccini, Monteverde, and their immediate successors. Music is again become a means of dramatic expression, and the singers who appeal to us most powerfully are those who are best able to make song subserve that purpose, and who, to that end, give to dramatic truthfulness, to effective elocution, and to action the attention which mere voice and beautiful utterance received in the period which is called the Golden Age of Singing, but which was the Leaden Age of the Lyric Drama.

The people of New York City enjoy a unique position among the communities of the world, so far as operatic singers are concerned. For seventy years they have heard all the great singers of Europe. I do not attempt to mention all, but only those of the highest rank whose names occur to me.

Madame Malibran was one of the first Italian opera company that ever sang here. Before that time there had been a period of seventy-five years during which English opera was scarcely absent a year from our theatres; a period, moreover, in which some of the best of the English singers, such as Madame Caradori-Allan, Mrs. Leesugg (who married the Canadian Hackett), Mrs. Holman (the sister of Michael Kelly), Mrs. Oldman, Incledon the bass, and Phillips the tenor, appeared in the ballad operas. However foolish these operas may have been otherwise, they still surpassed the Italian operas of the period in developing singing actors instead of mere costume-wearing singers.

Madame Cuiti-Damorean came in 1844, Bosio in 1849, Jennie Lind in 1850, Sontag in 1853, Grisi and Mario in 1854, La Grange in 1855, Frezzolini in 1857, Piccolomini in 1858, Nilsson in 1870, Lucca in 1872, Tietjens in 1876, Gerster in 1878, and Sembrich in 1873. I omit the singers of the German opera as belonging to a different category. Adelina Patti was always with us until she went to Europe, in 1861, and remained twenty years.

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Of the men who were the artistic associates of these prime donne, mention may be made of Mario, Benedeth, Corsi, Salvi, Ronconi, Formes, Brignoli, Amadio, Coletti, Campanini, and many more, none of which, excepting Mario, were of much importance compared with the women singers. In this former generation the popular admiration for men was in inverse ratio to the admiration for women. Is it because this is woman's era that the men are the "stars" nowadays? Or is this also explained to some extent by the prevalent liking for that which is dramatic?

The great majority of these singers, even those still living and remembered by the younger generation of to-day, exploited their gifts in the operas of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, the early Verdi, and Meyerbeer. The last seemed to them a radical in his modernity. Grisi was acclaimed a great dramatic singer, and it is told of her that once in "Norma" she frightened the tenor who sang the part of *Pollio*, by the fury of her acting. But it is to be found that, measured by the standards of to-day, say by Calve's *Carmen* or Miss Brema's *Ortrud*, that it must have been a simple age that could be impressed by the tragic power of any one acting the part of Bellini's Druidical priestess. The surmise is strengthened by the circumstance that Madame Grisi created a sensation in "Il Trovatore" by showing signs of agitation in the tower scene, walking about the stage during *Manrico's "Ah, che la morte ognora"* as if she would fain discover the part of the castle where her lover was imprisoned. The chief charm of Jenny Lind, in the memory of the older generation of American men and women, is the pathos with which she sang simple songs. Madame Nilsson also won her first success here in concerts by the way in which she sang "The Old Folks at Home." In the case of musicians and critics, it was her brilliant execution that placed her on the eminence she occupied.

Mendelssohn esteemed her greatly as a woman and artist, but he is quoted as once remarking to Chorley: "I cannot

cannot think why she always prefers to be in a bad theatre." Moscheles, recording his impressions of her in Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia" (now "L'Etoile du Nord"), reached the climax of his praise in the words: "Her song with the two concertante flutes is, perhaps, the most incredible feat in the way of *bravura* singing that can possibly be heard." She was credited with fine powers as an actress, but we are compelled to question her dramatic sincerity when we read that she compelled her managers to cut out the parts of *Isabella*, in "Robert Le Diable," in order that no rival should appear in an opera with her. Compare this with the modern spirit as exemplified by Madame Lehmann, who was not only willing to sing second parts that had "blood in them," but whom I have known to go into the scene-room of the Metropolitan Opera House and hunt mimic stumps and rocks with which to fit out a scene in Siegfried, in which she was not even to appear. That, like her superhuman work at rehearsals, was "for the good cause," as she herself expressed it.

Most amiable are the memories that cluster around the name of Sontag, which include at least one of the notable concerts given by Beethoven in the closing years of his life. Her career was wofully ended by her sudden death in Mexico in 1854. She was a German, and the early part of her artistic life was influenced by German ideals, but it is said that only in the music of Mozart and Weber, which revived in her strong national emotion, did she sing dramatically. For the rest she used her light voice, which had an extraordinary range, brilliancy, and flexibility, very much like Patti and Melba use theirs to-day in mere unfeeling vocal display. "She had an extensive soprano voice," says Hogarth, "not remarkable for power, but clear, brilliant, and regularly flexible; a quality which seems to have led her (unlike most German singers in general) to cultivate the most florid style, and even to follow the bad example set by Catalani, of seeking to convert her voice into an instrument, and to astonish the public by executing

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cuting the violin variations of Rhode's air, and other things of that stamp. Madame La Grange had a voice of extraordinary compass, which enabled her to sing contralto rôles as well as soprano, but I have never heard her dramatic powers praised. As for Piccolomini, read of her where you will, you will find that she was "charming." She was lovely to look upon and her action in soubrette parts was fascinating. Besides, she was announced when she came here as a lineal descendant of the hero of Schiller's "Wallenstein," and like Mario, had a pope in her family. Mario's pope was Alexander IV., Piccolomini's was Pius II. Mario was a lineal descendant, through a brother, of Lucrezia Borgia, so that it has been remarked that when he sang "*Sono un Borgia*," in Donizetti's opera, it had more meaning than might have been supposed. But this did not make Mario the great singer he was, and is a digression induced by the bewitching little Piccolomini. Until Melba came Patti was for more than thirty years peerless as a mere vocalist. She belongs, as do Piccolomini and Sontag, in an artistic sense, to the comic *genre;* so did Sembrich and Gerster, who never knew it. I well remember how indignant Gerster became during her first American season at a criticism which I wrote of her *Amina* in "La Sonnambula," a performance which is still among my loveliest and most fragrant recollections. Contrasting her *Lucia* with her *Amina*, I made use of Catalani's remark concerning Sontag: "*Son genre est petit, mais elle unique dans san genre.*" She almost flew into a passion. "*Mon genre est grand!*" said she, over and over again, while Dr. Gardini, her husband, tried in vain to pacify her: "Come to see my *Marguerite* next year." Now *Marguerite* does not quite belong to the heroic rôles, though we can all remember how Lucca thrilled us by her intensity of action as well as of song, and how Madame Nilsson sent the blood out of our cheeks, though she did stride through the opera like a combination of the *grande dame* and Ary Scheffer's spirituelle pictures.

pictures. But such as it is, Madame Gerster achieved a success of interest only, and that because of her efforts at originality. Sembrich and Gerster, when they were first heard, had as much execution as Melba or Nilsson, but their voices had smaller emotional power than those of the former, and less beauty than those of the latter—beauty of the kind that might be called classic, since it is in no way dependent on feeling. Its highest exemplar is still the voice of Patti, in its middle register.

I find that I am in danger of doing for Patti and Nilsson, Lucca and Gerster that which I faulted the memory-mongers for doing in the case of Jenny Lind. But it cannot be helped. These singers sang in the operas in which Melba and Eames are singing to-day, and though the standard of judgment has been changed in the last twenty-five years by the growth of German ideals, I can find no growth of potency in the performance of the representative women of the Italian opera, save in the case of Calve, supremely great since she came before us in the rôles of *Carmen* and *Santuzza*. For the development of dramatic ideals we must look to the singers of German affiliations, Madame Johansen, a worthy pioneer, Madame Materna, and another, Lillie Lehmann, whose artistic stature and achievements we thought we appreciated while she was with us, but who, now that she is gone, looms up before us as a veritable Teutonic goddess of the world of art. As for the men of yesterday and to-day, no lover of the lyric drama would give the declamatory warmth, gracefulness, strength of pose, and action which mark the performance of Jean de Reszké for one of the high notes of Mario (for which we are told he would reserve himself all the evening), were it ever so lovely. Neither does the fine, resonant, equable voice of Edouard de Reszké, or the finished manner of Plancon, leave us with curious longings touching the voices of Lablache and Formes. New York may well be content, and fair-minded critics, who are neither eaten up with false conceptions of Wagnerism.

Wagnerism, nor devotees of "linked sweetness long drawn out," will find particular gratification in the knowledge that the plans of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau for next season contemplate a company and a repertory which will keep alive the traditions of good singing, encourage appreciation of correct intonation and phrasing and the proper emission of tones, and also satisfy the existing taste for operas that are something more than concerts in stage furnishings and costume.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MUSIC.

By Louis C. Elson.

Collins, in his "Ode to the Passions," uses the following lines:

> "When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
> While yet in early Greece she sung,
> The Passions oft to hear her shell
> Thronged around her magic cell."

Spite of this poetic dictum the historian finds that when Music sang in early Greece she was by no means young, but was already quite an antiquated maiden. Herbert Spencer, the lamented Huxley, and many others who have studied into the beginnings of things acknowledge that primitive man possessed music of some sort, and even go so far as to suggest that it might have come to mankind through imitation of certain sounds of nature, possibly of bird carols.

There is so much of musical tone in nature—the dripping of water, the sighing of the wind among the trees, etc.—that one need not be at all imaginative to believe that the earliest music was the result of imitation if it was not *ab ovo* inherent in the human race. It is also probable that nature gave to man some indication of the manner in which to fashion musical instruments. Some of the earliest legends echo this view. The invention of the lyre, for example, is attributed by the Egyptians to the god Hermes (the Roman Mercury), in a legend which palpably demonstrates the possibility of natural origin for at least one instrument. Hermes was wandering on the banks of the Nile after one of the great inundations. A tortoise had been left high and dry by the receding waters. It had died, and the heat of the sun had desiccated its flesh so that only a few tendons remained attached to its shell. The ancient god struck his

his foot against the shell, the tendons resounded, and the lyre was born.

One can in similar manner account for the origin of the flute. The wind whistling through the tube of a twig of bamboo might readily lead the observant savage to construct either flute or Pan's pipes. The horn came to prehistoric man directly from nature, and its name still remains indicative of its origin. That the drum should be a prominent instrument among forest-dwellers was a foregone conclusion, since every hollow tree-trunk was a natural drum.

The oldest instruments that can be verified are of the flute family. Naturally enough these began with the whistle. Many whistles of bone and of horn have been found among the relics of the cave-men, the dwellers upon the earth in Paleolithic times. Some geologists assign to these an age approximating 200,000 years! Among these relics there has also been discovered a primitive flute with three finger-holes and a blow-hole, on which the skilful performer could bring forth at least six tones.

The harp was probably early upon the scene, possibly as soon as primitive man had learned to twist sinews into a bowstring. Every bow was a one-stringed harp, and if its owner tested the soundness of its string before going upon the hunt or into the battle, a musical sound must have resulted. There are tribes at present in Africa who sometimes string their bows with two strings for musical purposes, giving a clear demonstration of the line of development of the ancient harp.

One inherent proof of the tremendous antiquity of our art is found in the fact that almost all ancient peoples ascribe the beginning of their music to the gods. Ancient mythology is full of legends describing the origin of music, and the fact that this is always celestial goes far to show that the beginning was even then lost in remote antiquity. Osiris, that ancient Egyptian god who blends within himself the attributes of Bacchus and Apollo, is pictured as attended in his wanderings

ings by an entire train of musicians, and Horos, his brother, was considered by the old Egyptians as the God of Harmony, by which they meant, not the modern blending of tones in chord-formations (for of this the ancients knew nothing), but the melodic progressions and intervals of music. We have already seen how the god Hermes (the ancient Egyptians called him "Thoth") invented the lyre; he would not have been an Egyptian deity if he had not intertwined it with plenty of symbolic meanings. Egypt has three seasons, and therefore the lyre, which originated from the defunct tortoise, had three strings; the deepest string was representative of the wet season, the middle string of the growing season, and the highest indicated the harvest time. At a later time, when Egypt became the home of ancient science, the tones of the scale, seven in number as with us, were symbolical of the planets and were even called by their names. In his evident search for a natural origin for music the Egyptian priest (the scientist of the ancient world) held that music was derived from the sounds made by the planets in their courses, a practical harmony of the spheres. At a later epoch (about 600 years B.C.), Pythagoras, who had studied in Egypt, brought this theory to Greece as his own, and even pretended that he was the only mortal who had ever heard this celestial harmony.

One of the most celebrated of the ancient Egyptian songs is connected with mythological legend. Maneros (who corresponds to the Greek Linos, son of Apollo) was one of the sons of the gods; he died in his youth, and a song arose in memory of his untimely demise. This song represented the fleeting character of human existence. It was sung at all Egyptian banquets. When the mirth was at its highest (and the old Egyptian was emphatically an epicurean) an image of a corpse was handed around the table, and the guests chanted the song of Maneros, which contained the following lines:

> "Cast your eyes upon this corpse,
> You will be like this after death,
> Therefore drink and be merry now."

Oddly enough, according to Plutarch, the song became a very lively and joyous one.

Almost contemporaneous with some of these old Egyptian legends must have been the stories which the ancient Hindoos have scattered along their mythology to prove that their gods were also good musicians and helped mankind to the knowledge of tone which it possesses.

Mention of the art is made in the earliest sacred boo of India. The Gandharbas (Genii of Music) and Apsarasas (Genii of the Dance) appear in this mythology very soon after Brahma and the beginning of things. Sarisvati, wife of Brahma and Goddess of Speech and Oratory, at Brahma's command brought the art of music to man and also gave him his best instrument (according to Hindoo taste), the Vina. There is a host of musical deities in the ancient Hindoo mythology: Nared, one of the demigods, became protector of the art in its first days on earth; Maheda Chrishna allowed five modes or scales to spring from his head in true Minerva-like style, his wife, Parbuti, added another, and Brahma added thirty more. All of these various scales were represented by nymphs, and there were also seven chief tones in the scale which were personified by seven heavenly sisters. The ancient system must have been very complex, for one of the sacred books narrates that when Chrishna was on the earth as a shepherd, sixteen thousand young shepherdesses, or nymphs, fell in love with him, and they all tried to win him by music; they sang to him, and each one sang in a different key, and thus were established the sixteen thousand keys which once upon a time existed in India. From such a celestial parentage sprang the music of the Hindoos. Naturally there were songs coming from such a source which had supernatural powers; songs which could call down rain in periods of drought, or cause fire to descend from heaven as Elijah did. The musical legends of the ancient Greeks were less complex, but fully as poetic. It is probable that the deeds of actual musicians who existed at

at the dawn of history were told in an exaggerated and mythical manner in the stories of Orpheus and Arion. Naturally the Pythian games, which were dedicated to Apollo, presented plenty of music and were a recognition of the belief that music originally sprang from him.

With ancient Greece we obtain the first insight into that poetic fancy which wreathed musical legend around the voice of the waters. Dozens of such legends can easily be collected, and they all bear a striking similarity. The oldest of them all, however, is the tale of the Sirens in the Straits of Messina, who sang so beautifully that the passing sailor steered straight to the reef on which they were seated and perished miserably. The story is almost identical with that of the Lorelei, who was supposed to sit upon the dangerous rocks near St. Goar on the Rhine, luring the German sailors to destruction, and giving rise to one of Heine's best-known poems. In almost the same fashion the Scandinavian deity, Wannemoinen, sits in the caves of the sea, playing on a harp which he has made of dead men's bones, and making such sweet music that he entices the seamen down to him. Here then we have southern, central, and northern Europe telling tales in ancient, mediæval, and modern times, and all coinciding in many details. The ethnologist or philologist finding stories so similar among different races would argue migrations or common descent, but in this case the coincidence teaches a different lesson; it proves that in all climes and in all ages mankind was peculiarly moved by the rippling sound of the waters, and was also impressed with the dangers that lurked under the pleasing tones. In each case the same circumstances brought forth the same train of reasoning and the same legends.

The mermaids of the north are less dangerous personages, because they generally preside over springs, brooks, and less perilous divisions of water. There has seldom been a stranger transformation of a word than that which has changed "Nixie" (the sweet and pure spirit which guarded the waters of the Norwegian springs)

springs) into "Old Nick," the embodiment of evil. The water-lily has appropriately been chosen by the northern people as the emblem of these pure and innocent fairies. They are pictured as extremely fond of music, and almost all their disasters, in the Scandinavian fairy tales, come from their tarrying too long at the peasant merry-makings, where music plays an important part. Per contra, they are often ready to teach their art to mortals. In Sweden there is a musical family named Necker, all the members of which are reputed by the peasantry to have derived their music, and their name also, from the Nixies. The Swedes have a special Neck called Strömkerl, who dwells in the cascades and in the plash of water-mills, and the Norwegians have one named Fossegrim, who dwells in placid rivers, and both of these seem to have taken up the music-teaching profession. The Norwegian one can be engaged (for an indefinite number of terms) by throwing a white ram, on a Thursday night, into a stream which flows northward; the other can be hired by a present of a lamb; both seem to have the motto, "Terms invariably in advance."

We have examined the celestial origin of our art in Egypt, Greece, and India. Let us close with a glance at the musical legends of that quaintest of all the nations of antiquity, China. The ancient Chinaman invented printing, and gave the world no benefit; powder, and no general evil resulted; the compass, and no mariner was helped; and he also first discovered the laws of acoustics, and a principle of notation, and yet the world waited a couple of thousand years before building upon the good foundation. Their musical deity was Fo-Hi, who had some adventures suspiciously like those of Noah. The Chinese employ a pentatonic scale like our own diatonic scale with the fourth and seventh notes omitted. Such a five-noted scale is not without its beauty, as "Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Doon," or "There is a Happy Land" sufficiently prove. Of course its origin was celestial. Fo-Hi went out into the bamboo forest and fell asleep. While he lay in slumber the mystical

mystical bird of China (first cousin to the phœnix), the Foang-hoang, perched upon a bough above his head. It sang its scale, which was our own diatonic scale. Fo-Hi noted it down, but, alas, it was the female bird which sang, and in China everything female is held in some contempt (although they have no "shrieking Sisterhood" there), and the scale was therefore useless. At this moment the male bird came and perched beside its mate. He sang the five-noted scale as employed in China to-day, and Fo-Hi at once adopted it for his musical works. In this legend, possibly over 4000 years old, the invention of the diatonic scale, the pentatonic scale, and the chromatic (which can be formed by combining the two) are indicated. It is probable that China achieved these scales as early as Egypt did, and this old legend remains as a record of it.

Let no investigator despise the legends of music—they are inferential history, they show us the beliefs of ancient times in connection with our art, and they prove that even at the dawn of history music was so old that no man could give its origin. No race exists upon the earth but has its music, and even the most debased peoples have generally their musical legends. It would be a task not unworthy of the scientific researcher to gather all the available musical legends of the world into a single work. Such a work would give clues for further investigation and might lead to discoveries in a field which is rather obscure at present, and it would present to the psychologist the many ways in which music has impressed the human mind—it would give the poetry of musical history.

FRIENDLY · OBSERVATIONS · on · People · and · Things · in Books Society and Real Life by Simon · Olive-branch · Jr.

No. 1.

On the Perils of a Looker-On.

Let us begin our Friendly Observations with ourselves, my dear Looker-On; for there is no other subject in regard to which it is so difficult, and so necessary, to be at once observant and friendly. For the most part self-criticism vibrates between the two extremes of blind partiality and impatient disgust. It is not often that a man sees his own faults and follies; but when he does he is far less apt to make due allowance for them than for those of other men. The reason is plain. His own faults, besides wounding his vanity, usually have to be paid for, which is very annoying. It is therefore perfectly natural that he should either ignore or exaggerate them.

And yet there is no knowledge better entitled to be called useful than the knowledge of our own capacity and outfit and position. It is easy enough for a man to be his own worst enemy; but in order to be his own best friend he must be patient, and honest, and careful, in taking stock of himself and in estimating the demands and dangers of the work in which he is engaged. If any one needs to do this it is the critic. But such is the perversity of human nature that he is the very man who most frequently leaves it undone.

It is a mighty perilous affair to set up in business as a Looker-On.

When

When I first visited the Hot Springs of Arkansas, twenty years ago, the philosophic citizen of that ebullient town who undertook my education, advised me, as a measure of safety, to leave my gun in the trunk, and added the sage counsel: "Whatever you do, don't make remarks on a game, or look on at a fight; more people die of that disease out here than of any other."

But in a less vivacious state of society the outward perils of criticism are few and slight, compared with its inward and personal dangers. There is something in the very occupation which exposes the mind engaged in it to peculiar risks. He who is continually busied in correcting others often succeeds only in spoiling himself.

Every one can see that the critic is likely to be tempted to the folly of superciliousness and a carping, censorious habit of mind. The fact that he is occupied in passing judgment upon the work of his fellow-men has a tendency to obscure his remembrance of the truth that he is of the same flesh and blood with them. The easiness of detecting mistakes—for example, in playing the piano, or in writing good English—makes him forget the difficulty of avoiding them. But the critic who is a mere fault-finder is a futile personage. In his overdrawn picture of the "Degeneration" of the age he proves himself degenerate. It is the business of the Looker-On to take a sympathetic view of things, and to reckon obstacles in estimating performances. He should be ready to credit men with the virtues of their defects, as well as to notice the defects of their virtues. He should have as keen an eye for merits as for faults, and remember that his own discernment may be as truly shown in praise as in blame.

After all, the most immaculate art is not always the most precious. There is many a prim, self-satisfied prig who has never done anything in the world who would be very much less missed than the man who, in spite of his errors, has succeeded in doing something good. The best rose tree is not that with the fewest thorns, but that which bears the finest roses.

Another

Another temptation of the Looker-On is to lay undue weight upon his critical authority, and to imagine that his opinion, when printed, becomes a verdict. Criticism undoubtedly has its functions and powers, but it is well to remember that they are not absolute. It cannot create great art; although it has often succeeded in exposing the pretensions of false art, and thus awakened the desire for something better. It cannot call genius into existence, but it can make the way plainer and more easy for talent. It cannot really write a bad thing up and keep it up, any more than it can write a good thing down and keep it down; but when bad things have been unblushingly lauded, and good things stupidly neglected, an honest criticism can do much to clear the atmosphere and let both appear in their true light.

The first duty of the Looker-On, then, is to avoid the scornful disdain of the high and mighty, and the superficial enthusiasm of the light and flighty, and to try to see things as they are. This seems like a humble task. But if we will attempt it conscientiously, we shall find that it is difficult enough to satisfy our ambition, and useful enough to be well rewarded. There is still a very promising opening in literature for writers who can observe accurately and describe truthfully. People are quite ready to read the criticisms of men like Sainte-Beuve, and Arnold, and Dowden, and Saintsbury, and Birrell, and Lowell, and Curtis, and Stedman, because they are clarifying and illuminative. Their permanent value depends upon the closeness of their correspondence with the facts. Critics themselves are judged, in the long run, by the lucidity with which they have perceived, and the sincerity with which they have expressed, the real relations of life and art.

It cannot be denied that the Looker-On, virtuously resolving to tread this plain path of accurate observation, truthful interpretation, and fair judgment of people and things, will meet with many temptations to turn aside into other ways, less arduous and more alluring.

There are at least three schools of current criticism which

which demand small effort and make large promise of immediate remuneration. The first of these may be called the thud-and-blunder school. The easiest way in the world to attract popular notice is to set out upon a career of indiscriminate abuse. It is said that the late Lord Randolph Churchill first gained the public ear by the vivacity and violence with which he boxed it. The old comedian's recipe for keeping the attention of the audience was very simple: "When you are at a loss what to do, smash the china!" Preachers, even, do not disdain the path to fame by way of vituperation. And critics, from Jeffreys down, have been prone to follow it. Those who adopt this method delight in nothing else so much as in flaying a new poet, or beating down a new musician, or in driving a new actor off the stage with verbal cabbage-stalks and the stale eggs of ridicule, or, best of all, in drawing a fierce indictment of imbecility and immorality against the present generation of mankind. There is a twist in unregenerate human nature toward this kind of work, at least in certain moods. I suppose the mildest-mannered of men has moments in which he would like to cut a throat, or scuttle a ship. The ability to inflict pain gives a sense of power. But then, I am quite sure, no one will maintain that this is a healthy state of mind, or calculated to foster clear perceptions and sound judgment.

At the other extreme is the puff-and-plunder school of criticism. This also has an easy method and some attractions. It deals in unqualified praise for certain qualified performers. It revels in the discovery and announcement of new Shakespeares, Thackerays, Garricks, Titians, Beethovens, and Jenny Linds—but always within the boundaries of the family circle or stock company to which the critics belong. Their point-of-view is, that appreciation, like charity, begins at home—and ends there. Verily they have their reward. They usually make a contract for it. They resemble the hero of Lowell's "Fable for Critics":

> "Not a deed would he do, nor a word would he utter,
> Till he'd weighed its relation to plain bread and butter."

I

I would be understood as speaking now only of those who profess to be impartial and unbiassed observers. For the writers who are openly employed in the service of publishing houses, or art firms, or dramatic enterprises, to draw favorable attention to their productions, we should have nothing but respect. Theirs is an honorable business, and one that offers opportunity for the exercise of a very fine skill. There is no branch of commerce which has been more improved in modern times. I know an advance agent whose conversation is as brilliant and engaging as that of Sydney Smith, and a book-announcer who writes his notices in the purest English, sparkling with wit and full of apt illustrations. The advertising pages in the backs of the magazines are as entertaining to me as the earlier columns of reading-matter—which are treated with more consideration and cost less money. But then, I like to know, and to remember, the difference between the two kinds of pages; and I cannot help thinking that critics are sometimes tempted, by various considerations, to forget or to obscure it.

The Looker-On, in these days of universal advertisement, must be on his guard against the peril of being transformed into a sandwich man or a bill-poster.

There is another school of criticism, midway between the thud-and-blunder and the puff-and-plunder, which may be called the gush-and-wonder school. It is the literary representative of those familiar people who say, "I don't know anything about music, or painting, or books, *but I know what I like*," and then they proceed to tell you at great length and with much enthusiasm the story of their confessedly unreasonable likings. In private life they are often amusing and sometimes profitable. It is pleasant to observe the transparent revelations of character in their unstudied admirations. I have seldom spent a more diverting half-hour than at a New England tea-party where the dear old ladies of the sewing circle were raving over "Trilby," and declaring that they would all be perfectly delighted to go and live in the Latin Quarter of Paris!

But

But it is worth remembering that a taste which is not based upon knowledge, and backed up by good reasons, is better adapted to private enjoyment than to public expression. The critic who is forever telling the world what he likes, without taking pains to explain and justify his liking on good and sufficient grounds, is not much of a critic after all. He is only an exclamation point.

Real criticism—criticism that is worth the amount of human labor that is needed to produce a page of print, and of human patience that is required to read it —is something more than the expression of personal prejudices and prepossessions. It is the discovery of principles, and the illustration of laws, and the consequent illumination of life and art.

The art of music, and painting, and sculpture, and poetry, and fiction, and acting are not affairs of chance; they are products of skill; and skill always has an idea behind it and an aim in front of it. The critic's business is to apprehend the idea, and to appreciate the aim, and measure the means, which have been used to bring them together. Take, for example, the art of story-telling. The short stories of Miss Wilkins, and Miss Jewett, and Mrs. Slosson are better than the tedious tales which are printed in the *Weekly Wrapping-Paper*, not merely because you and I like them better—the sentence must be reversed—we like them better because they are better. And the question that the Looker-On has to answer is, Why? Their excellence is very different. Miss Wilkins is dramatic; her stories always have a situation and an epigram. Miss Jewett is idyllic; she makes a little picture, and the figures and the landscape belong together. Mrs. Slosson is sympathetic; she has the faculty of putting herself in the place of the quaintest, remotest characters, and making you feel the pathos and the humor of their point-of-view. In all of these writers there is a quality of distinction, a choice of method, and an artistic perfection of result, which the critic ought to consider, if he intends

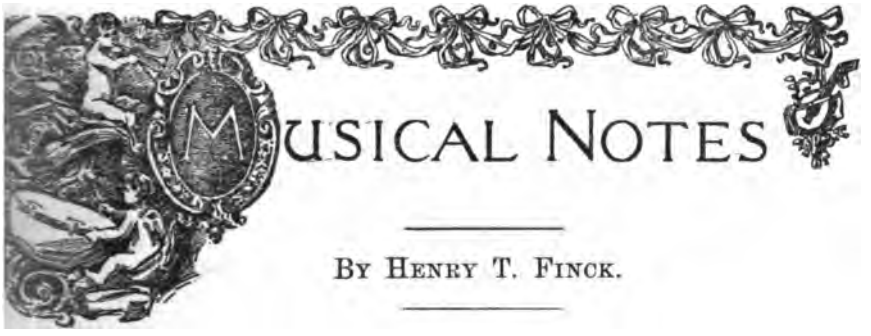
tends to write about them, and of which he must be able to give some intelligent account, if he wishes thoughtful readers to have any respect for his observations.

I do not mean by this that the Looker-On should divest himself of all personal likings in regard to art or literature, and look on at the passing show as coldly as at the progress of an experiment in chemistry. To do that would be to yield to one of his perils—and not the least of them. The gusto of criticism comes from emotion and enthusiasm, even as its nutritive quality comes from intelligence and reason. I would not choose to live upon spicy salads, nor upon unsalted porridge, but upon wholesome dishes well flavored. How admirable in this respect is the book which Mr. W. D. Howells has lately given us with the title "My Literary Passions"! It is full of generous admirations, expressed with piquancy and vigor; but they are by no means blind. He never forgets, nor fears, to give a reason for the faith that is in him; and the story of his love for books, interwoven with the story of his life, is an instruction in living, as well as a guide to reading.

But the danger of indulging too strong predilections in the matter of art is that they have a tendency to become exclusive and narrow. Because Abana and Pharpar are beautiful rivers, it does not follow that the Jordan is a mere mud-puddle. Miranda sings the part of Marguerite to perfection; and Rubio plays the nocturnes of Chopin magically; and Antonius is a wonderful interpreter of Wagner's music; but shall we therefore refuse to listen to all other musicians? Let us avoid provincialism, and keep an open mind. It takes all sorts to make a world, and there are varieties of excellence. The object of culture is to create a high standard and a catholic taste.

The honest Looker-On desires to do something, in a humble way, to promote this object. He is not a partisan of any school in art. He is an admirer of all good work, by whomsoever it may be done; and he wants to understand

understand the secret of its performance and the source of its power. He tries not to forget his own limitations, nor to ignore the perils of his occupation. If he fails to appreciate things that are well done, if he falls into a state of mind where "man pleases him not nor woman either," he suspects that it may be due to some imperfection in his own vision—some cloud of conceit, or spleen, or prejudice—more than to the degeneracy of mankind in general and artists in particular. He knows that he cannot see things as they are, unless he keeps his eyes clear and his glasses clean. He feels and confesses that in order to play the Looker-On decently and profitably he must take frequent and careful looks within.



By Henry T. Finck.

It is a very lucky state of affairs for operatic singers and managers that the London and New York seasons do not coincide, but that the English season begins a few weeks after the American ends. Were it not for this fact Messrs. Abbey and Grau and Sir Augustus Harris would soon come to grief. The singers would put themselves up at auction and demand even more exorbitant rates than at present, while the managers would have to telegraph for reserved rooms in a poor-house. I saw a statement in a London paper the other day to the effect that Harris's payroll for his London Company amounts to about $25,000 a week, and I fancy that Abbey and Grau expend a much bigger sum than that. Were these managers to bid against one another Melba and Jean de Reszké would probably demand $5,000 a night, like Patti and Paderewski.

Owing to the fact that the London season lasts far into July, I had an opportunity to attend some of the closing performances of the past summer. A glance at the repertory, however, cured me of all desire to go, for it consisted chiefly of the oldest barrel-organ operas, which seem to have enjoyed a sort of revival, thanks to the popularity of—Patti and Tamagno! If any further comment were needed on the present state of operatic taste in London it would be provided by this list of the operas given, and the number of times: *Faust*, 8; *Carmen and Cavalleria*, 6; *Romeo, Otello, Pagliacci*, 5; *Trovatore*, 4; *Harold, Lucia, Rigoletto, Traviata, Lohengrin, Fra Diavolo*, 3; *Orfeo, Philemon and Baucis, Le Prophète, Don Juan, Figaro, Barbier, Falstaff, Tannhäuser*, 2; *Mefistofele, Navarraise, Huguenots, Petruccio*, 1.

Was the refusal of Jean de Reszké to sing in London a consequence of such a repertory, or was the repertory a consequence of his refusal to sing? Perhaps chiefly the former, for it is well known that he is heartily tired of the barrel-organ operas and now finds his chief delight in singing the Wagner operas. He will certainly be heard in New York this winter in a much finer repertory than that which Harris provided for the Londoners. Harris had, indeed, promised the great tenor a chance to make his début in London as Tristan; but the refusal of Mottl to conduct *Tristan and Isolde* except after a number of rehearsals such as Harris thought he could not grant, caused the project to fall to the ground. London's loss will be New York's gain; for

for now *we* shall be the first to hear Jean de Reszké as Tristan, and under a conductor greater even than Mottl—Anton Seidl.

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WHILE in London I had a welcome opportunity, at a dinner-party, of hearing a soprano formerly well known to Americans as Miss Amy Sherwin, who is now the wife of Mr. Hugo Görlitz, the genial and successful manager of the Paderewski concerts. Mrs. Görlitz is an Australian, and I was particularly interested in finding that her voice has the same purity, sweetness, and spontaneous charm as that of her countrywoman, Mme. Melba. It made me wonder whether we are to have, in the near future, a distinct and unmistakable school of Australian singers. I hope so; there is plenty of room for one.

Mrs. Sherwin-Görlitz has not only a beautiful voice but a charming style, and her enunciation is a model of clearness. I tried to persuade her to visit America again, but she has so many engagements in England that she does not care to cross the ocean again, even although Mr. Görlitz will, as usual, accompany Mr. Paderewski on his coming American tour. He is convinced that it will be a bigger success even than his first two tours; one of the best reasons for believing so being the fact that his last recital in London drew a larger audience (over $5,000) than any previous concert.

At the same dinner-party I had the pleasure of meeting Signor Randegger and several other London musicians and critics, one of whom told me he had expected to find Mr. Joseph Bennett among the guests; adding that my onslaughts on that eminent critic, especially in my Wagner biography, had won me many friends in London; for Mr. Bennett has an unpleasant way of showing his claws in the *Daily Telegraph*, which has the largest circulation of all London papers. I hope it was not my presence that prevented Mr. Bennett from enjoying the excellent dinner provided, for I can assure him that in spite of all critical tilts I do not bear him the slightest personal ill-will, and should have been delighted to make his acquaintance.

Musical critics ought to follow the example of the lawyers who are often intimate friends in private no matter how much they may abuse each other in court. If Mr. Bennett has enjoyed my comments on him half as much as I have his frequent intimations, during the last ten or twelve years, that he "believed" I was "a musical critic in New York," there is no reason why we should not be the best of friends. I am not so sensitive as my instructor in philosophy, the late Professor Bowen, of Harvard, who during the last twenty years of his life delivered a violent annual course of lectures against John Stuart Mill, chiefly, I believe, because that philosopher once referred in a book to "one Bowen, an obscure North American metaphysician."

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AFTER leaving London I spent a few days in Paris, where I could not resist the temptation to attend a performance of the "Walküre." I wanted to see whether it was the charm of Wagner's art alone that had given this work such extraordinary popularity in Paris (where it had more performances in two years than it ever had in any German city),

city), or whether the performance itself contributed to this success. I came to the conclusion that to Wagner alone, and to the scene-painters, belonged the credit. A more mediocre lot of singers I never heard anywhere. Not that they were bad, for most of them had an agreeable quality of voice and sang in time, but their voices were too weak for this music, and they had no conception of the true Wagnerian style of song. Consequently they missed many of the finest points—almost as many as the conductor, who had absolutely no conception of the dramatic fire and passion inherent in Wagner's score. The orchestra in itself was admirable—but the best-drilled army will lose a battle if it has no good general. The scenic effects, on the other hand, especially the colored clouds, were admirable, and the ride of the Valkyries is nowhere so realistically done as in Paris.

The Grand Opéra is a superb building, without and within, but in the matter of comfort and acoustic properties it leaves a good deal to desire. Most of the seats, even in the boxes, are inconveniently placed, and unless you are in the parquet the huge central chandelier is a luminous obstacle to enjoyment of what goes on on the stage. In the matter of illumination and side-lights the Paris Opéra is far behind the times. The audience, too, is not quite up to date. While there was no loud talking—at any rate near my seat—a number of spectators had a most offensive habit of interrupting the flow of the music by applauding the vocalists. Possibly this applause was paid for; it should be hissed down by those who are not paid. Upon the whole I was disappointed with the Grand Opéra, and came to the conclusion that it is not what it was even twenty years ago when I first heard a performance in it. It is a noteworthy fact that for first nights and special occasions the Paris Opéra now usually imports the leading singers from Germany.

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AT Vevey I had the pleasure of spending a few days with Mr. E. A. MacDowell, whom Mr. Seidl is not alone in regarding as a more original composer than Brahms. Like all great composers Mr. MacDowell is a lover of nature, and the view of the upper end of Lake Geneva from his windows was fine enough to inspire any number of masterpieces of American music. I say American music, for although many of Mr. MacDowell's pieces were inspired and penned abroad there is a distinct national as well as individual flavor to them, which will mark the beginning of a new American school of music. Mr. MacDowell is not only an original thinker, he is also a conscientious artist. When he has a happy thought he does not, like too many of our composers, write it off hastily and carelessly, as if it were intended for the columns of an ephemeral newspaper, but keeps on rewriting and filing till his innate sense of form and style is satisfied. Every connoisseur feels this at once in playing his music; there is not a redundant bar, hardly a detail that could be improved.

Mr. MacDowell is fortunate in having a wife who is not only a charming companion but a most excellent musician and critic, to whose judgment he can always refer in case of doubt when he is revising

vising his compositions. At Vevey he was not writing a new work, but revising one several years old. He seemed to be more or less discouraged about it, and was not quite sure whether he ought not to destroy it altogether. It will probably prove one of his best works. I say this only "on general principles," for I did not see the score and the hotel piano was so badly out of tune that he could not play for me.

I was sorry I did not have an opportunity to meet another eminent American composer who is spending the summer near the Lake of Geneva—Mr. Templeton Strong. He has his own villa near Vevey and had placed his music-room at Mr. MacDowell's disposal, but he himself had gone up into the high Alps, in an almost inaccessible place where clouds abound. The two composers are intimate friends, and Mr. MacDowell has an aggravating habit of sending postal-cards to his friend in the gray clouds, telling him how bright the sunshine is down at Vevey and how brilliant the colors on the lake.

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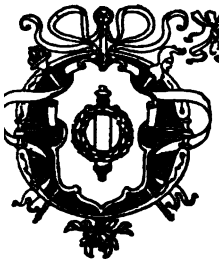
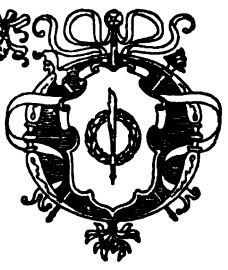
After leaving Vevey I had no more opportunity to meet musicians or hear music—excepting cowbells and the yodling of guides and peasants. But in the large Alpine hotels one has abundant opportunity to keep informed on musical topics, as on all others, since the reading-rooms are always supplied with the leading newspapers in various languages. In good weather no one in his senses would waste a moment on newspapers when he might be climbing and enjoying Alpine scenery; but on a rainy day, when fresh midsummer snow is falling on the mountain-sides that encircle your hotel, a warm reading-room and a newspaper are not to be sneezed at. Thus it happened the other day that I picked up a copy of a Paris paper and found therein an article by Francisque Sarcey on conservatories, embodying some sensible reflections.

The charge is not infrequently made in American newspapers that our conservatories turn out few pupils who become distinguished as performers or composers. But I do not think that Europe is any better off in this respect. England, France, Italy, Germany have scores of conservatories, with thousands of pupils, but are not good singers and players extremely scarce in those countries—not to speak of good composers? It is true that in France most of the eminent composers were in their day students at the Paris Conservatoire, and frequently winners of the Prix de Rome, yet in the article I have referred to M. Sarcey thinks it necessary to combat the idea that we ought to expect music schools to supply the world with musical geniuses. He rightly contends that if the Paris Conservatory does not launch many original musicians into the world the reason is that originality in any art is a very rare thing, and one that cannot be taught by the best schools and teachers in the world. The duty of professors is to teach their pupils musical grammar; the rest they must have in themselves; and if a genius is so seldom found in the conservatories that is not their fault but their misfortune; which, however, does not diminish their general utility. After all, schools are not built for geniuses but for ordinary pupils. A genius cannot learn from an ordinary professor but only from another genius—as Tausig from Liszt, Josef Hofmann from Rubinstein.



DRAMATIC NOTES



By Wm. H. Fleming.

There is a prevalent opinion that the drama in this country at the present time is in a decadent condition. There is some reason for this. Many of the plays which are presented on the boards of our theatres, when judged either from the moral or intellectual standpoint, are of a low character. They are deficient in thought. Scenery, instead of being an accessory, has too often become the primary factor in the representation. The frame has become more important than the picture, the setting than the jewel. "The play" has ceased to be "the thing," and has become secondary to the scenery and the costumes. The moral tone also of many of the plays is objectionable. Vice is made amusing, sometimes alluring.

This condition of the drama is, I am inclined to think, but temporary. There is enough of the standard drama still presented at our theatres to lead me to this conclusion. First in importance is Mr. Irving's work. The effect of that in elevating the drama is almost incalculable. The fact that he has been knighted by Queen Victoria is profoundly significant. The statute of Elizabeth, by which players were classed with vagabonds, and their profession made unlawful, is, I believe, still on the statute-books of England. And yet, solely on account of his work as a player, has he been honored. And justly so, for the plays which he puts upon the stage are works of art and are in the highest degree educative. In the tour which he has just begun in America he will present the following dramas: "Faust," "King Arthur," "Waterloo," "Don Quixote," "Louis XI.," "The Bells," "The Lyons Mail," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," "Charles I.," "The Corsican Brothers," "Nance Oldfield," "Olivia, or, The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting." Of these the following have never been previously presented in this country: "King Arthur," "Waterloo," "Dox Quixote," "Macbeth," "The Corsican Brothers," "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting." These productions will be, in every detail, dramatically correct, and produced exactly as they were at the Lyceum Theatre. Some idea of the scrupulous care exercised can be gained from the fact that the company which Mr. Irving has brought with him consists of one hundred and twenty-five persons. Not only the actors, but also the managers, the chorus, machinists, electricians, leader of orchestra, are all brought frcm

from London and are part of the Lyceum Theatre Company. All the scenery, which weighs some seven hundred tons, is brought with him. The result of all this care is that Mr. Irving presents each of the plays as a work of art. His season in New York City begins October 28th and lasts for eight weeks. There is a supplementary season beginning May 4th next, and lasting for two weeks.

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MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD is also an exponent of the best drama. During the coming season he expects to present at the Garrick Theatre "Richelieu," "The Fool's Revenge," "The House of the Wolf," a dramatization of Stanley Weyman's story of that name, and "Rodian." In addition to these, which Mr. Mansfield has not previously acted, will be plays from his regular repertoire. He expects to occupy his stage in November.

Previous to that, beginning October 7th, Madame Modjeska will act for two weeks. She will open her engagement with "Measure for Measure," and will present among other plays "Much Ado About Nothing," "Macbeth," "Magda." She, like the two great actors mentioned, is an honor to her profession, and, like them, is a great artist.

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MR. DALY'S Shakespearian revival the coming season will be "Henry IV." He has arranged the two parts as one play. *Falstaff* will be played by Mr. Lewis, and *Prince Hal* by Miss Rehan.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S novel with the above title has been dramatized by Mr. Edward Rose. The play was put on the stage at the Lyceum Theatre last month and acted by Mr. Sothern and his company. It is a romantic play, and as such is a refreshing variation from the morbid, sensational society plays which to a great extent occupy the boards of our theatres.

The plot of the play is described in the following passage taken from the book: "It is perhaps as strange a thing as has ever been in the history of a country, that the king's brother and the king's personator, in a time of profound peace, near a placid, undisturbed country town, under semblance of amity, should wage a desperate war for the person and life of the king."

The play is divided into a prologue and four acts. In the former Prince Rudolph, the heir apparent to the throne of Ruritania, is accused by Gilbert, Earl of Rassendyll, of undue intimacy with his Countess. The consequence is a duel, which is fought in the house of the Earl, whither the Prince has escorted the Countess. It is fought in the night. The Prince is wounded. On the conclusion of the duel, Duke Wolfgang, the Black Elphberg, cousin to the Prince, and heir to the throne of Ruritania in case the Prince dies, says, "It is morning, and my day has dawned." In the four acts which follow, the struggle between

between these two for the possession of the throne is faithfully portrayed.

The dramatization has been well done. The dialogue is good. It is terse, at times humorous and pathetic. The action is regular.

Mr. Sothern assumes the dual character of Rudolph the Fifth, the King, and of Rudolph Rassendyll, a young Englishman. It is a finished piece of acting, oscillating between the comic and the serious. The former is especially noticeable in the coronation scene. Mr. Sothern's humor in this scene has a coolness and audacity which are very effective. In the serious passages, *e. g.*, the love-affair with the Princess Flavia, he is not boisterous or violent. Like the elder Salvini, he gives one the impression of being stirred profoundly, of feeling intensely, but also of having control over his emotions. I observed that in pronouncing the word "exquisite" he put the accent on the second instead of the first syllable. In such a finished actor as Mr. Sothern this is a defect.

The other characters are well acted, notably Colonel Sapt, Mr. Buckstone; the Princess Flavia, Miss Kimball; and Antoinette De Mauban, Miss Shotwell.

The play as a whole is remarkably well presented. It is refined; at times thrilling, though never powerful; and there is an intermingling of pathos and humor. It bids fair, and justly so, to be popular.

BOOK REVIEWS

MUSICIANS AND MUSIC-LOVERS.

By William Foster Apthorp.

Mr. Apthorp's book * consists of a series of essays, the first one of which gives the title to the volume. They have been published in the reviews. Two of them, those on *Bach* and *Musicians and Music-Lovers*, were originally delivered as lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston. In the latter essay he refers to the lack of "the critical habit" in the average music-lover, and that, in Mr. Apthorp's opinion, is "the fundamental obstacle to intelligent conversation on music" between professionals and music-loving laymen. "When," he says, "people are talking about music they are not talking about the music itself at all, but about how it makes them feel."

"Few people really talk about a symphony, a song, or an opera; what they do talk about is the impression the work has made upon them. . . . Most people speak of music merely subjectively, speak of how they like it or do not like it; only the few either speak or think of it objectively, of what it really is or is not."

In the case of trained musicians it is the reverse. What interests them is the music itself. With one of them Mr. Apthorp listened to a fine performance of Schumann's overture to *Manfred*. The only comment the musician made was: "How much more effect Schumann has drawn from his horns here, by using the open notes, than he often does by writing chromatic passages for them." Another fact illustrating the same truth is that Berlioz, in his essays on Beethoven's symphonies, "seldom rises above the consideration of technical details."

In specifying the different requisites of musical appreciation, the author mentions "the distinct recognition of a melody of the melodic phrase"; and "the perception of the relation borne by one part of a composition to another, that is, the perception of the organic character of its structure." These two are the essential elements in an intelligent appreciation of music.

The effect of music on the emotions is, in the case of the artist, very minor. "He looks upon music as music; the most perfect orchestral thunder-storm in the world leaves him cold and indifferent if it is not at the same time a fine piece of composition."

Such is the critical standard by which Mr. Apthorp judges music and musicians. In the following essays he applies it to *Bach*, *Handel*, *Meyerbeer*, *Offenbach*, *Robert Franz*, and *Otto Dresel*—the last two of whom he describes as "Two Modern Classicists"—and *John Sullivan*

* "*Musicians and Music-Lovers*," Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Dwight.

Dwight. The last essay is on *Music and Science.* The result is a book which, while written in a popular vein, possesses real critical value and will amply repay studious perusal.

LETTERS OF A BARITONE.*

By Francis Walker.

During late years there has been no lack of books descriptive of such places of general interest as Paris or Italy. I take it that the demand for this class of book indicates a desire on the part of the reading public not so much for general information as for the point of view of many and various-minded men about places with which they (the public) are more or less familiar. It also goes to prove that the public realize that books of travel differ not only as two portraits of the same man would differ, but also as the details of the simplest occurrence would differ if written by two men.

If the public cares for the point of view of the author the interesting question arises as to the kind of eyes through which the public likes best to see its foreign countries. On this point there can be little doubt. The sales prove that an author like Mr. H. T. Finck, who can look at nature with the eyes of a poet and at peoples with the intelligence of a philosopher, and who can moreover convey by the medium of a happy style his ideas to others, is by far the most popular. Vigor of style, directness of observation, sympathy, and humor are the qualities that we find in Mr. Walker's *Letters of a Baritone.* Italy is in these pages clearly and ideally presented before us. The softness of the air and the blue of the Italian sky we feel and see. The palaces of Venice and Florence gain a new beauty and splendor in our imagination by Mr. Walker's descriptions. The few lines descriptive of the people whom the author met are sufficient to bring them before us and to make us feel that we know them.

The book consists of a series of letters written by the author to his sister. They consist, in the main, of descriptions of the author's experience while pursuing the study of art in Italy. The reflections on the various methods of voice-culture are of more than passing interest and should be read by every student of vocalism who is not confident of his ability to discover charlatanism, or to justly estimate the qualities that go to make up the great or successful teacher. Knowledge may be power; but not always is the knowledge of technique joined to the ability to apply principles to many and variously endowed pupils. We quote from the preface to Mr. Walker's book:

"The bulky packet of my old letters which you gave me last year—those sent you from Florence when I was studying singing in that charming city—now returns to you in this form. They are published with the sincere desire to make easier for others the way which for me was fraught with difficulties. Those difficulties were not merely the ordinary ones that beset the stranger in a strange land. Truly, they are always many for the student who, not overburdened with money,

* Chas. Scribner's Sons.

and

and therefore anxious to accomplish much in a short time, goes to a foreign country provided with but meagre instruction as to how he may live there safely and economically.

"Before such a venture it is well to know what preparation to make for it, and especially how to avoid the pitfalls of charlatanism. The unscrupulous, plausible wrecker of voices is found everywhere, but the thoughtful student may learn how to avoid him at home and abroad.

"It is my earnest hope that these letters may be of interest and use to many in our profession and to those desirous of entering it. To some they may afford help to clarify things and theories about which doubts have arisen. For others there is practical information about the cost of living and studying in Italy; and perhaps some will find herein sympathy and encouragement, if they too work against great disadvantages and grow weary and despondent upon that long, steep path which must be travelled by whoever would arrive at any excellence in vocal art.

"I have aimed to be fair in my description of Italy as a land toward which students of singing should continue to direct their steps. I am always grateful for what the song-dowered country has given to me, and the deep sense of my indebtedness to her has made it a pleasant task to send back thus to your keeping the letters which recount the experiences of my student-days in Florence. Written as they were to you—the choicest of comrades—they may be helpful to some who, like yourself, cannot turn from the nearer duties to travel afar. Such may, perhaps, by some things in these pages, be at least aroused to fresh enthusiasm for the greatness and beauty of the art of song.

"You will remember that those old letters contained some things which might possibly have been allowed to keep place herein, had it been my design to make a book acceptable to the widest conceivable circle of readers. They have been cut out to make room for whatever was likely to be of more direct use to singers, to students of singing, and to lovers of music generally. Still, with the belief firmly fixed in my mind that every serious student needs to keep himself in touch with all the arts and with all beauty, I have ventured to retain in my pages some of the necessarily sketchy descriptions of things and scenes which were to me valuable or beautiful. Many such details, which at a first glance may seem extraneous to the main purpose of the book, will perhaps ultimately be found confluent with that purpose, and of interest as having belonged to the daily life of a student who was in great earnest to make all sources feed him in his growth into an artist.

"Florence was very beautiful to me, and all the Tuscan country about had even more than the old charm in its highways and byways. Never before had the towers of the lovely city seemed to spring so lightly into air so delicately azure, and never before had the valleys and hills beyond her battlemented walls been so alluring. Around all lay Italy—bright Italy, which has given me so much that now I cannot do less than try in this poor fashion to win for her the affection and interest of those who should surely love her for the sake of the art she has ever cherished with true devotion."

PHYSICAL EXPRESSION

EXPRESSION.

BY F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK.

THE ever-changing needs of a living language necessitate not only the birth of new words for new ideas, but the imposition of unaccustomed burdens upon the already overworked elder brothers in the vocabulary.

The word Elocution stood, and yet stands, for vocal culture for speech purposes, and for the arts of reading and reciting in public. Of late, the study of Pantomime—that is, expression by bodily action alone—which is secondary to elocutionary expression, has come to have, with many artists, greater prominence even than the voice. Statue posing and exhibitions of pure pantomime have grown out of the earlier rudimentary studies in posture and gesture. The influence of French art, in which pantomime has ever held an honorable place, has been felt in America, chiefly through the prominence given to action by the disciples of Delsarte, until the word elocution, which is associated in the minds of many with this as well as allied forms of entertainment, is in danger of losing its specific and useful meaning of vocal expression *assisted* by bodily action. Again, out of the needs of training the body for ease, grace, repose, and precision in expression, there has come into prominence a system of gymnastic exercises which, originally designed for artistic bodily development, have been found to be of great hygienic value, while answering to a greater degree than others to the requirements of thousands who, without ambition to appear in public, wish to acquire a certain degree of ease of manner and grace of action in society.

This system differs fundamentally from others, not because of the prominence given to any particular set of movements, but from the fact that it is based upon and continually associates movement with expression. Originally, as has been said, taught in conjunction with pantomimic expression, the Delsarte system of æsthetic physical culture is still associated in the minds of the majority with elocution, and no school of elocution pretends to ignore it.

Apart from the training of the reader and reciter, each of the branches of study we have mentioned is equally useful in the preparation for two other arts which, widely dissimilar in some respects, have yet

yet much in common. These are Acting and Oratory. Elocution and Oratory are by no means synonymous; the latter term includes much that is not in the province of the former. Rhetoric, for example, and the practice of extemporaneous speaking and debate, belong to oratory exclusively. Again, the stage makes notably different requirements from the platform, and these must be met by different methods, or, perhaps one should say, by different applications of the same methods.

Oratory and Acting are at the opposite poles of expressive art. Recitation, which partakes of characteristics peculiar to each, occupies a somewhat undefined position between them. In neither sphere are the conditions of artistic success identical. The actor is rarely a good speech-maker, nor always successful as a reader, while the clever speaker, or even the best-equipped elocutionist, may fail utterly upon the stage.

Nevertheless, these arts, Pantomime, Elocution, Oratory, Acting, with all their diversity, have much more of unity. Whatever may be their relative importance artistically or socially, they are all phases of human expression, bodily and vocal, and the single word Expression, in spite of objections that may be made to its use, seems destined to hold its place as the inclusive designation of all arts of manifesting, by the living body, the various activities of the mind or soul within.

It has been objected that the word includes too much; that music, painting, and literature are also expression. The musician says, "I teach musical expression, and so long as you are unable to do that you have no right to the exclusive use of our common property in the word." One may answer that although the teacher of expression may not be able to translate the laws of his art into the language of musical theory, the laws are identical, and a precedent for the monopoly might be found in the tendency of painters and sculptors to dignify their Art with a capital letter; but it should be remembered that our use of the word in a technical and restricted sense by no means prohibits its use in the broadest possible application. So long as there is no possibility of misunderstanding, no harm is done. If the musician will permit us still to speak of a melodious voice, or a musical tone, and the painter will allow musicians and elocutionists to dabble in "color," as they have hitherto done, we will grant to all the privilege of using our special designation, Expression, in any sense for which the dictionary may be authority.

As a last resort, the teacher of "æsthetic physical culture, elocution, pantomime, oratory, and dramatic art," may plead nature's first law of self-preservation in defence of his appropriation of a single word to which no art seems to have a prior claim, and which will enable him to convey to the casual inquirer the nature of his occupation in a manner commensurate with the brevity of life.

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK.

THE LOOKER-ON

NOVEMBER, 1895.

HUMPERDINCK AND HIS OPERA.

By H. E. Krehbiel.

THERE are few things in contemporaneous musical history which invite the interest and irritate the curiosity of the studious observer so much as a really striking success in operatic composition. In the United States, where opera exists only as an exotic, and where, consequently, only one or two novelties are added to the current list every year, and they such as already bear the stamp of popular approval, public thought is not directed to the wherefore of the additions. The case is different in Germany, Italy, and France, where every year hundreds of new operas are written, scores are read and a few are chosen. There has been a mighty revolution in the province of musical creation since the beginning of the romantic era; symphonies are no longer composed in a day, or operas to order in a month or less; but it does not follow that the output, to use an industrial phrase, is smaller now than it was in pre-Beethovenian days. In fact it is probably greater because of the much greater number of professional musicans. Music is become a popular, a democratic art. It is no longer the exclusive property of the Church, as in its artistic manifestation it was prior to the seventeenth century; or the pretty plaything of royalty and nobility, as it became when secular interests acquired a foothold in it, and as it remained until almost the beginning of the nineteenth century; and there are probably ten musicians now to one in the time of Haydn. So, although the difficulties of composition have grown since contents became more important than form, the numerical

ical increase in practitioners, the enhancement of the prizes to be won financially and socially, the extension of institutions devoted to the cultivation of the art, and other causes have combined to stimulate the productive faculty as it never was stimulated before. There is much talk of sterility, yet the age is not sterile; but it is extremely hard to please, and the tides of taste change rapidly. Only geniuses of the first rank can pursue their courses indifferent to the restlessness which consumes the multitude around them. And such geniuses were always few and must perforce become fewer with the decadence of that ingenuousness of appreciation and enjoyment which goes hand in hand with the growth of technical mastery and the spirit of criticism. It is a comforting reflection, however, that in spite of the turbulence of the artistic sea, which lifts mediocrity to the skies one moment only to engulf it the next, something appears on the waves periodically to prove that old principles still preserve their validity and old impulses their force.

Of all recent operatic phenomena Engelbert Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel" is the most interesting and instructive. In several respects the work is unique, the most remarkable, perhaps, being that while it treats of a subject which comes from the nursery, and heretofore might have been thought of for the stage, if at all, only in connection with the old-fashioned Christmas pantomime, its musical investment lifts it to a lofty artistic plane, and consorts it with the lyric drama of Richard Wagner. Ever since the death of the great German poet-composer the minds of critics and musical historians have been occupied with the question whether or not progress in operatic composition was possible in the direction pointed out by him. Of his influence upon the style of composition throughout the Occidental world there has been no doubt for several decades; but for the greater part it manifested itself in the modification of old methods rather than the adoption of new. In Germany, it is true, attempts have been made

made to follow his system, but though there have been occasional proclamations of success (as in the case of Cyril Kistler's "Kunihild," and Max Schilling's "Ingwelde," for instance) in the end it has been found that the experiments have all ended in failure. Naturally enough the fact provoked discussion. If no one could write in Wagner's manner, was there a future for the lyric drama outside of a return to the style which he had striven to overthrow? If there could be no such future did not the circumstance afford indubitable proof of the failure of the Wagnerian movement as a creative force? These questions were frequently answered in a spirit antagonistic to Wagner, but the answers were both over-hasty and short-sighted. It needed only that one should come who had thoroughly assimilated Wagner's methods, and who had the genius to apply them in a spirit of individuality, to demonstrate that it is possible to continue the production of lyric dramas without returning to the hackneyed manner of the opposing school. The composer who did this was Humperdinck, and it is peculiarly noteworthy that his demonstration acquires its most convincing force from the circumstance that instead of seeking his material in the myths of antiquity, as Wagner did, he found them in the nursery.

While emphasizing this fact, however, it is well not to forget that in turning to the literature of folk-lore for an operatic subject Humperdinck was only carrying out one of the principles for which Wagner always contended. The *Märchen* of a people are quite as much a reflex of their intellectual, moral, and emotional life as their heroic legends and myths. In fact they are frequently only the fragments of stories which when they were created were the embodiments of the most profound and impressive religious conceptions of which the people were capable. The degeneration of the Sun-god of our Teutonic forefathers into the Hans of Grimm's tale who could not learn to shiver and shake, through the Sinfiotle of the *Volsunga Saga* and the Siegfried of the *Nibelungenlied*

Nibelungenlied, is so obvious that it needs no commentary. Neither does the translation of Brynhild into Dornröschen, who is our Sleeping Beauty. The progress illustrated here is that from myth to *Märchen*, and Humperdinck, in writing his fairy opera, or nursery opera if you will, paid tribute to German nationalism in the same coin that Wagner did when he created his "Ring of the Nibelung." The difference is not of kind but of degree.

Everything about "Hänsel and Gretel" is charming to those who can feel their hearts warm toward the family life and folk-lore of Germany, of which we are, or ought to be, inheritors. The opera originated like Thackeray's delightful "fireside pantomime for great and small children," "The Rose and the Ring." The composer has a sister who is Frau Adelheid Wette, wife of a physician in Cologne. She, without any particular thought of literary activity, has been in the habit of writing little plays for production within the family circle. For these plays Herr Humperdinck provided the music. In this way grew the first dramatic version of the story of "Hänsel and Gretel," which everybody who has had a German nurse or has read Grimm's Fairy Tales knows tells the adventures of a brother and sister who, driven into the woods, lost themselves there and fell into the toils of the *Knusperhexe*, that is the Crust Witch, who enticed little boys and girls into her house of gingerbread and sweetmeats and there ate them up. The original performers of the titular parts in the little play were the daughters of Frau Wette. Charmed with the effect of the fanciful little comedy, Herr Humperdinck suggested its expansion into a piece with scope enough for theatrical production; and the opera was the result. It was brought forward for the first time in public on December 23, 1893, in Weimar, and created so profound an impression that it speedily took possession of all the principal theatres of Germany, crossed the Channel to England, made its way into Belgium and Holland, and is now preparing

preparing at the Opéra Comique in Paris. For this surprising success, comparable only with that achieved in recent years by "Cavalleria Rusticana," the credit is chiefly due to the music, but the sweet simplicity of the old nursery tale is so well preserved in the dramatic version and the succession of scenes so artfully contrived that it would be unfair to undervalue Frau Wette's collaboration.

"Hänsel and Gretel" is not only Wagnerian in being a draught from the well of German nationalism, but also in its musical structure. Herr Humperdinck was personally associated with Wagner during the last two years of his life, and has ever since been identified with the festival representations at Bayreuth. He was born at Siegberg on the Rhine, on September 1, 1854, the son of a teacher at the local Gymnasium. After concluding his gymnasial studies he spent four years at the Conservatory directed by Ferdinand Hiller, in Cologne, and won a free scholarship in the Conservatory at Munich. Thither he went, and there spent two more years of music study. A composition for chorus and orchestra, "Die Wallfarth nach Kevlaar," won the first prize offered by the Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy Institute, of Berlin, which carried with it the means to travel in Italy. At the Villa d'Angri near Naples, in the spring of 1880, he met Wagner, who invited him to go with him to Bayreuth and make a copy of the score of "Parsifal," and to help prepare that drama for performance in 1882. It was just such work as some of the best known of the younger musicians of to-day had done under the supervision of the great regenerator of the lyric drama; notably Anton Seidl, who acted as Wagner's artistic secretary while the first Bayreuth festival was preparing. It has fallen to the lot of Mr. Seidl to direct the musical portion of "Hänsel and Gretel" in New York, and the fact has a pretty significance in view of the similarity of the relationship which he and Herr Humperdinck bore toward Wagner in the closing days of his life. As Seidl manipulated one of the machines which carried the Rhine nixies

nixies in the festival of 1876, so Humperdinck, I believe, rang the bells of the Temple of the Grail in 1882. After the "Parsifal" festival Wagner sought rest in Venice. There, as a feature of the Christmas festivities which he was planning, he intended to arrange a performance of his youthful symphony in C which, while a member of his household, Seidl had written out in score from the individual parts found in the attic of Tichatschek's house in Dresden. Seidl was conducting the performances of the Richard Wagner Theatre in Berlin when he received a letter asking him to come to Venice and conduct the rehearsals of the orchestra of the Liceo Benedetto Marcello that had undertaken to play the symphony on Frau Cosima Wagner's birthday. Seidl accepted the invitation, but Angelo Neumann, the director of the opera company, refused to grant him the requisite leave of absence, and Seidl never saw his master alive again. In his stead Humperdinck went to Venice, where Wagner tried to secure for him the directorship of the Liceo, but failed because of a change in the political feeling between Italy and Germany. Humperdinck then went to Barcelona to assume the leadership of the Conservatory concerts there, afterward to Cologne as professor of theory at the Conservatory, and finally to Frankfort, where he is professor at the present time; but meanwhile he has been active at all the Bayreuth festivals, and Siegfried Wagner, whom Seidl vainly tried to teach the pianoforte when he was a lad, is Herr Humperdinck's pupil in composition. Frau Wagner is so interested in him and his opera that she has herself undertaken at one of the German theatres to solve the scenic *crux* of the third act—the ride of the witch on her broom-stick.

Humperdinck has built up his musical structure in "Hänsel and Gretel" in the Wagnerian manner, and he has done so with such fluency and deftness that a musical layman might listen to it from beginning to end without suspecting the fact, save from the occasional employment of what may be called Wagnerian idioms. The little

little work is replete with melodies nearly all of which derive their physiognomy from two little songs which the children sing at the beginning of the first and second acts, and which are frankly borrowed from the folk-song literature of Germany. These ditties, however, and each of the lyrics which are united in the work, contribute characteristic themes out of which the orchestral part is constructed; and these themes are developed in accordance with an inter-related scheme every bit as logical and consistent as the scheme at the bottom of "Tristan and Isolde." As in that stupendous musical tragedy and "The Ring of the Nibelung" the orchestra takes the part played by the chorus in Greek tragedy, so in "Hänsel and Gretel" it unfolds the thoughts, motives, and purposes of the personages of the play and lays bare the simple mysteries of the plot and counterplot. The careless joy of the children, their freedom from fear in the presence of danger, the apprehension of the parents, promise and fulfilment, enchantment and disenchantment—all these things are expounded by the orchestra in a fine flood of music—highly ingenious in its contrapuntal texture, rich in its instrumental color, full of rhythmical life—on the surface of which the idyllic play floats buoyantly like a water-lily which

> "starts and slides
> Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
> Tho' anchor'd to the bottom."

It is a most engaging work, a refreshment to the mind scorched and wearied with the fevered passions of the one-act operas which came into vogue with it—a bit of gentle fancy which, in this age of restless striving, reflects the enduring childhood of art.

THE PRESERVATION OF OPERETTA.

By W. J. Henderson.

The present state of comic opera in America is something that must bring grave anxiety to lovers of that delightful form of art. I use the expression comic opera out of deference to popular speech, which ignores the fact that Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" and Verdi's "Falstaff" are comic operas and elects to dignify by that title such notable works of art as "Wang" and "The Princess Bonnie." Let us for the time, then, drop the proper appellation, "operetta," and call it comic opera; for Heaven knows it is comic enough, with that comedy which runs so close to pathos. Operetta ought to be one of the most artistic kinds of amusement placed before the public. It is capable of the highest achievements in literary and musical refinement, beauty and humor. It is a form of amusement which, when at its best, appeals to the most cultivated ladies and gentlemen and equally to the workingmen and women. Yet, as a matter of fact, nine-tenths of the operettas, or comic operas, produced in this country at the present time are insults to the average intelligence of any large community.

Of course every city is made up of a good many sorts of human beings. It is undeniable that there is a public for such stuff as "Wang" or "The Princess Bonnie," and the fact that such "works" draw money into theatres may be pleaded as a justification of their production. But do they pay in the long run? Do they draw upon the taste of so large a part of the public? Do they establish reputation for the theatre or the manager? The answer to these questions is found in the history of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and the Savoy Theatre. Would Mr. D'Oyly Carte's handsome London theatre ever have gained the world-wide reputation it now enjoys except by the constant production of the best operettas?

operettas? It is true that Mr. Carte has had failures and that at times he has lost large sums of money. But he has never lost his dignity; he has never blotted the fair fame of his theatre; and he is to-day a rich man. But Mr. Carte is a man of considerable culture. He is an educated musician, who, when he desires to hear an applicant sing, can sit down at the piano and play the accompaniment at sight. He is not merely an adventurous speculator. He is a manager who knows the nature of the materials in which he deals.

The history of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in this country ought to be highly instructive to our managers; but it is not. The first of these works to be produced here was "H. M. S. Pinafore," which James C. Duff unsuccessfully laid before every manager in New York before he went to my father and rented from him the Standard Theatre. "Pinafore" ran five months at the Standard, and its career was stopped only by the hot weather. Most of that time it was running at four other theatres in New York, while the country was scoured with it by travelling companies. The result of its success led to the production of other operettas at the Standard. "Patience" ran six months, and against the advice of my father, who was then D'Oyly Carte's partner, it was taken off to make way for "Claude Duval." I was business manager of the Standard at the time, and I know what I am talking about when I say that the last week's receipts of "Patience" were $6,300. The operetta would have run a year if Mr. Charles Harris had not carried his point with Mr. Carte.

I am quoting these facts for what purpose? Simply to show that refined comic opera pays better than the coarse and stupid vulgarity of the contemporaneous kind. To appeal to the intelligence of a community is to get a substantial response. It is an undeniable fact that there are more persons in New York ready to go to see such works as "Patience," "Olivette," "The Mascot," "Die Fledermaus," and "Erminie," than there are to enjoy such concoctions as "Wang," "Castles

tles in the Air," "The Ogallallas," or "Kismet." The success of Smith and De Koven's "Robin Hood" ought to have taught our managers a lesson; but it did not. It ought to have shown them that refinement, picturesqueness, and pure melody were better qualities than horse-play, cheap "gags," exhibitions of the female form, and music-hall ditties. But it did not.

What started operetta down hill in this country? I have no desire to speak evil of the dead; but a regard for truth compels me to say that in my opinion the later methods of John A. McCaull are to be blamed. One or two newspapers in this town are extremely fond of referring to Mr. McCaull as "the father of comic opera" in this country. Mr. McCaull's career began with "Olivette," which was his first production. The father of comic opera here was James C. Duff. Mr. McCaull did a great deal toward popularizing comic opera in this city and throughout the country when he was associated with Mr. Aronson in the first years of the Casino. Mr. McCaull then had a good stock company, and his productions were notable for general excellence. But in his later days he permitted the leading comedians of his company to introduce all kinds of "gags," and De Wolf Hopper and Digby Bell, laboring under the delusion that the general public was as much excited about baseball as they were, accustomed their audiences to hearing references to strikes and sliding to bases at any period from the fall of man to the present, and at any place from Moscow to the tombs of the Pharaohs.

It must be patent to any person who has carefully watched the development of comic opera in this country that the cause of its descent from the high plane on which it started has been the increase of the influence of the personal element. In the early days it was the operetta itself that the manager counted upon as his attraction, and he expended his efforts on securing a good company and a high level of general excellence in the performance. To-day the "star" system rules in the field of operetta, and we are expected to enjoy in place of

of the old artistic *ensemble* the personal methods of some acrobatic comedian or the exposed charms and equally exposed vocal antics of some would-be *prima donna.* Men like Smith and De Koven are set to work to build an operetta around the doll face and explosive vocalization of Miss Russell, and the result is "The Tzigane," an indescribable production of which the libretto is a complete model of what a libretto ought not to be, and the music, while at times forcible and eloquent, is far away from the suave melody and charm of "Robin Hood."

"The Mikado" came as a note of warning about the time that this star system was getting a firm hold on the operetta stage; but it does not seem to have warned any one. It was an enormous success, and it was conceded to be one of the most artistic comic operas ever produced. But our managers failed to read its lesson. The only effect its success had was to make them eager to secure anything by Gilbert and Sullivan, even their confessed failures. Mr. French, for instance, produced "Utopia," a work utterly unsuited to America and intrinsically far below the standard of its authors. It failed and Mr. French forthwith retired permanently from the field of comic opera. To this day he does not know why "Utopia" failed. He says that it was by Gilbert and Sullivan, and therefore it must have been good!

It seems to me highly probable that if the productions of operetta in the next two years continue to be of the same kind as they have been in recent times, this form of entertainment will cease to have any attractiveness. "Rob Roy" stands alone as the commendable product of the last two years. Almost everything else has been poor, especially in literary merit. It is a great pity that so enjoyable a form of entertainment should be permitted to go to the dogs. What can be done for its preservation?

In the first place let the newspaper writers do their duty. Let them condemn all cheap rubbish, and let them repeat again and again the assertion that this sort of

of thing is not good enough for the public. The managers—and some of the librettists and composers, too—have a theory that it is possible to write works that are too good for the public, and that it is necessary to write down to the comprehension of amusement-lovers. What utter nonsense! As if it were possible to produce anything too good for a public that enjoys the comedies of Bronson Howard, Pinero, Labiche, and Carleton, and the music of Suppé, Strauss, Offenbach, and Audran! The trouble is that the managers are not able to measure public taste. I am thoroughly convinced from their labors and from conversations with them that there are not three managers in the comic opera business in this country to-day whose intelligence and taste are up to the level of those of the general public.

It was the public which made the success of the Offenbach works, of Audran's two good operettas, of the Strauss productions, and of the Gilbert and Sullivan works. If any man, or combination of men, will produce to-day as good an operetta libretto as that of "Die Fledermaus" it will meet with a high and satisfactory measure of success. For after all is said and done, the libretto is the more important part of a comic opera. The public will not sit through two hours and a half of dreary inanity for the sake of hearing a dozen bright and agreeable musical numbers. On the other hand very ordinary music will satisfy the public demand, if there is a good, sparkling comedy to refresh the mind. It was the dull and uninteresting libretti that killed "Ruddigore" and "The Yeomen of the Guard." Yet there are managers who still quote the failure of these works as evidence that the public does not appreciate good comic opera, but would rather go to see Mr. De Angelis in one of his numerous styles of falling down, or Miss Fox in her lifelike impersonations of herself. "Ruddigore" and "The Yeomen of the Guard" failed not because they were good, but because their books were stupid and not amusing, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's music could not save them any more than Mr. De Koven's

Koven's music could save "The Knickerbockers" or "The Tzigane."

Unfortunately good music is easier to get than good books. We have three or four composers who can write good operetta music, and several more whose work would always be accepted if accompanied by good books. De Koven, Herbert, Engländer, Chadwick, Kerker, Puerner, and Edwards are names that will readily occur to the lover of operetta as those of men whose music pleases. But where are the librettists! Even Sydney Rosenfeld, by far the cleverest of the lot, has quite fallen out of sight lately. It is my belief that he finds it more profitable to write plays. I know that operetta managers have been offering absurd prices for books, and at the same time asking the librettists to sacrifice all their ideas to the stage-carpenter, the ballet-master, and the star. These low prices are offered because the making of an operetta book in the present condition of the comic opera stage in America is a pure piece of hack-work. Books have to be written for Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Seabrook, Miss Russell, Miss Fox, Miss D'Arville, Miss Hall; and all artistic ideas have to be sacrificed in most cases to the star's personal peculiarities and demand for the centre of the stage. Mr. Wilson in producing "The Chieftain" has shown a commendable desire to rise above the ordinary level. It is a pity that he did not get a better libretto, for he will probably blame good operetta in general for unfavorable comment drawn forth by one weak book.

The preservation of operetta depends upon the establishment of a comic opera theatre with a good stock company. There will then be a field for the best librettists. At present there is none. The stock company system is what has kept operetta up to a high level in Germany, and it is what preserves it in England. In France it has been going down hill ever since the stars began to be in the ascendant. The best operetta that has been produced in New York in some two or three years is "Rob Roy," which was written for a stock company.

company. Perhaps the time is not so far distant when some one of our managers will see what a good field there is for a comic opera theatre conducted on principles similar to those of the Savoy Theatre, London. But I do not know just now where we are to find an American D'Oyly Carte.

*ACT II.**

CHARACTERS.

HENRI LOUIS FRANÇOIS DE SAINT HONORE D'ORLEANS, PRINCE DE MONTBRAISON.

COLONEL CHICHESTER ALEXANDER, *Of Fairfax County, Virginia.*

GASTON, COUNT DE GALVEZ. . . .	*An adherent of the usurper Napoleon.*
CAPTAIN FOUCHE.	*An officer in the army of his majesty, Louis XVIII.*
MONSIEUR BURAS.	*His highness' man of business.*
PHILIPPE.	*An attached and trusted major-domo.*
CÆSAR.	*Belonging to the retinue of the great American heiress.*
MISS VIRGINIA FAIRFAX.	*Of Fairfax County, Virginia, betrothed to the prince.*
MRS. FAIRFAX.	*Mother of the great American heiress.*
MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE VIRDAM.	*Sister of the Prince de Montbraison.*
CHLOE.	*An adherent of the house of Fairfax.*
TIME.	*During Napoleon's exile to Elba and the beneficent reign of his most gracious majesty, Louis XVIII., King of France.*

*See October Number of THE LOOKER-ON for Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Salon of the Chateau.*

A large and stately apartment in the style of Louis XIV. At Centre a great window opening upon a moonlit terrace; beyond the terrace is seen a dim vista of the garden. At Right, between the doors, is a great mirror. At Left a table. At Right are card-tables. There are doors at Left. Unlighted candles are all about the room. The only light falls through the great window, Centre, from the moonlit garden.

The curtain rises slowly to the tune, faintly played, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." As the curtain rises Chloe is seen standing in the great window, Centre, her turbaned head thrown back, softly singing to herself.

Chloe. "Carry me back, carry me back, carry me back to Old Virginia sho'," etc.

(*As she sings Virginia enters slowly, Left, pausing as she hears Chloe singing, and stands listening till the song is ended.*)

Virginia (*as the song ends*). Oh, Chloe! Chloe! you will break my heart with that old song. I am so homesick!

Chloe (*taking Virginia in her arms and bending above her*). Dare, honey, dare ain't no country like it fo' to cure the homesick heart. Doan' cry, honey, Chloe 'll take yo' home, Chloe 'll take yo' home.

(*Then crooning softly as she soothes Virginia*):

"I sees the blue Potomac a stretching far away,
I sees the blue Potomac a shining all the day,
I sees Virginia's wooded hills,
I sees the May'a'land sho',
I wants to go home to Virginia to stay fo'ever mo'."

(*As she sings Cæsar has entered and stands at Left, shaking his hand slowly, in time, as Virginia sobs on Chloe's breast.*)

Chloe (*singing softly*):

"Oh, honey, let me take yo', let Chloe take yo' home!
Where the laurel am a bloomin',
And the swamp flowers soon will blow;
Oh, honey, let me take yo' home! Home to Virginia sho'!"

Cæsar (*rubbing the tears from his eyes*). Dare ain't no place like home, sho' 'nuf.

Virginia. Oh, take me home, Chloe, take me home!

Chloe. Doan' cry, honey, doan' cry, child, we knows what's heavy on yo' heart and we knows that the good Lord won't forget his Miss Virginia and Massa Gaston.

Cæsar. He won't forget Miss Virginia, 'cause He's seed her on her own plantations, and He knows how good she is. He won't forget her.

Virginia. Hush, hush, Cæsar. They are bringing lights. Chloe, take me to my rooms.

Chloe.

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Chloe. Yes, child, yes, honey. Dry yo' eyes; lean on old Chloe's arms.

Cæsar (*as he exits singing gently*):

"I sees the blue Potomac a shining all the day," etc.

(*Exit Virginia and Chloe, Left, followed by Cæsar. The music dies. Enter Philippe, Right, with lighted candle. He goes silently about, lighting the candles one by one till the room blazes with them. As he lights the last candle, enter Gaston from Right.*)

Gaston (*pausing*). Philippe!

Philippe (*turning*). Monsieur Gaston!

Gaston (*advancing*). What says the Prince, Philippe?

Philippe. Monsieur Gaston, he says nothing.

Gaston (*turning away*). And Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle Fairfax?

Philippe. I have not seen Mademoiselle Fairfax since she left the terrace.

Gaston (*pacing the floor*). I cannot bear the solitude of my own rooms. Philippe, can I not see the prince?

Philippe. Monsieur le Count, his highness is engaged with his hairdresser.

Gaston (*pausing*). And Captain Fouche?

Philippe. Captain Fouche is engaged in watching the movements of Monsieur le Count (*bowing*) at a respectful distance.

Gaston. I should have preferred arrest to this humiliation and embarrassment. Oh that I had never set my foot in France again, or that I had never left my country to find such happiness, such sorrow in America!

Philippe (*gently*). Monsieur Gaston!

Gaston. Ah, Philippe, it is not easy to resign one's hope, to reconcile one's heart to such a fate!

Philippe. I know, monsieur. (*Looking Centre.*) Captain Fouche!

(*Enter Captain Fouche through the great window, Centre, from terrace.*)

Gaston (*bowing as he turns*). Monsieur le Capitain.

Captain (*bowing*). Monsieur le Count. Philippe!

Philippe. Has monsieur commands?

Captain. Bring writing materials.

(*Philippe bows and exits, Left.*)

Fouche (*after a pause*). Monsieur le Count is conscious that my position is most difficult.

Gaston. Sir, I am aware of it.

Fouche. I will inform Monsieur le Count that I am about to write to Paris for further and more positive instructions.

Gaston (*shrugging his shoulders*). Your confidence does me honor.

Fouche. I am powerless to act in this matter without further instructions from the prefect of police. I dare not take upon myself the responsibility of openly opposing the Prince de Montbraison. He recognizes me only as his guest.

Gaston.

Gaston. How soon, monsieur, will you receive the necessary instructions?

(*Enter Philippe, Left, with writing materials, which he places on table, Left.*)

Philippe. Has monsieur further commands?

Fouche. Summon one of my guards. Go out by the window. You will find them near the chateau.

(*Exit Philippe, Centre.*)

Fouche (*turning to Gaston as he seats himself to write*). Pardon me, Monsieur le Count, I shall receive the necessary instructions upon the return of the messenger who bears this note to Paris.

(*He writes.*)

Gaston. Should I escape meanwhile?

Fouche (*pausing*). No one should more heartily congratulate you than Captain Fouche.

(*To soldier who appears in the window, Centre.*)

Order the guard doubled. Place sentinels upon the terraces!

Soldier. Should the prisoner attempt to pass the line?

Fouche. Fire on him!

(*The soldier salutes and exits.*)

Fouche (*to Gaston*). Monsieur le Count, I am compelled to do my duty.

Gaston. Sir, were I an officer in his majesty's army I could pursue no other course.

(*The soldier reappears at Centre.*)

Soldier (*saluting*). The guard is doubled!

Fouche (*to soldier*). One moment!

Gaston (*bowing as he turns away*). Monsieur le Capitain, I leave you to your correspondence.

(*Exit Gaston, Right. The Captain writes on in silence, then folding the letter, seals it, addresses it. Then to the soldier*)

Fouche. You will deliver this letter to the prefect of police!

(*As he speaks Virginia is seen at the door at Left. She pauses there, listening.*)

You will say that I cannot act without imperative orders; you will say what measures I have taken to prevent the escape of the prisoner; you will make all haste to Paris and deliver this letter to the prefect of police in person! You will return?

Soldier (*saluting*). Within the hour!

Fouche. So then!

(*Exit soldier, Centre.*)

Virginia (*as she pauses in the door, Left*). May I speak with you, Captain Fouche?

Fouche (*rising hastily as he sees her*). Your pardon, mademoiselle.

Virginia (*entering*). I—I have an interest in Monsieur de Galvez—may I ask what will befall him should he suffer this arrest?

Fouche. Imprisonment, I fear, mademoiselle.

Virginia. A long imprisonment?

Fouche.

Fouche (shrugging his shoulders). Who knows?

Virginia. It could not be imprisonment for life?

Fouche (shrugging his shoulders). Again, mademoiselle, who knows?

Virginia. Is there no hope, no chance of his escape?

Fouche. Mademoiselle must judge!

(As he speaks he points to window, Centre. A sentry passes slowly before it in the moonlight.)

Virginia (sweeping up stage). They dare not fire on him!

Fouche. Such are their orders!

Virginia (turning back). Who gives such orders? Who has dared?

Fouche (bowing). Mademoiselle, Monsieur le Prefect of Police!

(The prince stands in the window, Centre, superbly dressed. He leans upon his cane, a fleur-de-lis held lightly in his hand.)

Prince. My dear Fouche—still harping on that vulgar person.

(As he slowly advances)

Tut! tut! my dear Fouche, tut! tut!

(Fouche and Virginia bow low.)

In my time such persons were not talked of in good society.

(As he takes snuff.)

Fouche. Your highness will pardon me——

Prince. I pray you do not mention it.

Fouche. I must instruct the guard—mademoiselle.

(Virginia courtesies to him.)

Prince (detaining him). My good Fouche, you are my guest. If it amuses you to place guards about the chateau by all means place them. Enjoy yourself in your own way. My guests are unrestricted!

Fouche. Sir, it is my duty.

Prince. Tut! tut! my dear Fouche, tut! tut! Duty is a word much misapplied, a tissue strong through inclination only.

(Fouche bows low and exits, Right. For a moment there is a pause; both are at a loss.)

Prince (seeing the flower in his hand). Mademoiselle, will you accept this fleur-de-lis? I plucked it as I crossed the terraces, plucked it with my own hands for you.

Virginia (hesitates). I thank your highness.

Prince. You will accept the flower?

Virginia (taking it). It has no perfume, prince, but it is beautiful.

(She toys with the flower and stands embarrassed for a moment, then looking up)

What can I say to your highness? Shall I tell you again——

Prince (gently). Mademoiselle, believe me, you cannot tell me anything I do not know, nothing that I do not understand. Let me entreat you to say nothing on this most painful subject.

Virginia (forgetfully plucking at the flower in her hand). Captain Fouche but now despatched a messenger to Paris to the prefect of police!

Prince (who winces as Virginia tears the flower). May I implore, mademoiselle?

mademoiselle? Let us admire the moonlit terrace—the park by moonlight has been much commended.

(*As he speaks he turns to the window. The sentry slowly paces by. The prince starts back.*)

Mon Dieu! How cold the night air grows!

(*Taking snuff.*)

I must ask Fouche if the prefect of police is a man of family. Mon Dieu! It is said that Heaven protects the fatherless, but I fear there are exceptions to all rules.

Virginia (*still plucking at the flower*). Your highness does not know that the guard is ordered to fire upon Monsieur de Galvez should he attempt to leave the chateau!

Prince. Mademoiselle! Your lips alone could tell me such a thing! Fire on the Count de Galvez! Fire on my guest! My grandson!

Virginia (*the shattered flower falling to the floor*). It is the order of the prefect of police!

Prince. The prefect of police! Canaille! Does he think these are the days of the Commune? By St. Denis! By my royal blood!

(*He checks himself, one hand trembling on his cane, his sword half drawn.*)

Virginia. Your highness!

Prince. Your pardon, mademoiselle, a gentleman should never lose his temper. But the provocation! Mon Dieu! The provocation!

Virginia. May I tell your highness that I loved Gaston de Galvez? May I entreat your highness to save him?

Prince. And you, mademoiselle?

Virginia. I—I shall confide my future, my life to him who could do this for me with perfect faith, with absolute trust, knowing that my Father in heaven

(*The Prince bows low.*)

would not be more just to me, or kind to me than my husband.

(*She moves slowly, Left.*)

Prince (*offering his hand*). Mademoiselle, permit me to lead you to the door.

(*Slowly and with great ceremony he leads her to the door at Left; bows low above her hand. Exit Virginia, Left.*)

Prince (*as he pauses, glancing after her, then slowly turns into the Salon*). She loves him, she has not forgotten—she never will forget.

(*He pauses again, seeing the flower upon the carpet.*)

My fleur-de-lis! My gift. The flower I plucked with my own hands, broken, shattered, tossed aside,

(*He turns it with his cane.*)

forgotten.

(*He turns away.*)

I—I feel the heat—the air oppresses me—'tis stifling—Philippe—nay—I will not call—the fresh air will revive me.

(*He leans against the window, breathing unevenly.*)

'Twas

'Twas but the heat. I need not call Philippe.

(*He stands silently a moment, then slowly as though thinking*)

How fair the garden is, and yet she could not wander with me down those moonlit paths, breathing the heavy fragrance of the flowers, her thoughts all poems and those poems all of love, for I—I am not young, and youth alone knows such delights. I was a hero once, I once was young, and I remember,

(*Turning slowly into the salon.*)

I remember.

(*Seeing the fleur-de-lis.*)

Poor flower, if younger hands had plucked, you would not lie neglected there.

(*He stoops and taking up the flower places it in his breast.*)

I had hoped that her love might make me young again. If it were mine I know I should grow young. It will be mine. Did she not say "I shall, with perfect faith, confide my future, my life, to him who could do this for me"?

(*Pausing, half startled, he repeats*)

"With perfect faith—with perfect faith!"—Mon Dieu! I—I blush to think that Henri Louis François de St. Honore D'Orleans, Prince de Montbraison, could for one moment hesitate to answer faith with faith! Mademoiselle!

(*Calling as he moves quickly Left.*)

Nay! (*pausing*) I will not play the hero! I—I will be the man! Fouche has sent a messenger to Paris to the prefect of police! I too will write! I will write to my cousin the king!

(*He sits at table, Left, and writes rapidly in silence. The soldier paces beyond the window in the moonlight. The Prince pauses, strikes a bell on the table, writes on. Enter Philippe. Right.*)

Philippe. Your highness?

Prince. A letter! It needs but my signature.

(*Writing.*)

Henri Louis François de St. Honore D'Orleans, Prince de Montbraison.

(*Scratch, scratch, scratch, all flourishes made boldly across the paper.*)

The wax!

(*Rising, he folds the letter and seals it, Philippe holding the wax as the prince's fingers tremble.*)

Instantly! Without delay! In my name! To the king!

Philippe (*bowing to the earth*). I will despatch the swiftest courier!

Prince (*as Philippe reaches the door*). Philippe!

Philippe. Your highness?

Prince. The courier! Then bid my guests assemble here.

Philippe. Monsieur Gaston (*hesitating*).

Prince. Must I repeat bid all my guests?

Philippe (*bowing*). Instantly!

(*Exit Philippe, Right.*)

Prince

Prince (*after a moment's pause*). It is the first favor I have ever asked the king to grant me. He cannot refuse. Monsieur le Prefect of Police shall know with whom he deals. But should his majesty refuse? Mon Dieu! I will not think of it!

(*He sighs as he adjusts his ruffles and crosses to the mirror, Right, and standing before it arranges his toilet, humming a gay little French song in a cracked voice. Suddenly he pauses, the tune dies from his lips.*)

Ay! What? Mon Dieu! A wrinkle! It is mpossible! 'Tis clearly marked. Is it that I have smiled too much? One must be gracious. (*Smiling.*) Nay. That I have frowned too much? (*Frowning.*) Nay, nay, 'tis some bad cosmetic—I will change the make.

(*Half sadly*)

And yet one cannot always remain young. I must learn how to grow old gracefully. But 'tis a strange sensation when one discovers one's first wrinkle. 'Tis a sad revelation.

(*Enter the duchess, Left.*)

Duchess (*impatiently, as she crosses the salon*). Henri!

Prince (*turning affably*). Marie—mon Dieu! How charming. Permit me to compliment your toilet, and your beauty! 'Twas never more distinguished than to-night.

Duchess. A truce to compliments!

(*At window, Centre.*)

You see these guards? Your chateau is surrounded! Your guests humiliated! Gaston cannot escape! Oh, Henri, what shall you do?

Prince (*taking snuff*). Madame, my duty.

Duchess. You shall not put me off! Answer me! What shall you do?

Prince. Madame, I have answered you! I—Henri Louis François de St. Honore D'Orleans, Prince de Montbraison, will do—my duty!

(*Enter Philippe, Left.*)

Prince. My guests, Philippe?

Philippe. I am come to announce them.

(*Opening wide the door at Left.*)

Prince. Let there be music on the terrace, we may dance to-night.

(*As he speaks enter Mrs. Fairfax and Virginia, Left, Gaston and Captain Fouche, Right.*)

Duchess (*aside with surprise*). Gaston!

Prince. Madame! Mademoiselle! Will not Colonel Alexander join us?

Mrs. Fairfax. Colonel Alexander joins us soon. He is engaged with Monsieur Buras in drawing up the marriage contracts.

Prince. His task needs no excuse. Madame, will you indulge me with a game of cards? We play each evening.

Mrs. Fairfax (*turning*). Virginia, you will play with his highness?

Virginia (*turning slowly*). You called me, mother?

Prince. Nay, nay, Madame Fairfax, I shall lose to you. Captain Fouche, Madame la Duchess shall be your antagonist.

(*Philippe arranges chairs at tables, Right.*)

Prince

Prince. Let us sit.

(*As Philippe moves Right to exit*)

Philippe, let there be music on the terrace; it will complete the beauty of the night.

(*Exit Philippe, Right.*)

Prince (*dealing cards as he sits at table, Right. He sits in such a position that it is possible for him to observe Gaston and Virginia, who stand at Left*). What is the latest gossip of the court?

Mrs. Fairfax (*glancing at her cards*). 'Tis said the king suffers from a slight indisposition.

Prince. Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! It is not possible! I wager twenty francs!

Duchess (*to Fouche*). You did not tell me that his majesty complains. Who has attended him?

Fouche. Doctor Radieu.

Mrs. Fairfax. Doctor Radieu? An excellent practitioner. I myself gave him Lady Washington's favorite prescription for the ague.

Prince. You win, madame.

Mrs. Fairfax (*shuffling and dealing*). Your highness may now have revenge. Ah, hark! how sweet the music is!

(*Music sounds without.*)

Gaston (*as he stands with Virginia by the great window listening to the music—the prince watching them as he plays—aside*). And this —this then shall end our dreams, Virginia?

Virginia (*aside to him as she stands in the window*). My word is pledged. Yes, this is the end—all dreams end so.

(*Half turning.*)

Gaston (*aside to her*). You remember that evening when the moonlight lay like gold upon the silver of the river, and the swamp magnolias scented all the air, and one white bud that I had plucked for you lay on your breast.

Virginia (*dreamily*). I have it still, but 'tis all yellow now.

Gaston. You loved me once?

Virginia. Gaston, I need not tell you that again—I must not now.

Gaston. The prince knows this? Knows of our love?

Virginia. He knows of it.

(*She stands, plucking at the leaves of a vine that trails by the window.*)

Prince (*as he plays*). Captain Fouche!

Captain (*dealing*). Your highness!

Prince. I trust I do not interrupt your play. Who sings in the new opera?

Fouche. It is postponed. Mademoiselle Felice has a cold and cannot sing.

Prince. A national calamity! My poor Felice! Mon Dieu! A most charming creature. I must send to inquire after her health. Mon Dieu! I really must. Marie, I charge you not to let it slip my mind!

Duchess

Duchess (*with asperity*). What cares your highness for singers at your time of life!

Prince (*straightening himself as he lays down his cards*). Madame, I have no time of life!

Mrs. Fairfax. Your highness loses once again.

Prince. Again! And how fares Captain Fouche? He wins?

Fouche. Nay, he loses, following your highness's bad example!

Prince. The ladies are victorious in everything; their smiles beguile and blind us!

Mrs. Fairfax. Flatterer!

Gaston (*aside to Virginia*). And you shall not regret this step?

Virginia (*aside*). My word is pledged.

Gaston. But does your heart consent? Tell me, Virginia!

Virginia (*turning from the window and crossing to Left as she speaks*). You have no right to question me—I will not answer you.

Mrs. Fairfax. When does your highness entertain the king?

Prince (*who has watched the scene between Gaston and Virginia*). Ah, pardon. His majesty will be my guest for a few days while he hunts.

Mrs. Fairfax. You will show him the splendors of the Chateau de Montbraison?

Prince. Splendor, madame, perished from the earth with Le Grand Monarque. 'Tis but a fragment that is left to us.

Mrs. Fairfax. A great king, but I fear not a good man.

Prince. Depend upon it, madame, God will think twice before damning a man of his quality!

Gaston (*aside, following Virginia, Left*). You will delay, you will not sign the contract?

Virginia (*aside*). I have pledged my word!

Gaston. At least I will not be a witness to the act! Adieu!

(*As he speaks he turns, Centre.*)

Virginia (*aside quickly*). You cannot pass the guards!

Gaston. They shall not keep me!

Virginia. They will fire!

Gaston. Let them! I care not!

Virginia. Gaston!

Gaston. Adieu.

(*Breaking from her he turns to Centre and pauses—as he stands confronted by the prince. Fouche and the ladies have risen.*

Fouche (*half advancing*). Monsieur!

Prince (*waving Gaston gracefully back*). Tut! tut! my dear Fouche, tut! tut! Calm yourselves! The figure at the window was but one of Fouche's guards. Captain, you must make your peace with the ladies for this fright.

(*Stepping out upon the terrace—to musicians*)

The minuet.

Duchess. Your highness does not mean to dance.

Prince

Prince (bowing as he stands in window, Centre, against the shadows, his shoulders shrugged). Madame la Duchesse, if I am not already old enough to know my own mind I despair of ever attaining to years of discretion.

(Advancing as the music sounds without.)

Madame Fairfax, your hand! Gaston, mademoiselle will honor you.

Fouche (to duchess). Madame will dance?

(The duchess lays her hand in his.)

Gaston (aside to Virginia). How often we have danced together! This is the last time I may ever take your hand in mine.

Prince. Madame!

(Slowly and gracefully they dance the minuet, the sentinel crossing and recrossing the window, Centre, as the music dies and the dance ends. Enter from Left Colonel Alexander and Monsieur Buras. They carry papers in their hands, which they place upon the table, Left.)

Colonel. Your highness, it is my pleasure to inform you that the marriage contracts await your signatures. As Miss Fairfax's guardian and representative, I am content.

Monsieur Buras (adjusting his glasses). All proper forms have been compiled with. The signatures alone are necessary.

Colonel (to Virginia). Mademoiselle?

Gaston (aside to Virginia). It is the end!

Virginia (aside as she moves slowly Left). Forgive me, and—and forget.

(She hesitates, leaning for support upon a chair.)

Duchess (starting forward). Mademoiselle Fairfax is pale!

(Enter soldier right. Unnoticed he gives letter to Fouche.)

Fouche (aside). From Paris?

Soldier (saluting). From the prefect of police.

Fouche (aside as he reads). Guard all the doors!

(Soldier salutes and exits Right.)

Prince (advancing and taking Virginia's hand, he leads her slowly to the table, Left). Mademoiselle Fairfax is not pale!—sit here—a pen—where does mademoiselle place her signature?

Monsieur Buras (pointing with his finger as he smooths the parchment). Mademoiselle signs here.

(Soldiers appear at doors and at the window, Centre. Philippe enters at Right unobserved and crosses to the prince.)

Fouche (advancing). Your pardon! I am ordered instantly to arrest Gaston, Count de Galvez, and to convey him with all speed to Paris!

Prince (aside). My messenger!

(Philippe bows low as he presents the letter. The prince's hand trembles as he takes it from the salver.)

Prince (to Virginia). Sign, mademoiselle!

(Virginia signs.)

Fouche (crossing to Gaston, he lays his hand on his shoulder, as the prince

prince with trembling fingers opens the letter. Monsieur le Count, you will consider yourself my prisoner! Come, sir!

(*Soldiers advance to Gaston.*)

Prince (*turning grandly*). Your pardon! What means this outrage? These soldiers! Let them withdraw!

Fouche. It is impossible! A messenger but now brings orders from the prefect of police! Your highness must appeal to him!

Prince. Appeal! Henri Louis François de St. Honore D'Orleans, Prince de Montbraison, appeal to the prefect of police? Sir! You will say to Monsieur le Prefect of Police that my cousin the king is pleased to countermand his orders, and that he grants free and entire pardon to Gaston, Count de Galvez! While my cousin the king remains upon the throne of France it is unnecessary for the Prince de Montbraison to appeal to the clemency of Monsieur le Prefect of Police!

(*He hands the letter proudly to the captain, who bows to the earth in silence, turning away.*)

The pen!!

Monsieur B. Your highness should sign here.

Prince (*dashing his pen across the paper and writing rapidly*). I see the place!

Monsieur B. Not there!

Gaston (*with feeling*). I thank your highness. I—I will go since I am free.

Prince. Stay, sir! Your signature!

Gaston (*starting*). My signature?

Prince. Your name is on this contract!

Virginia. Oh, prince!

Prince (*as Gaston hesitates*). It but awaits your signature! Your gallantry! Do you delay?

(*He gently forces Gaston into the seat, and places the pen in his hand.*)

Place your name there by hers.

Gaston. And you?

Prince. Mon Dieu! Have I not pleased the ladies? What more can any gentleman desire?

(*As Virginia sits Gaston leans above the contract, pen in hand, his head near hers, the prince waves his handkerchief gracefully above their heads as a blessing, and takes snuff as*

CURTAIN.

Finis.

A DRAMA AS A WORK OF ART.

By Wm. H. Fleming.

Art is founded upon Nature, of which it is the imitation, or, to speak with greater precision, the representation, *re-presentation.* Conformity to Nature, therefore, is the primary test of perfection in Art. Nature is the criterion by which all works of Art must be judged.

There can, I think, be no dissent from the proposition that Art is founded upon Nature. Albert Dürer "was perhaps the first European artist who studied Nature carefully for its own sake, and with a view to making it a subject of Art." The result of that study is expressed in these words: "Depart not from Nature, neither imagine of thyself to invent aught better, for Art standeth firmly fixed in Nature, and whoso can thence rend her forth, he only possesseth her." Nearly three centuries later Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote: "We can no more form any idea of Beauty superior to Nature than we can form an idea of a sixth sense, or of any other excellence, out of the limits of the human mind. Nothing can be so unphilosophical as a supposition that we can form any idea of Beauty or excellence out of or beyond Nature, which is, and must be, the fountain-head from whence all our ideas must be derived." This truth forms the sum and substance of "Modern Painters." Ruskin, speaking of that work, says: "From its first syllable to its last, it declares the perfectness and beauty of the work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with, and subjection to, that."

While it is true that Art is based on and must be true to Nature, the inference does not follow that therefore

fore Art is only a representation of Nature. It must be like Nature, but that likeness is only relative. Nature is continually changing; is in flux, is protean. Forms and colors are in process of evolution. Even those arts which have motion—*e.g.*, Poetry, Music—cannot represent Nature more than approximately. Art, therefore, cannot imitate Nature absolutely. Nor should it. The function of Art is not imitation but idealization. The appeal is to the imagination. Of the work of Art we can say, as Theseus did of the acting of the Athenian mechanicals: "The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, *if imagination amend them.*" "Art," says Hegel, "is no mere imitation or mirroring of Nature. It is a transcendence of Nature, *i.e.*, of the actual. Every great artistic work must have Nature for its basis and its starting-point; but in proportion to its greatness it rises from this foundation. It lives and moves, as it were amphibiously, in the two worlds of the actual and the ideal."

The material world is but a mirror which reflects something that transcends itself. It is the expression of the mind and feeling of the Creator. It is "The Garment of Life which the Deity wears." God manifests Himself in Nature. Similarly the artist expresses himself in his work. He, like God, is a creator. His creative work, *i.e.*, the art-product, be it a building, a statue, a picture, a symphony, a poem, is the medium through which he reveals his innermost thoughts and feelings. In it he expresses those ideas, moods, visions, which the aspects of Nature awaken in him. "A work of Art is not made up of, or exhausted in, a series of lines, curves, surface-forms, colors, sounds. It is nothing if it does not disclose feeling and thought (mind)." As before said, not imitation but idealization is the supreme function of the artist. "Art," says Bacon, "is man added to Nature." The artist, if great, portrays Nature truthfully, with a subtle, indefinable ideality which is his own. The work of art is like

" . . . the

" . . . the pools that lie
Under the forest bough
. . . . . .
In which the lovely forests grew,
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there."

The analogy between Nature and Art is not limited to appearances, superfices. It extends much deeper and further—viz., to growth in Nature, composition in Art. In each case the source is not external but internal. In a plant, a bird, it is the life within which finds expression in growth; in an art-product the source of composition is what Schiller has described as "der *Spieltrieb*," the play-impulse. The animal works when a privation is the motor of its activity, and it plays when the plenitude of force is this motor, when an exuberant life is excited by action. When not hungry the insect flits about in the sunlight, the bird sings,* the lion roars. A man when well fed and vigorous is in a plus condition. This superabundance of vitality expresses itself among savages in a crude attempt at decoration, among the highly civilized in Art. In the former it is sensuous, in the latter it is æsthetic play. The source in each is the same.

This activity is independent of any pressure of material need. It is indulged in for its own sake. It is spontaneous. As Herbert Spencer expresses it: "The higher but less essential powers, as well as the lower but more essential powers, thus come to have activities that are carried on for the sake of the immediate gratification derived, without reference to ulterior benefits; and to such higher powers, æsthetic products yield those substituted activities as games yield them to various lower powers." In this respect the activity which manifests itself in the play of the higher animal, a primitive man, a savage is similar in essence to that

* Socrates says those who think swans sing as death approaches because they bewail death are in error, "and do not reflect that no bird sings when it is hungry, or cold, or afflicted with any other pain," seq. Phædo, 85.

exercised

exercised by the man of culture in the production of the greatest work of Art. The difference is not one of essence, but of degree. The play-impulse has developed into the art-impulse.

Further, the play-impulse and the art-impulse are similar in that both are imitative.* The play-impulse finds expression among animals in such gambols as simulate its serious activities—*e.g.*, search for prey; among savages, in games which imitate those activities which are necessitated by the struggle for existence, or by warfare—*e.g.*, the mimic chase or mimic fighting. "All simple, active games," says James, "are attempts to gain the excitement yielded by certain primitive instincts, through feigning that the occasions for their exercise are there." The art-impulse manifests itself in an imitative delineation of the beautiful in Nature.

Between the two, however, there is one well-defined difference. Play does not manifest itself in Art until there is in it an element of order. Hence there is no Art among animals. The caper of the savage becomes a dance only when there is rhythm, the shout a song only when there is melody. "The beautiful cannot have its origin in tumult, in the simultaneous reverberation of a crowd of sounds in which the ear can distinguish no measure or harmony, nor can the plastic arts discover it in the mere wanton medley of colors and of lines."

Order is an essential, in fact the primal quality, of the work of Art. It is the presence of this quality which distinguishes the expression of the play-impulse of the man of culture from that of the animal or the savage.

To recapitulate: man possesses a life which is sensual and is conditioned by material needs. Coexisting therewith he possesses a life which is emotional, spiritual. Each manifests itself at times in action. This action possesses the two qualities, spontaneousness, imitativeness. In the less evolved, the sensuous, this action is play. In the highly evolved, the intellectual and spiritual, this action is Art.

* "To imitate, then, is instinctive in man. By this he is distinguished from other animals, that he is, of all, the most imitative, and through this instinct receives his earliest education." Aristotle, "Poetics," part i., section v.

Art,

Art, then, being based upon Nature, its source being an impulse common to animals and men, and the work of the artist being in essence or character similar to that of the Creator, each being the expression of thought, feeling through a material medium which appeals either to the eye or ear, it necessarily follows that the methods followed by the artist must be similar to those followed by God in creation. The laws which regulate the production of a work of Art are similar, absolutely similar, to those which govern the growth of a flower, a tree, a bird, an animal, a man. The artist's model, therefore, is Nature and her processes. Nature must be the pattern for all his forms of hue, or tone, or curve. The architect for his shapes and forms, his outlines and exquisite grace of curve, imitates, with more or less modification, those which are everywhere visible in the material world. The painter for his colors and the way they should be combined imitates those found in the flowers, the opal, the morning and evening clouds before or after rain. The musician in his quest of beauty born of sound, for his melody and harmony, imitates the sounds of wind and ocean, the singing of birds, the human voice.

The highest product of creation is man. He, both physically, intellectually, spiritually, is the ideal Art form. "The human form," said Goethe, "is the *Alpha* and *Omega* of all known things." There are certain latent affinities between the aspects of nature and human thought and emotion. In fact, the analogy between the mind and feelings of man and the objects in the external world is so close that the latter are beautiful only to the degree that they express qualities that are human. "It is," says Jouffroy," "in proportion as objects recognized as beautiful resemble man, or in so far as they mirror our humanity, that they are to that extent deemed more beautiful by us. It is the grace of the lily, the tenderness of the color of the rose, the peace of the sky at sunset, that are the source of their charm; but grace, tenderness, and peace are human characteristics." Every great work of Art, therefore, must conform in all particulars

particulars to man. Only to the degree that it expresses qualities which are peculiarly human, which are intellectual, emotional, spiritual, does it manifest the highest beauty.

Of all men who have lived probably no one possessed a more artistic sense, united with a more perfect artistic technique, than William Shakespeare. Describing the function of his own art, he says: "The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature"; and to do so "with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature." To essay that, to endeavor to improve on Nature, is "a wasteful and ridiculous excess." It is simply attempting

> "to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
> To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish."

Nature, both in its appearances and processes, is the model of Art. Nothing unnatural is beautiful. Only to the degree in which Art conforms to Nature is it enduring, perfect.

In studying Art, therefore, the best method is one similar to that pursued by scientists in the investigation of Nature—viz., Classification. This is literally the making of classes. Its basis is the recognition of the Unity underlying Variety in Nature. Its method is the grouping of various species under the proper genera, families, orders, classes. Herbert Spencer, in the essay on the "Classification of the Sciences," defines it as follows: "A true classification includes in each class those objects which have more characteristics in common with one another than any of them have in common with any object excluded from the class. Further, the characteristics possessed in common by the colligated objects, and not possessed by other objects, are more radical than any characteristics possessed in common with other objects—involve more numerous dependent characteristics."

characteristics." In other words, characteristics which objects in the same class have in common must be greater in number and in degree than those which they have in common outside this class. Classification is simply a recognition of the likeness or unlikeness of certain objects. It underlies not only Nature but also Language, Reasoning, Art. In studying the latter, as the former, therefore, the first step is to classify. The scientist classifies or puts together certain kinds of rocks, plants, animals, men. This is the method pursued by the Creator in His works. Rocks that are alike are grouped in the same mountain ranges, or at the bottom of the same streams; leaves that are alike grow on the same tree or similar kinds of trees; feathers or hair that are alike grow on the same birds or beasts; men that are alike are placed in the same climate, country, family, race. The Creator's method is in strict accord with Classification, putting like with like, and men have progressed in knowledge of Nature only to the degree to which they have pursued a similar method, and have classified. This truth applies with equal force to the study of Art.

The recognition of this fact is neither universal nor forceful. Hence this plea for its application to the special form of Art which is the subject of this paper—viz., the drama, and particularly the Shakespearian drama. While this is not the only method by which a play can be studied properly, it is *facile princeps*, in fact it is the one which is absolutely necessary in order to appreciate a play as a work of art. It is the only one by means of which the study of the Shakespearian drama can be taken out of the domain of chaos where it now is, and be made scientific. It reveals the laws of dramatic construction, and thereby does for a play what the laws discovered by Kepler and Newton did for the study of astronomy. The methods usually pursued are necessary and yield rich fruit. No one can make any pretensions to Shakespearian scholarship unless he is thoroughly familiar with them. I therefore do not disparage

disparage them. At the same time they are incomplete and defective, both in method and result. They cause too minute attention to details. This begets a mental short-sightedness which is always fatal to the appreciation of any artistic masterpiece as a whole. In order to apprehend the play as an organic work of art, to perceive the Unity which underlies the Variety, it must be studied according to the methods of Classification. This method is simply resolving the play into its constituent parts, separating like from unlike and joining like with like. To descend to particulars the play must first be divided into the five parts of which a perfect drama is composed—viz., Introduction, Growth, Climax, Fall, Catastrophe. This analysis must be further applied to the Action of the drama. The Main Action must be clearly defined from the Sub-Action. All the factors forming the Main Action must be Classified; so also must those forming one or other of the different Sub-Actions. Then the plot which binds these divisions, actions together, and makes the play an organic whole, must be traced. The result is, the parts of the play which are various and numerous are reduced to Order. Out of Variety—Variety of Character, of Passion, of Action—there is developed Unity. The multifarious details are seen to be, not heterogeneous but homogeneous; not unrelated but correlated. The connection and harmony of all parts of the play become apparent. The result is, the play becomes æsthetically intelligible. As an ultimate result of this method of study, one will have a comprehensive and clear conception of the play as a complete, perfect, organic Art-product. To be more specific, the following will be some of the most important results of this method of study:

1st. The law of art-composition will become manifest. The evolution of a drama, like movement, growth in Nature is in strict accordance with laws. The movement of the heavenly bodies is not more perfectly harmonious with the laws of gravitation, or the growth of an organism is not more in accord with its structure and

and environment than is the evolution of a drama in harmony with the laws of art-composition. This fact is made apparent by the application of the scientific method to the study of the drama. This method is both analytic and synthetic. It is unbuilding and also rebuilding. It is both deductive and inductive. After the play has been reduced to its component factors and they are classified, then they are again united and the play is reconstructed. In the latter operation the laws of composition become manifest. As a result of this the following qualities, which are inherent in products of Nature, and therefore must of necessity be inherent in every work of Art, become manifest:* Unity, Variety, Complexity, Order, Confusion, Counteraction, Comparison, Contrast, Complement, Principality, Subordination, Balance. Derived from these are: Grouping, Organic Form, Symmetry. This statement of attributes of a work of art is not exhaustive. It, however, mentions the principal ones. The study of a drama after the method of classification will, as it progresses, reveal the existence therein of these properties; and also the underlying laws of composition in accordance with which the artist has constructed his play.

2d. It makes apparent the fact that the primary element in a Shakespearian drama is not Characterization but Plot. As to the perfection of Shakespeare's characters there can be no uncertainty. All competent to form an opinion will agree with Dr. Johnson: "They are the genuine progeny of common humanity." But while true to Nature they are, as Gervinus says: "Not Nature only without the assistance of Art. They are neither mere abstractions and ideals, nor common chance personifications, such as life brings indifferently before us, but they stand in the free, true, real artistic medium between both." But the opinion expressed by Gervinus, which is so common as to be almost universal,

* For this summary I am indebted to Professor Raymond's scholarly and original work, "Genesis of Art-Form," p. 131.

"that

"that Shakespeare's characters have always been his greatest glory," is erroneous. Scholars have been led into making this error by two causes: One, the fact that Shakespeare's great advance beyond the Greek drama is the perfection of his character-drawing. The other and principal one, that the plays are studied almost wholly from the æsthetic standpoint. In both cases the attention is directed primarily to the characters, and, secondarily, to the plot. The great poets of the world have been before all else artists. In their work it is not the intellectual, the æsthetical which is supreme. It is the art. When the construction of the dramas is critically studied the fact becomes evident that the transcendent greatness of the plays is the Plot. Plot in a drama is simply design. It is the *modus operandi* by which the artist out of a chaos of characters, actions, passions, evolves order. This order is not that of mechanical regularity. It is far deeper and more vital. It is that of a living organism. It is, as previously remarked, absent in the play of the savage. It is present in the æsthetic play of the artist. It is the primal element in all art-work. After enumerating the elements of Tragedy, Aristotle says: "The most important of these elements is the composition of the incidents (the plot or fable). For Tragedy is a representation (imitation) not of men and women, but of action and life." "Art," says Ruskin, "is human labor regulated by human design, and this design, or evidence of active intellect in choice and arrangement, is the essential part of the work." The word Art is derived from the Latin *ars*, which means, "skill in joining together, combining." That in turn is derived from the Greek *aro*, the definition of which is "to join, pin together, fit, fasten." The main object in art composition is to reduce the factors which may be numerous and various to unity and order for the purpose of making them æsthetically intelligible. This is the function of Plot. It is only when a play is studied critically from the standpoint of its construction that the design or plot

plot is recognized as the primary and essential quality of the drama. It is unreasonable to suppose that Shakespeare was ignorant of the supreme importance of Plot. Lowell writes, "It is singular that the man whose works show him to have meditated deeply on whatever interests human thought should have been supposed never to have given his mind to the processes of his own craft." The converse is true. It is reasonable to believe that Shakespeare did recognize the fact that Plot is the primal element in a drama. The perfection of his own plots prove this. His plays, with the exception of some written in his tentative, his playwright period, are the perfection of symmetry — they balance around a common centre. "The key to every man is his thought." The key to every drama is the plot, which is simply the poet's originating, constructing thought. The recognition of this fact is one fruit of the study of the plays according to the method here advocated.

3d. The study of a drama after this manner is similar in every stage to Shakespeare's method of constructing it. The student is thereby brought into intellectual and imaginative sympathy with the dramatist. As a consequence he is able to judge accurately, to appreciate fully the perfection and beauty of the drama. Shakespeare's method was first analytic, then synthetic. He analyzed a romance or history, selecting some, rejecting other incidents. Then using those selected and adding to them others of his own invention, out of them, as raw material, he created a drama. This operation is followed, step by step, by the student. The details are seen to be perfect in themselves. Further, that each one is essential, for in a perfect drama there is no lay figure, not a needless word or action. Then passing from specials to generals, the growth of each division of the drama is traced. Finally the drama is perceived to be organic. Each and every part is seen to be vital and to be in living connection with every other part, and that all

all together constitute a perfect work of dramatic art.

By this method of study the scholar follows the natural order of intellectual growth, which is from the concrete to the abstract. He rises, like Shakespeare himself, to the region of the imagination, and

> " . . . apprehends
> More than cool reason ever comprehends."

While there is, as Coleridge has stated, an antithesis between Science and Poetry, this antithesis is not great in degree or inherent in Nature. Essentially, Science and Poetry are alike, both being expressions of truth. As in Nature, so in method are they similar. "The highest reach of science," says Matthew Arnold, "is, we may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination akin to the highest power exercised in poetry." And again, "without poetry our science will appear incomplete. . . . For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry 'the imprisoned expression which is in the countenance of all Science.'" The critical study, therefore, of Poetry as of Science is the joint work of reason and of imagination; of the imaginative reason. This is true of Science. "Bounded and conditioned by co-operant reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer," says Tyndall. The scientific method of studying the Shakespearian drama equally demands the use both of reason and imagination. It is by means of both that "the still and mental parts" of the drama, the hidden but vital connection of all the factors in the play, and the artistic result of that connection, are perceived. By means of both the student apprehends not only what is really in the play, but also what is potentially there. The production of that beauty, both that which is real and that which is potential, and the perception of it as well, is the result of the concurrent action of the highly trained intellect and a most refined and disciplined imagination. The method of study advocated in this paper necessitates

necessitates the exercise of both. Hence it is in accord with Shakespeare's method of construction, and better than any other will enable the student to appreciate the Shakespeare plays.

[Mr. Fleming will contribute a series of articles on the Shakespearian dramas following out the method of study advocated above. Thus it will receive a practical test.—EDITOR.]

PADEREWSKI AND HIS ART.

By Henry T. Finck.

PADEREWSKI plays Mozart with the simplicity of a happy boy, and Schubert with all the poetry pertinent to that master of melody and exquisite modulation. "Our pianists," wrote Liszt in one of his letters, "have scarcely an inkling of the glorious treasures hidden among Schubert's pianoforte compositions." While Schubert is, in his sonatas, distinctly inferior to Beethoven, in his short pieces he is more original and idiomatic than Beethoven, and luckily these pieces are coming more and more into vogue at recitals. No other pianist plays Schubert more frequently than Paderewski; certainly no one plays him more lovingly, or with such ravishing tone-color and depth of emotion. What could be more bewitching than the dainty way in which, in the "Soirées de Vienne," he sets off Schubert's exquisite melody amid Liszt's inimitable jeweller's work?

One of the pieces which he is usually compelled to repeat is the song "Hark, Hark, the Lark." He plays this with a rubato which is simply enchanting, a rubato concerning which more will be said presently. Paderewski proves that a free, elastic tempo is as great a charm in Schubert as in Chopin or Liszt. And how his fingers do sing the melody on the keyboard! Young pianists are usually advised to go and hear great vocalists, so as to get a "singing" style on their instrument. But in this case matters must be reversed. There are few operatic vocalists of the day who could not learn from Paderewski how to sing.

A critic once foolishly said that Paderewski had all the great qualities except passion. Surely this critic had never heard him play the Schumann or Rubinstein concerto, a Chopin polonaise, or, especially, the Schubert-Liszt

bert-Liszt "Erl-King," his interpretation of which stamps him as the most dramatic and impassioned of living pianists. Goethe's weird ballad—the galloping of the horse, the fears and entreaties of the child, the father's consoling words, the Earking's blandishments, and the tragic end—are *related* by him on the piano with a thrilling vividness to which the words could add hardly anything. On hearing him play the Impromptu in B flat one realizes why Rubinstein should have exclaimed, "Once more, and a thousand times more, Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert are the highest summits in music."

"I am sorry to find Mendelssohn's pianoforte works neglected in this country," Paderewski once said to a London critic. "Play them yourself, master, and bring them into vogue once more," was the answer. He did so, and he turned them, like everything he touches, into gold. He makes people feel ashamed of their prejudices against this or that composer, or certain forms of music. Many an amateur considers Mendelssohn mawkish and antiquated, but let him hear this Polish pianist play the "Variations Sérieuses," and he will cry *peccavi!* and confess that Mendelssohn was a great genius after all. Even the "Songs Without Words" seem to lose their ultra-sentimentality under his hands.

At one of his New York concerts Paderewski made a genuine sensation by his performance of Liszt's fantasia on Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," one of the best of Liszt's arrangements. It is one of his attempts to convert the piano into an orchestra, and with Paderewski at the piano the success is surprising. Those rapid, rippling violin passages were not only as good as in the orchestra, they were better; no group of violinists I have ever heard has succeeded in producing such an airy, graceful effect with them. Another performance by him of this piece was remarkable for the fact that he actually struck a few wrong notes—a fact which, to some of his admirers, was a positive relief, for

for it proved that he had not sold his soul to the devil, after all, in return for the gift of flawless pianism, as there had been reason to suspect before.

Dr. Riemann has truly said that Mendelssohn would have made five or ten pieces out of one of Schumann's. This pithy conciseness is what makes Schumann so very difficult to interpret. Unless every note is brought out in its proper perspective, the poetic effect is lost. Two other characteristic traits of Schumann's music are rhythmic energy and harmonic subtlety, one calling for masculine vigor, the other for feminine refinement of feeling. Paderewski is preëminent as a Schumann interpreter because he unites these traits in his style. Under his hands, too, Schumann's complicate rhythms become as clear as a simple waltz movement, and when he plays a "Nachtstück," how he does make every part of the harmony sing in turn or in combination! He has, too, the very rare gift of revealing the Jean-Paulesque humor in Schumann's works, and nothing could be more amusing than the droll yet stately manner in which, when he plays the "Papillons," he reels off that quaint old dance, the *Grossvatertanz.*

Schumann's Concerto is now generally regarded as the best work of its class in existence. How does Paderewski play it? Lest I surfeit the reader with my own opinions, let me quote, in answer to this question, what a German critic, F. R. Pfau, wrote on the occasion of what he calls Paderewski's "colossal success" in Dresden, on February 15, 1895: "No one who has heard him play the Schumann Concerto will ever forget the impression. Strange that he, a Pole, living in France, should have been able to penetrate to the inner spirit of this thoroughly German music, and interpret it in a manner that is above all praise. The tender melodies as he plays them float in a fragrant atmosphere that brings before the mind's eye all the fairy world of German romanticism, while on the other hand the grand climaxes in the first movement are played by

him

him with an overwhelming effect that suggests the passion of a Southern artist."

THE REAL CHOPIN.

ANYONE who will examine a few of Mr. Paderewski's programmes will see at a glance that Chopin is his favorite; nor is it strange that he should prefer his countryman, whose national Polish melancholy, Slavic rubato and ravishing tone-colors he brings out as only a Slavic pianist can. Before he came into the concert world Chopin's music had been played by so many great pianists that it seemed as if it would be as impossible to throw new light on it as on the character of Hamlet; yet he revealed beauties previously unsuspected. Before his arrival Pachmann had made a reputation as a Chopin specialist, and it must be admitted that as an interpreter of the delicate, dainty, brilliant side of Chopin he sometimes equalled Paderewski. But he failed to do justice to the masculine, dramatic, energetic side of Chopin's genius, thus helping to perpetuate the absurd notion that Chopin was always a "feminine" composer. This misconception has been corrected for all time by Paderewski's performance of the polonaises, sonatas, and scherzos. He brings out the muscular, dramatic side, not by pounding — his sense of tonal beauty is too keen to permit him ever to pound, even in moments of the greatest excitement—but by nervous powers of expression; *his virility is mental rather than muscular*, and the brain is mightier than the arm. He reveals to us all the masculine force, all the stirring scenes, that are embodied in the

the dwarf pieces of the giant Chopin. When he plays the B minor sonata it is like a music drama, every moment of absorbing interest.

Paderewski does not play a Chopin ballad; he recites it just as an actor would recite the story which it tells, with dramatic rubato, dwelling on emphatic words and hurrying over others, according to the movement of the story. This is what is meant by *tempo rubato*. Some of Chopin's pupils have said that he advised them to confine the slight changes in pace to the melody, meanwhile preserving strict time with the accompaniment. He may have said that to his pupils, but I decline to believe that he played that way himself. I am convinced that his rubato was more like Wagner's dramatic "modification of tempo," which affects the pace of all the parts. Certainly that is the rubato as Liszt understood it, and as Paderewski uses it in playing Liszt, Chopin, Schubert, and to a less extent, the masters of the classical school. He lingers over bars which have pathos in their melody or harmony, and slightly accelerates his pace in rapid, agitated moments; but he does all this so naturally, so unobtrusively, that one does not consciously notice any change in the pace—it seems the natural movement of the piece.

One of the lessons taught by the great Polish pianist is that there is no such thing as a cast-iron tempo for any piece, or a single, invariable correct way of playing it. During his second American season, for instance, he played Chopin's G major nocturne three times, giving those who heard it each time a chance to marvel at the spontaneity and recreativeness of his playing. It was quite a different piece each time, varying with his moods. The first time it was somewhat prim and "classical" in spirit, the second time romantic and dreamy, the third time languid and melancholy. This is what distinguishes music from mechanism.

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LISZT AND HIS RHAPSODIES.

WHAT Liszt said in regard to the "glorious treasures" hidden among Schubert's neglected pianoforte compositions may be justly applied to his own works. The Liszt missiónary has a large field; few, even among professionals, know how very large it is. The number of Liszt's compositions exceeds twelve hundred. Among them are one hundred and fifty-five original pieces for piano (two hands), and three hundred and fifty-one transcriptions for the piano of pieces by other composers. Only a small proportion of these are known to the public; but they are gaining ground every year, in spite of the amazingly persistent opposition of the critics, one of whom wrote not long ago that "to play Liszt well requires little more than the necessary amount of physical force!" When I read one of these criticisms I am always reminded of what Saint-Saëns wrote in regard to Wagner's "Walküre": "A thousand critics writing each a thousand lines a day for ten years would injure this work about as much as a child's breath would do towards overthrowing the pyramids of Egypt." The vast majority of music-lovers are enthusiastic over Liszt's works, and they know that they are in very good company: pianists like Joseffy, D'Albert, Pachmann, Tausig, Bülow; conductors like Hans Richter, Anton Seidl, Theodore Thomas, Arthur Nikisch, Felix Mottl; composers like Saint-Saëns, Tchaikovsky, Dvorák, Wagner, who once declared Liszt "the greatest musician that ever lived."

Paderewski, too, is a most devoted admirer and champion of Liszt, and I shall never forget the amiably sarcastic smile on his lips when a certain critic begged him not to play any more of the rhapsodies. He played *two* at his next recital! If questioned on the subject, his answer leaves nothing to be desired in point of decision and

and enthusiasm; but it is in his performances that he most eloquently reveals his love of Liszt. Schumann once said of Thalberg that he had the gift of dressing up commonplace ideas in such a way as to make them interesting. Liszt had the higher gift of taking the ideas of the greatest composers and transcribing them for the piano in such a way as to make them even superior to the original. Thus he succeeded in doing with music what no poet has ever succeeded in doing with verse—translate it successfully into another idiom. These Liszt transcriptions include almost everything that is best in all branches of the art, and in making them accessible to all who possess a piano he did an inestimable service to music. But to realize the full charm of these transcriptions one must hear Paderewski play them; he can even take the taint of sensationalism out of the earlier ones, which Liszt himself in later years disliked.

To realize what is meant by a "tornado of applause," one must hear Paderewski play one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. Why does the public applaud these so frantically? Because they are "sensational," as the the critics say? They are nothing of the sort. Bungling pianists may make one think so, for they give obtrusive prominence to their difficult passages, while ignoring their poetic spirit. When Paderewski plays a Liszt rhapsody no one thinks of runs or sensationalism; it is all melody, poetry, rubato, local color, exotic charm; the ornamentations being used to give the gypsy national coloring, and no more sensational or inartistic in themselves than the six harps which Wagner uses to give the prismatic tints to the rainbow scene in "Rheingold."

Hear what the greatest of living French composers has to say of Liszt's rhapsodies: "Although built upon borrowed themes, they are genuine artistic creations, where the author manifests a most subtle talent. . . . It is entirely

entirely wrong to consider them merely brilliant. In them we find a reconstruction and, if we may say so, a civilizing of national music of the highest interest. The composer did not aim at difficulties (which did not exist, for him), but at a picturesque effect and a vivid reproduction of the outlandish orchestra of the gypsies."

To speak of Liszt's rhapsodies as merely "brilliant" or "sensational" is to display a woful ignorance; for they contain the quintessence of the melodies, rhythms, and ornaments of two of the most musical of all nations, the Hungarians and the Gypsies. They are collections of musical odes, ballads, idyls, songs of war, of sorrow, love, and conviviality, all welded into organic works of art by Liszt's rare genius and technical mastery. In Liszt's rhapsodies these gypsy orchids are arranged in a spontaneous disorder, which is infinitely more natural and artistic than the academic artificiality of a symphony in four geometrical movements. They will ever form the delight of those whose musical enjoyment does not consist in the pedantic analyzing of sonatas, but who take pleasure in the spontaneous melodies in which the naïve populace, in its moments of poetic emotion, has embodied its joys and sorrows.

Liszt himself has, in his book on the Hungarian Gypsies, told us how their performances excite and almost craze their hearers. In the golden age of Gypsy bands the collector used to carry a golden plate to collect contributions, and gold was freely sprinkled among the bank-notes lavishly bestowed by the cavaliers in return for the pleasure given them by the music, while many wept for joy. We are more dignified in the expresssion of our pleasure, but hardly more reserved, as the "tornadoes of applause" evoked by Paderewski show. Mr. Joseffy, himself a Hungarian and

and one of the greatest of pianists, has justly pointed out that Paderewski surpasses Liszt's own pupils in his interpretation of these rhapsodies, which might be said to form the transition between European and Asiatic music. Note what loving attention he gives to their ravishing folk melodies, exquisite harmonies, and orchestral variety of tone-colors. Even these astonishing glissandos in the tenth rhapsody, which under the hands of ordinary pianists sound like cheap tricks, are transformed by his dainty touch and exquisite shading into effects of caressing beauty and genuine artistic value.

But it is in his modifications of tempo, his inimitable rubato, that lies the chief witchery of Paderewski's Liszt playing. Liszt carries the rubato even farther than Chopin; there are movements where hardly a dozen successive bars have the same pace. Paderewski plays the rhapsodies like improvisations—inspirations of the moment. It is the negation of the mechanical in music, the assassination of the metronome. When ordinary pianists play a Liszt rhapsody there is nothing in their performance that a musical stenographer could not note down just as it is played. But what Paderewski plays could not be put down on paper by any system of notation ever invented. For such subtle nuances of tempo and expression there are no signs in our musical alphabet. But it is precisely these unwritten and unwritable things that constitute the soul of music and the instinctive command of which distinguishes a genius from a mere musician.

PADEREWSKI AS A COMPOSER.

AFTER all, the greatest pleasure a great pianist can give is when he plays his own compositions. Even when they are not of the highest order they gain a charm from their authoritative and sympathetic interpretation, and when they are of the highest order the combination is irresistible. Creative genius betrays itself infallibly in interpretation as well as in composition, and when the pianist plays his own piece he can

MR. PADERWESKI.

(FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.)

can give it the charm of an improvisation. All the greatest pianists—Chopin, Liszt, Rubinstein, etc.—were composers as well as virtuosi, and all were at their best in playing their own pieces. Of Paderewski it must be said, as of Chopin, Liszt, and Rubinstein, that great as is his skill as pianist, his creative power is even more remarkable.

Although he is a Pole and Chopin his idol, yet his music is not an echo of Chopin's. To a London journalist he once remarked on the subject of Polish music: "It is almost impossible to write any nowadays. The moment you try to be national, every one cries out that you are imitating Chopin, whereas the truth is that Chopin adopted all the most marked characteristics of our national music so completely that it is impossible not to resemble him in externals, though your methods and ideas may be absolutely your own." His music has Chopin's thoroughly idiomatic piano style, but in invention and development it is his own, and it has an individuality as striking as that of Grieg or Dvorák.

He wrote a set of Polish dances at the early age of seven, but did not publish anything before he was twenty-two. A glance at his three dozen or more piano pieces shows that in form as in spirit they belong to the Polish branch of the modern romantic school. Among them are Krakowiaks, Mazurkas, Polonaises, and other Polish dances, also a Caprice, Intermezzo, Legend, Barcarolle, Sarabande, Elegy, Melodies, etc., all of them short pieces such as are characteristic of the romantic school. To the "classical" form he has paid deference only in his concerto and his sonata for violin and piano, although even here he avoids the artificiality and interminableness of the "classical" school. It is to be hoped that he will have the courage to pay no further tribute

tribute to the obsolete sonata form, but follow in the footsteps of Chopin and Liszt in composition as he does in playing. In that direction lies the concert music of the future.

It is not my intention to make an analysis of Paderewski's compositions. I will merely call attention to a few of the most popular and important ones. To the public at large the best known is his Minuet. Whenever he plays this piece (usually as an encore), the audience bursts out into applause after the first three bars, to show its delight at his choice. It is not too much to say that this Minuet is quite on a par with Mozart's famous "Don Juan" Minuet, but with modern refinements of harmony and tone-color of which Mozart never dreamed. A writer in the German periodical *Ueber Land und Meer* tells an amusing anecdote about this Minuet: "When Paderewski was a professor at the Warsaw Conservatory, he was a frequent visitor at my house, and one evening I remarked that no living composer could be compared with Mozart. Paderewski's only reply was a shrug of the shoulders, but the next day he came back, and, sitting down at the piano, said, 'I should like to play you a little piece of Mozart's which you perhaps do not know.' He then played the Minuet. I was enchanted with it and cried, 'Now you will yourself acknowledge that nobody of our time could furnish us with a composition like that!' 'Well,' answered Paderewski, 'this Minuet is mine.'"

One of the most charming of the shorter pieces is the "Chant du Voyageur" (opus 8, No. 3)—a piece that has brought tears to the eyes of many hardened professionals. Its first three notes suggest by their beat that celestial melody in Chopin's great Scherzo (opus 20) as if to show its affiliation with the Chopin school; the rest of it is an expression of a new individnality in mnsic—one destined to mark a new epoch. I have never heard an opus 8 so mature, so original, so deeply emotional. But you must hear him play it to realize all its charms.

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A masterpiece among his short works is the Thême Varié, opus 11. The theme itself has the simplicity of a Gluck melody, but on it is built an original harmonic structure that Chopin might have been proud of. It is a superbly romantic and emotional work. Of his Variations et Fugue, No. 1, it may be said that the theme has a ballad-like character, and the variations are not mere musical rhetoric — the art of saying the same thing in different ways — but they tell a tale with bright and tragic episodes. One of the variations, with an obstinately repeated bass, suggests the tolling of funeral bells. His Legend begins with a mysterious plaintive narrative, leading up gradually to a terrific tragedy, after which the tone poem is finished in quieter stanzas. His Cracovienne is as exotic, as weirdly half-Asiatic, as the most Polish of Chopin's mazurkas or the most Magyar of Liszt's rhapsodies.

The four songs included in opus 7 resemble Chopin's Polish songs, but are not equal to the piano pieces. During his second American tour he occasionally hummed and played for his friends a set of six new songs which he had not yet committed to paper. They subsequently appeared in print in a translation by Miss Alma Tadema and an American version by Mrs. H. D. Tretbar. Of these, perhaps, "My Tears are Flowing," "The Piper's Song," and "Over the Waters" are the best; but they are all good. They were first sung in England by Mr. Lloyd to the composer's accompaniment, and created quite a sensation. There is a suggestion in them of Grieg, but this is merely evidence of the curious affinity between Norwegian and Polish music.

The sonata for violin and piano to which reference has been made was played in New York by Professor Brodsky and the composer. It is original in its themes and admirably suited to the character of the two instruments. One of its modern features is its brevity—it lasts only twenty

twenty minutes. A more important work is the piano concerto opus 17. What vigor in the opening allegro, what poetry in the romance, what life and spirit in the finale! Hans Richter once said that the supreme test of a born composer lay in his slow movements; he pointed to Beethoven, Schubert, and Dvorák, among others, in proof of his assertion. Had he known the dreamy Romanza of this concerto he would certainly have added Paderewski. I know of nothing more superb in the whole range of piano literature, and it is only his opus 17. It reveals Paderewski, too, as the first Polish composer who is as great a master of the orchestra as of the piano.

THE POLISH FANTASIA.

THE greatest of Paderewski's works are his Polish Fantasia and his opera. The opera he has just completed, and it will have its first performances in Buda Pesth, London, and Dresden. It is on a Polish subject, its scene being laid in the Carpathian Mountains. Mr. Alexander McArthur, formerly Rubinstein's secretary, had the privilege in Paris of hearing him play parts of this opera. He says that "like all Poles, Paderewski is superstitious, and believes that any undertaking spoken of before its completion more or less presages ill-luck; consequently I had to give him my word of honor I would keep silent on the matter of this new opera. However, there is one thing I can say without overstepping the mark, which is, that this opera of Paderewski's is going to do more for his fame than even his piano-playing has done, and that it will mark an era not only in the great pianist-composer's career, but an era in art itself. It is an absolutely

lutely superb work, great in intensity and full of truly human pathos."

In the summer of 1893 Paderewski wrote his Polish Fantasia, which has brought him more fame, both as composer and pianist, than anything else he has ever done. It had its first performance on October 4th, of the same year, at the Norwich Festival in England, of which it was pronounced the most attractive and sensational feature. As I have not yet had the pleasure of hearing this work, I must quote the opinions of other critics in whose judgment I have confidence. The London *Sunday Times* wrote of it: "The new Fantasia proved to be a symphonic poem for piano and orchestra in four movements (not three, as stated in the analysis), and a thoroughly well-thought-out musicianly work to boot. Its chief characteristics are its intense national feeling, its constructive skill, and its enormous difficulty. The themes are all original, and it takes a quick ear to perceive on first hearing with what skill the whole of them are derived or developed from two or three main subjects. The bold introductory passages merge imperceptibly into the well-worked allegro moderato; the impetuous scherzo, with its mazurka-like rhythm, brings a great change, but in the andante (a gem of dreamy, plaintive melody), the composer is in reality metamorphosing material from his allegro; while the finale, after starting with a dashing Cracovienne, obtains its most grandiose effect from the theme of the scherzo, given here in augmentation."

In an account of the Norwich Festival we read that "Paderewski made a capital rehearser, calm and quiet, never indulging in unnecessary stoppages, and manifestly delighted with his own music"; in another that "Mr. Paderewski is by no means an easy performer for an orchestra to accompany, as he rarely plays his music twice alike"; while a third writer said that the Fantasia "takes the breath away," and is so difficult that "few besides its composer will venture to play it." It was also said that before appearing in public with his

his new work Paderewski had hired an orchestra to rehearse with him privately. Many composers, doubtless, would be glad to follow such a good example before adding the finishing touches to their works; but few can afford such a luxury.

In London the Polish Fantasia aroused the same enthusiasm as at Norwich; and in Paris, last spring, Lamoureux had to repeat it three times in the vast Cirque d'Été. Mr. Alexander McArthur, who was present at these concerts, wrote: "What struck me most forcibly about the Fantasia was, that while the themes are distinctly Polish, they are nevertheless just as distinctly non-Chopinesque, something truly wonderful in a Polish Fantasia written for the piano. . . . Paderewski has not stooped to steal his themes from national melodies. They are all his own. . . . The orchestration is superb, and it is owing to this fact especially that the non-traces of Chopin can be proven. In fact, fine as the piano partition undoubtedly is, that for the orchestra is still finer. The ease with which Paderewski handles combinations of the most difficult harmonic effects is wonderful, and his skill in contrapuntal groupings marvellous. . . . The piano partition is of the most startling difficulty, yet there is not a bar written for mere effect."

CONQUEST OF GERMANY.

ONE more important event in Paderewski's career remains to be related—his conquest of Germany. For two or three years he had limited his activity almost entirely to England and America. Being able to draw a four or five thousand dollar house whenever he pleased, he probably saw no particular reason for touring in the impoverished continent where half that sum would seem a big receipt. However, in May, 1894, he consented to play his new Fantasia at the biggest of the German music festivals, the Netherrhenish, at Aix-la-Chapelle. The result was thus described by Mr. Otto Floersheim: "I was dumfounded by both the composition and the performance, and after it was all over got

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as crazy as the rest of the audience and joined in a hurrah such as the venerable city of Charlemagne has rarely witnessed. Aix-la-Chapelle stood on its head for once and the walls of the Kurhaus shook." Mr. Floersheim considers the Fantasia "the most difficult piece of music ever written for piano," its style being "a combination of Liszt and Chopin in a most happy blending, with a lot of Paderewski thrown into the bargain." Regarding his perhaps he makes this significant confession: "I had not heard him for two years, and in the meantime I had heard four times Rubinstein, any number of times D'Albert, Rummel, Rosenthal, and some of the other great pianists of Europe, and I had gradually lulled myself into the thought that perhaps after all I had overrated Paderewski. I had been told it so often in Berlin that finally I began to distrust my own judgment, and said to myself, "Well, perhaps they are right and you are wrong." With the first movement of the Schumann concerto, my doubts were again dispelled, and as the work proceeded I once more and most firmly became convinced that for charm, poetry, and beauty Paderewski's playing of the piano outrivals that of all other pianists I ever heard in my life, and henceforth nobody shall ever dare again to shake me in this artistic belief."

After the ice had thus been broken in Germany, Paderewski consented the more readily to attack the citadels of Dresden and Leipsic. His triumphs there in February, 1895, were perhaps even greater than in London, Paris, and New York. The King of Saxony invited Paderewski to give a special recital in the royal palace at Dresden, and the musical public was simply frantic; even the conservative Leipsicers, who rarely have a good word for a newcomer, for once became gushing rhapsodists. "The success was colossal," wrote the *Leipziger Zeitung;* "not since Liszt has a pianist been received as Paderewski was last evening." "Never since the Albert Hall was built has such applause been heard there as last evening," wrote the *Anzeiger;*

Anzeiger; and the *Tageblatt* of February 2d had the following: "Paderewski has for some years been enjoying the greatest triumphs in Austria, France, England, and America, but, for unknown reasons, avoided Germany almost entirely. . . . Concerning his colossal success in our sister-city of Dresden our readers have already been informed. . . . Such positively fabulous enthusiasm no other artist has aroused in Leipsic as far back as our memory goes. The public did not applaud, it *raved.* If Paderewski has hitherto avoided Germany in the belief that he might be coolly received, he must have been radically cured of that idea last evening."

In conclusion, let me quote the testimony of Alexander McArthur, who wrote the biography of Rubinstein and lived for years under his roof. Of Paderewski he says: "From the first bar to the last he holds you breathless by a series of novel and original effects. His is an absolutely new school of piano playing, unique, thoughtful, poetic, and altogether the originality of his readings is something extraordinary, something that, even apart from his marvellous technic, exquisite grace and tone-nuance, gives a charm and interest that are endless."

"TOUCH" IN PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

By William Foster Apthorp.

It is not often that a purely technical point in anything relating to music comes in for general discussion, especially in the daily press. Yet such has been the case, in the course of the last year or two, with a technical point connected with what is commonly, and perhaps too loosely, called "touch" in pianoforte playing. The discussion has been carried on, by one party, with a quiet sobriety quite usual in arguing questions of scientific research, if somewhat less frequently shown in controversies on questions pertaining to art; the other party has at times permitted itself a display of emotion hardly compatible with calm scientific reasoning, and smacking strongly of what would doubtless call itself righteous indignation. Certain propositions regarding "touch" in pianoforte playing have been received with horror, which would look more like scorn, had it been expressed with less violent verbosity.

Likely enough, a great part of the trouble has arisen, as it frequently does in such cases, from a misunderstanding: from a lack of perfect scientific accuracy of statement, on the one hand, and on the other, from a half-careless, half-wilful misconception of the real gist and scope of the statements made. Some persons, and those most inclined to be violent on the subject, seem plainly enough to have considered what they conceived might be the artistic bearing of certain theories which have been advanced, instead of taking due pains to understand exactly what those theories were. Another source of trouble has undoubtedly been the unfortunate vagueness of our current musical terminology, and the consequent confusion between the general and the specific sense of a common musical term.

Looking back upon the discussion, one finds that what

[illegible] party has used the word [illegible]—and also pretty carefully [illegible] the opposing party has per- [illegible] more general one. In [illegible] the term "touch" in piano- [illegible] everything a pianist [illegible] his fingers, hand, [illegible] the manner of [illegible] keys, but also to the [illegible] and in general to [illegible] in pianoforte [illegible] in which I conceive [illegible] at the beginning [illegible] unfortunate to use [illegible] has been used, so I use [illegible]

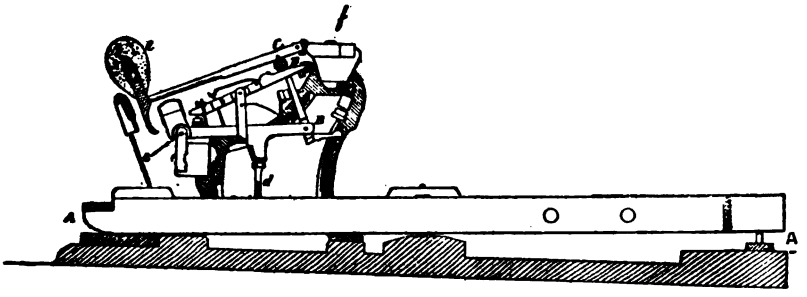
[illegible] the discussion of which [illegible] may best be implied here in the [illegible]

[illegible] PIANIST UPON THE QUAL- [illegible] PRODUCED, [illegible] STRIKES, PUSHES [illegible] A KEY!

[illegible] from the discus- [illegible] of any other means the pianist [illegible] of influencing the quality of [illegible] such as the use of either or both pedals, [illegible] the key after it has [illegible] touch), releasing the [illegible] of treating successive notes in a [illegible] also that it is a question of [illegible] several keys, either simul- [illegible]

This simple question is one which can be answered completely after a due examination of the mechanical and acoustical possibilities of the case. Sentiment has nothing to do with it, for it is purely a question of fact. Let me begin by considering the mechanical apparatus which intervenes between the pianist's finger and the string

string from which the tone is produced. This apparatus consists of three principal, and *independent*, parts.



First, the KEY itself. This is a horizontal, or nearly horizontal, lever of wood, faced on its outer portion with ivory; at its fulcrum, it is kept in place by a vertical metal pin which passes through a small hole. When at rest, its inner end is slightly down and its outer end up. Its motion is that of an up-and-down see-saw (*bascule*): when its outer end is depressed, its inner end is correspondingly raised; when the depressing force is removed from its outer end, it falls back of itself into its original position. What slight lateral motion may be imparted to it comes from the necessary looseness of its attachment to the instrument at the point where it plays on its fulcrum. Were it in any way attached to its contiguous part of the apparatus, this possible lateral motion, however slight, might not be entirely negligible; but, as it is not so attached, the effect of its lateral motion, slight as it is in any case, can safely be rated as null.

Next, the ACTION. This is the technical name of a somewhat complex vertical wooden frame which plays freely on a horizontal hinge at its inner corner. As it plays on a hinge, its motion describes the arc of a circle in a vertical plane; no other motion is possible to it. When at rest, its lower portion rests upon a capstan on the inner part of the key. When the inner end of the key is raised (by depressing the outer end), the action is raised with it; when the inner end of the key is allowed

allowed to fall back to its original position, the action falls with it. Remember—for this is important—that there is no *connection* between the key and the action, but only *contact;* the action rests upon the key, but is in no wise fastened to it. When it falls, it falls of its own weight.

Last, the HAMMER. This is a wooden hammer, faced with felt on its striking surface, which plays freely on a horizontal hinge at the outer, or anterior, end of what, in an ordinary hammer, would be called its "handle." Like the action, its motion describes the arc of a circle in a vertical plane; and this is the only motion possible to it. When at rest, it rests, very near its hinge end, upon the upper portion of the action; so that when the latter is raised, it is raised, too. But, as its "handle" is the radius of the arc it describes when in motion, and the hinge is the centre of a circle, of the circumference of which that arc is a portion, it follows that a very slight motion imparted at its point of contact with the action (near the centre) results in a far more extended and rapid motion of its felt-faced "head" (on the circumference). As there is no connection, but merely contact, between the key and the action, it is equally important to remember that there is nothing more than contact between the action and the stem of the hammer. If the action is raised very gently, the hammer is carried upward by it; if, on the other hand, the action is raised by a more sudden impulse, the hammer is thrown upward by it—that is, a sufficient impetus is imparted to the hammer to make it leave all contact with the action and fly upward through the air on its hinge.

This throwing of the hammer, instead of raising it in constant contact with the action, is the most important element in the whole business. For it is only by being thus thrown that the hammer can possibly be made to impinge upon the string which is stretched above it. The greatest amplitude of motion which can possibly be imparted to the action by the key is insufficient to carry the

the "head" of the hammer from its original position of rest all the way up to the string. The action can carry the hammer part way on its journey to the string, but must perforce throw it the rest of the way. It is mechanically impossible for the "head" of the hammer to be in contact with the string and the stem of the hammer to be in contact with the action at the same moment.

A careful examination of the construction of this apparatus, herein described, must convince any (rational) person that the pianist can have no possible control over the motion of the hammer *after the latter has severed its contact with the action.* Up to this moment there has been mediate contact—through the key and the action—between the pianist's finger and the hammer; but, so soon as the contact between hammer and action ceases, so soon as the hammer is thrown by the action, this mediate contact between finger and hammer ceases also. The pianist's control over and responsibility for the motion of the hammer consequently ceases at the same moment. But remember that all contact between the hammer and the action ceases *before the hammer has touched the string.* Therefore the pianist's control over the motion of the hammer must also cease before the hammer has touched the string—that is, before the tone is produced.

No possible reasoning can controvert this; it may, and must, be regarded as a scientifically ascertained and proved fact. The pianist has in reality considerably less control over the motion of the hammer than the baseball pitcher has over that of the ball he delivers, or the billiard-player has over that of the ball he strikes or pushes with his cue. The cases have this in common, that, in all three of them, the player must perforce resign all control over the object thrown after he has thrown it; but both the pitcher and the billiard-player can impart a "twist" to their ball, the after result of which—acting against the resistance of the air or the surface of the billiard-table—can be more or less

accurately

accurately precalculated; the pianist, however, can impart no such "twist" to the hammer, which can only describe its prescribed arc of a circle in a vertical plane, swinging on its hinge.

Now to the tone produced. It is scientifically unquestionable that the amount and quality of tone produced depend upon three things, and upon these three alone.

1. Upon the character of the string and the resonating apparatus in the pianoforte.

2. Upon the character of the hammer.

3. Upon the manner in which the hammer comports itself *at the moment of its impact upon the string.*

Now, the first two elements fall out of the discussion of themselves; they are what mathematicians would call constant quantities, in which the pianist is impotent to produce any variation by his manner of striking, pushing down, or otherwise depressing the key. Remains the third element, the manner in which the hammer comports itself at the moment of its impact upon the string—in other words, its manner of striking the string, Here, too, we immediately find one "constant quantity," the hammer itself; and two more: the point at which it strikes the string, and the angle at which it strikes it. These also are constant.

There is only one possible variable in the behavior of the hammer (constructed and impelled as described above) at the moment of its impact upon the string, and this is ITS VELOCITY. It does not matter in the least how or when this velocity was acquired, nor from how far or near the string the hammer was thrown. Whether the hammer was slowly raised by the action part way on its journey and then thrown the rest of the way, or was briskly thrown from the outset, does not affect the case in the least, as long as its final velocity at the moment of impact remains the same. And, as the velocity of the hammer at the moment of its impact upon the string is the only possible variable in its manner of striking the string, it is necessarily also the only efficient

efficient element in the production of tone over which the pianist can exert any control by his manner of striking, pushing down, or otherwise depressing the key. No matter whether he jams the key down, or coaxes it down, or pushes or pulls it down—I will add, no matter who or what jams, coaxes, pushes, or pulls it down—the only possible effective difference, in so far as the production of tone is concerned, is the velocity imparted to the hammer, and retained by it at its moment of impact. This is tantamount to saying that the only element in the pianist's treatment of the key which can have any possible influence upon the production of tone from the string * is its *force* or *gentleness*. All that counts in this one particular is whether he hits hard or soft.

Now, any variation in the velocity of the hammer at the moment of its impact upon the string—which velocity depends directly upon the force of the downward stroke or push given the key by the finger—*may* cause a corresponding variation in the quality (*Klangfarbe*) of the tone produced; the higher the velocity of the hammer, the shorter the moment of impact and the quicker the rebound; † the length of the moment of impact, brief as it is in any case, may have some influence upon the development of overtones of the string, and thus upon the quality of tone produced. But, be this as it may, what any variation in the velocity of the hammer at the moment of impact necessarily must cause is a corresponding variation in the dynamic intensity (loudness) of the tone produced. So it stands to reason that different velocities in the hammer, though they may produce different qualities of tone, can do so

* Remember that I only say "*production* of tone."

† There is one item in this concerning which I am somewhat in doubt, and I do not know that it has yet been scientifically considered. The question that presents itself to my mind is this: May not the greater flattening out of the soft curved surface of the face of the hammer, under a strong blow upon the string (that is, at high velocity), tend to lengthen the moment of impact, so as more or less to compensate for the naturally superior quickness of rebound? At all events, this flattening out of the hammer would increase the *surface of impact*, and thus introduce a new element, which might be well worth considering.

only

only by producing different dynamic intensities of tone at the same time.

The question is answered! It is a scientifically proved fact that THE PIANIST HAS NO INFLUENCE UPON THE QUALITY OF TONE (*Klangfarbe*) PRODUCED THROUGH THE MANNER IN WHICH HE STRIKES, PUSHES DOWN, OR OTHERWISE DEPRESSES A SINGLE KEY, INDEPENDENT OF THE DYNAMIC INTENSITY OF THE TONE PRODUCED. And there is no more rational excuse for the statement of this fact calling forth exhibitions of sentiment or violent language than there would be for any one to express righteous horror at the statement that the earth revolves on its own axis. And let me say also, to conclude, that it is equally irrational and foolish to draw illogical conclusions from this scientific fact, or to impute such conclusions to those who state it as a fact.

MUSIC IN SHAKESPEARE.

By Louis C. Elson.

When the physician reads the medical allusions in Shakespeare's plays and notes the subtle touches employed in the portrayal of the insanity of *Ophelia*, the feigned mental alienation of *Edgar*, or the broad references to baser diseases in the Falstaffian scenes of "King Henry IV.," he is apt to claim the poet as almost a professional brother. The lawyer does much the same because of *Hamlet*, *Justice Shallow*, and *Portia*. The theologian finds scattered through the poet's work so many quotations of Scriptural language that he is fain to argue therefrom that Shakespeare had a theological training. The musician, too, may join in this chorus of homage, and can readily prove the poet's technical acquaintance with the divine art by citations from the musical scenes that are present in almost all of the plays.

This field has, however, received less attention than the others, since the practical musician has rarely found time to make himself a Shakespearian, and the literary commentator has generally lacked the ability to sift the technical musical terms used by the poet.

It is refreshing to enter into a field of Shakespearian research which is comparatively free from the microscopic examination and comment which have so thoroughly gleaned all that the other phases of this versatile mind offer for analysis.

After careful collation and comparison of the many musical texts in the plays and sonnets, one reaches the inference that Shakespeare was able to sing in part-music and was probably able to dance. His knowledge of instrumental music, although extensive, was not quite as secure or technical as in these two other branches of the art.

Let us begin with a couple of errors in the instrumental

tal field. The 128th sonnet shows that Shakespeare was not intimately conversant with the construction of the virginals (the flimsy predecessor of the piano, used chiefly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries), for he speaks of

> "those jacks that nimble leap
> To kiss the tender inward of thy hand."

The jack was inside of the instrument, and could by no possibility touch the hand of the performer. If the passage be regarded as metaphor, it is as free as if a modern poet spoke of Paderewski's finger-tips pressing down the bounding *hammers* of the pianoforte. In the plays there is a single line referring to the virginals. It is in "Winter's Tale," where the jealous *Leontes*, watching *Hermione* and *Polixenes*, mutters,

> "Still virginalling upon his palm."

The reference is to the fingering of the instrument, and, as used here, in connection with *Hermione* and *Polixenes*, is very suggestive.

In "Hamlet," when the players with the recorders come upon the scene (the recorders was the name given to the straight flute, similar to but somewhat larger than the modern flageolet), the hero, in a most eloquent simile, alludes to the stops of the instrument, and adds:

> "Though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me."

The recorders had neither frets nor stops. The introduction of the word "fret" may have been for the purpose of making a pun, for Shakespeare makes the obvious pun on "frets" and "fretting" in other plays. But even in the field of instrumental music Shakespeare shows startling profundity of knowledge. In the orchestral music of this time it was customary to sustain one special tone-color throughout each movement, a custom which may be studied even in the later works of Bach; thus, if the flute were prominent in the first measures of a composition, it remained so to the very end, and neither violin nor oboe, nor any other instrument, might usurp its place of prominence in that particular

particular composition. At times composers broke this rule and allowed the instruments to interchange more freely. Music in which such changes took place was called "broken." This fact fully explains the lines in "King Henry V.," where the king woos with—

> "Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken."

That Shakespeare soon drops the music-lesson in the "Taming of the Shrew" seems to indicate that he understood his instrumental limitation, but even in this scene there is an indication of technical knowledge that deserves recording. Twice does the shrewd *Bianca* (who prefers the company of *Lucentio*), before beginning the music-lesson, send the troubled *Hortensio* away to tune his lute. The saucy *Lucentio* endeavors to send him off a third time to retune the bass. In this we have a graphic picture of the great defect of the lute; its players were always tuning and retuning. Mattheson, who wrote a musical work on the subject more than a century later, says that if a lute-player lived to be eighty years old it was probable that he had spent about sixty years tuning his instrument.

It is not my purpose in this article to speak of all the musical allusions of Shakespeare. Dismissing all those hundreds of references, however eloquent, the meaning of which is clear, and confining my comment only to those which have not been thoroughly elucidated, or which illustrate in some pregnant manner the life and customs of the Elizabethan epoch, there will still be abundance of matter to bring this paper to a reasonable length.

Before doing that, however, I shall refer to Shakespeare's allusions to dancing. They are so full of heartiness and zest that they prove that Shakespeare not only understood but enjoyed the Terpsichorean art. Several of these references are in "Twelfth Night," where Sir Andrew Aguecheek brags mightily of his abilities in the dance. In this play Shakespeare alludes to the Galliard, the "Coranto" (Courante), the Jig (Gigue), the Cinq-pas

Cinq-pas (he makes an unworthy pun on "Sink-a-pace"), the Passy-measure (Passo Mezzo), and the Pavin (Pavane), and it is very evident from the passages, and provable by other evidence, that England loved best the hearty dances. The very slow and stately Pavane was sometimes danced at court, but almost everybody liked better the quick-paced Galliard. When Sir Toby Belch expresses his disdain for a "Passy-measure or a Pavin" he voices the dislike of the rank and file of the English people of the sixteenth century for the slow Spanish, Italian, and French dances.

In "Winter's Tale" the poet causes the clown to speak of hornpipes. This is a very natural allusion (although it had no more to do with Bohemia than the seacoast which Shakespeare placed there), for the hornpipe was an English dance. It took its name and origin from the long wooden horn which the old English shepherds were wont to play, (this instrument gave rise to the English horn of the present orchestra), and was a lively rustic dance at the first. Even Bach paid tribute to the English origin of the hornpipe, for he introduced it into his Suites under the title of "Anglaise."

There are some pertinent allusions to dances in "Love's Labour's Lost," where *Armado* is addressed by his page thus:

> *Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?
> *Arm.* How mean'st thou? brawling in French?
> *Moth.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids.

The French Brawl or *Branle* was probably one of the very few dances which France borrowed from England. It was a round dance in which all the participants took hold of hands and danced in a circle. All these circular dances date back to the remotest past, probably being sacrificial dances ages ago (the sun-worshipping dances, the Egyptian dance around the bull-god Apis, the Israelites' dance around the golden calf, are examples), but they took an especial hold upon the English taste and

and lead one to suppose that the Druids may have been the first to dance them on English soil. The Canaries was also a dance of English origin which made its way into continental society; it was a more elegant species of Jig.

One more quotation and we have done with this branch of our subject. This quotation shows a wonderful insight into the peculiarities of some of the dances and may well lead us to suppose that Shakespeare had a practical acquaintance with them. It is in "Much Ado About Nothing," where *Beatrice* says to *Hero:*

> "Here me, *Hero:* wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch Jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch Jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave."

Here we have the wild pace of the Scotch (at present the Irish) Jig, the stately style of the Passo Mezzo, only a trifle quicker than the very slow Pavane, and best of all, the queer tottering irregularity of the five-step dance called the Cinq-pas, all brought together to make an unsurpassable simile.

To return to the subject of music, we find Shakespeare draws numerous metaphors from the musician's counting of time. Perhaps the most poetical of these is in the prison scene of "King Richard II.," where the royal captive says:

> "Music do I hear?
> Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
> When time is broke and no proportion kept!
> So is it in the music of men's lives.
> And here have I the daintiness of ear
> To check time broke in a disordered string;
> But for the concord of my state and time
> Had not an ear to hear my true time broke,
> I wasted time, and now doth time waste me."

In "Romeo and Juliet," a play replete with musical allusions, there is a pun on the smaller divisions of time-keeping. The replacing of a large note by several smaller

smaller ones was called "Division" in the Elizabethan times; therefore *Juliet* in the chamber scene, says:

> "Some say the lark makes sweet division;
> This doth not so, for she divideth us."

Shakespeare could not resist the temptation to make a pun, even in the most serious scenes.

But the most remarkable reference to time-keeping is one that seems hitherto to have escaped the interpretation of the commentators. It occurs in "Romeo and Juliet," when *Benvolio* questions *Mercutio* regarding *Tybalt*. The lines are as follows:

> *Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?
> *Mer.* More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom."

The parts of this sentence relating to *Tybalt*, the prince of cats, and to the punctilios of the professional duellist of the time, have been fully explained. The allusion to the prick-song has been passed over in complete silence, notwithstanding it contains one of the most graphic of Shakespeare's metaphors. Morley, contemporaneous with Shakespeare, defines the prick-song as the descant upon a plain song or ground (bass-part), which was written, or pricked down, and not performed extemporaneously; and Playford, shortly after the same epoch, says of the counting of it:

> "Measure in this science is a Quantity of the Length or Shortness of Time, either by natural sounds, pronounced by the Voice, or Artificial, upon Instruments; which Measure is *by a certain motion of the hand* or foot, expressed in variety of notes."

We have here a sure clue to the Shakespearian meaning. The poet is making an apt comparison between the motions of the hand (down, left, right, and up) and the motions of the expert fencer; any conductor of the present time, in directing his orchestra, goes through these motions, and "the third in your bosom" is an exquisite play of fancy. In this same play, "Romeo and Juliet," there is a very direct bit of sarcasm that has

has not always been understood. Shakespeare always enjoyed scattering through his plays allusions to the popular songs of his time. In "Romeo and Juliet" he not only alludes to "Heart's-Ease" and to "My Heart is Full of Woe," but, as the musicians are departing from the house of Capulet, where *Juliet* is supposed to be dead, he introduces a whole dialogue based upon "A Song to the Lute in Musicke," the words and music of which were the production of Richard Edwards, Master of the Children of the Royal Chapel of Queen Elizabeth. In this dialogue *Peter* displays his wit at the expense of the musicians, who are packing up their instruments to depart from the house of mourning. Peter sings the words:

> "When griping grief the heart doth wound,
> And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
> Then Music with her silver sound"—

and then catechises the musicians thus:

> *Pet.* Why "silver sound"? Why "music with her silver sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?
> *First Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
> *Pet.* Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
> *Sec. Mus.* I say "silver sound" because musicians sound for silver.
> *Pet.* Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?
> *Third Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.
> *Pet.* O, I cry you mercy; *you are the singer:* I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding.

Richard Grant White in commenting on the words "O, you are the singer" says: "Shakespeare understood the violin. The soundpost stands under the highest string of the instrument, called the *cantore*—singer." This is one of the most abstruse modes of running a witticism to earth that is on record. It seems much more rational to suppose that Shakespeare desired to satirize the lack of wits which existed among many singers of his time. The ordinary musician is obliged to study for his attainments, but the singer, gifted by nature with a sweet voice, can sometimes get along with scarcely any education at all. That Shakespeare enjoyed

joyed such a fling at the ignorant vocalist can be seen by studying the scene in "Much Ado about Nothing" where *Balthasar*, the incarnation of self-conceit, fishes in vain for a compliment for his singing of "Sigh no more, ladies." Shakespeare probably meant that *James Soundpost's* education had extended no higher than his larynx.

One may readily believe that Shakespeare took his part occasionally in the trolling out of a catch; the bacchanalian music of "Twelfth Night" is altogether too realistic to have been invented from hearsay evidence, and the introduction of the words of Robert Jones' "Corydon's Farewell to Phyllis" throughout the conversation in this bacchanalian scene shows how much the poet delighted in such revelry. There was emphatically a Bohemian streak in Shakespeare's nature, and that he held this to be a legitimate characteristic of a strong mind may be assumed from the partiality which he shows for *Prince Hal*, who sweeps from the wildest debauchery to the highest heroism.

The subject grows wider and wider the more it is studied. It would be pleasant to see how Shakespeare has made minute differences in the appreciation of music the touchstone of many of his characters; how he has always balanced his jesting references to the art by earnest and poetic lines of appreciation in the same plays which contain the mockeries and scoffings.

Space bids us refrain, however, content to dip a little of the crystal water from the boundless lake:

> "Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
> And broke the die."

MUSICAL COMMENT AND GOSSIP.

By Henry T. Finck.

FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF "TANNHÄUSER." — WAGNER GUILTY OF HIGH TREASON.—EUGENE D'ALBERT AND TERESA CARREÑO.—ARTIFICIAL VOICES TO ORDER.—GLADSTONE ON MUSIC.—NIKISCH IN LEIPSIC AND BERLIN.—DVORÁK REMAINS IN EUROPE.

Dresden had the honor of first producing Wagner's "Rienzi" (1842), "Flying Dutchman" (1843), and "Tannhäuser" (1845). The Dresdeners have therefore had three recent opportunities for indulging in those commemorative performances so dear to the German heart, and they made good use of them by bringing out these operas in bright new dresses, and mending matters generally. They do not like to be reminded of the fact that the "Flying Dutchman," after its fourth performance, disappeared from their opera house for *twenty years*. "Tannhäuser" had its fiftieth birthday on the nineteenth of the past month, and the well-known Dresden critic, Ludwig Hartmann, took this occasion to issue a brochure of sixty-five pages, in which he tells the history of this opera, which to-day is more popular than ever. It seems that the first performance lasted five hours—from 6 to 11—although some cuts had been made, whereas Hans Richter and Anton Seidl manage to compress the same opera into four hours or less. "Lohengrin," too, when first produced by Liszt, lasted an hour too long. The trouble, as Wagner pointed out in a letter to Liszt, lay with the singers, who had not yet mastered the new style of melodious declamation, but dragged mercilessly.

Hartmann calls attention to the curious fact that although "Tannhäuser" made such a stir in Dresden, the local newspapers paid hardly any attention to it. What little

little they did say was uncomplimentary, so that it was small wonder that four years elapsed before this opera was brought out in another city (Weimar, by Liszt). Wagner has been often blamed for the violent polemics in which he indulged in those days, but when one reads the criticisms in which his works were at that time pulverized and annihilated, while charlatans were lauded to the sky, one feels some sympathy with him. The most *favorable* notice was written by Edward Hanslick, who, as is generally known, has been during the last four decades the most violent enemy of Wagnerism. This would give the affair the necessary spice of humor, were it not supplied otherwise by the critical prophets, one of whom, the famous Moritz Hauptmann, wrote, two years after the first performance of "Tannhäuser," that not one note of Wagner's music would survive him.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago the opera composer, Kienzl, got hold of, and published in a German newspaper, a long poem which Wagner wrote during the revolutionary movement in Dresden in 1849. The poem, at any rate, is in his own handwriting; but I cannot say that it throws any new light on the question as to how far Wagner took part in that rebellious uprising. That question was still a mooted point at the time when I wrote my life of Wagner, and I was unable to get access to the official documents. Better luck attended the efforts of Hugo Dinger, who has written a book with the uninviting title of "Richard Wagner's Geistige Entwickelung." I supposed at first that this was merely one of the countless tiresome æsthetico-metaphysical treatises which the German Wagnerites have inflicted on a weary world; but to my surprise and joy I found that the third chapter contains a number of interesting revelations regarding the revolutionary episode in Wagner's life. Dinger had influential friends in government circles, who secured permission for him to examine the judicial documents in Dresden. He was thus

thus able to nail many lies—for instance, Count Beust's slanderous statements that Wagner had set fire to the Prince's palace, and that he was condemned to death *in contumaciam.*

On the other hand, Dinger proves conclusively that what Wagner did do was more than sufficient to convict him of high treason. It was high treason merely to "recognize the provisional government," and the penalty for high treason was death. Wagner not only "recognized" this "government," but worked for it with all his might and main, by word and deed. It is probable that he did not carry a rifle, nor fight on the barricades like his friend, the subsequently famous architect Semper. But he knew all about the plots, accompanied Roeckel once when he ordered bombs, addressed recruits, and helped to give signals and watch for reinforcements on the Kreuz tower. Had he been caught—and he escaped by a mere accident, by refusing his friends' invitation to go in their wagon—he would have been condemned to death like the other culprits, and subsequently would have had the sentence commuted to ten years' imprisonment—in which case the seven latest and greatest of his operas would have never been written.

The oddest thing about the whole matter is that Wagner did not realize the seriousness of his misdemeanor, but would have gone back to Dresden after peace was restored had not his wife warned him that the police were after him! Dinger's book is full of other interesting details which I am sorry I did not have when I wrote my biography. I was able, however, to make use of them for the German translation of that work which will appear in a few months at Breslau. I have therein summed up this episode in the following words: "That Wagner's actions were ill-considered, foolish, and censurable, must be admitted. The object of my biography is to tell the truth about Wagner, not to make him out an immaculate saint, as Glasenapp, Ellis, and others have attempted to do."

EUGENE

EUGENE D'ALBERT, the Scotch pianist and composer, with the French name and German predilections, appears to be pursued by bad luck. He has lost the conductorship of the Weimar opera. He gave a concert in Dresden the other day for the benefit of the Bülow monument fund, which yielded only 548 marks, or about $135. If my memory serves me right, he intended to give a concert in Hamburg last spring, but had to abandon his plan because the advance sale was too small to pay expenses. On the other hand, when Joachim gave a concert in Hamburg, a few weeks ago, for the Bülow funds, the yield was 5,134 marks.

The sum so far raised for the Bülow monument in Hamburg is said to amount to about $4,000. No monument, however, will give the admirers of the witty pianist and conductor so much satisfaction as the announcement that Breitkopf and Härtel will soon publish a volume of his letters. This correspondence will doubtless contain much spice, irony, malice, and entertainment. Bülow would deserve immortality as a musical critic if he had never achieved any other *bon-mot* than this, that "Italy was the cradle of music and—remained the cradle."

To return to D'Albert for a moment. The readers of THE LOOKER-ON are, of course, aware that he has again obtained a divorce, this time from the fascinating and talented South American pianist, Teresa Carreño, whom it would be a pleasure to hear again in New York. The Berlin *Boersen-Courier* gives a brief account of the last act in the divorce proceedings, which I herewith translate as an interesting bit of double musical biography: "'Wilful desertion on the part of the husband' was given as the ground for the divorce, other deeper reasons being merely touched upon. The court decided to question both parties personally, and they were in consequence summoned by telephone, one after the other, by their attorneys. After a brief consultation, the court decided that the marriage between Carreno and D'Albert was annulled, and the husband alone declared the guilty party. Divorced again, the two famous artists, accompanied

panied by their counsel, left the court, D'Albert without visible signs of emotion, Carreño in tears and apparently deeply agitated."

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THE London *Times* the other day printed a startling telegram from Australia saying that Professor Anderson, of the University of Sydney, had succeeded in constructing an artificial larynx which he applied successfully in the case of a man who had lost the use of his voice.

So far there is nothing in this information that will seem very startling in these days of surgical wonders. But when the telegram adds that by changing certain tubes the man operated on can at will talk or sing in a soprano, tenor, or bass voice, we reach a different atmosphere. If this be true, then vocal teachers will soon have to shut up shop, for voices will presently be turned out in the machine-shops, and we shall have singers who will be Patti, Scalchi (easy), Jean and Edouard de Reszké in succession—or possibly at the same time, like Mr. Grossmith.

But what if Professor Anderson, or the correspondent of the London *Times*, should prove to be a wag? The *Times* is not noted for its sense of humor, and possibly some one has played a practical joke on it.

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IN the *Journal des Débats* I find a curious item about Mr. Gladstone, which would indicate that the eminent statesman is not as well informed in musical matters as he is in politics and Homeric lore. The other evening, so the *Journal* relates, some one spoke of Wagner at dinner, and Mr. Gladstone was quite surprised to hear that that composer was dead and had been dead more than twelve years. Mr. Gladstone, on the same occasion, expressed the opinion that the "best musical works are those which please the greatest number of people." If that is true, then the greatest of all composers—the writers of music-hall songs—are strangely and unjustly neglected by the critics and the cyclopædias

dias. But then, has it not always been the lot of true genius to be ignored?

However, Mr. Gladstone's dictum is not really so foolish as it seems. Popularity for a year, or for ten years—particularly immediate popularity—is no test whatever of merit in music or in any other art; but when we look backward, down the vista of decades and centuries, we find unquestionably that only the best and fittest survives. It takes years for the light of a fixed star to reach this planet, but when it arrives it is here to stay.

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POSSIBLY some of the Boston critics will feel a tinge of remorse when they read of the great triumphs which Mr. Arthur Nikisch is winning in Leipsic and Berlin as concert conductor. It was they who drove him from Boston, and now he has captured the two most desirable positions in all Germany, and is stirring up great enthusiasm. Mr. Nikisch has his faults, as man and conductor, and I once saw a very undiplomatic letter he had written to an amiable critic; but if you do not rub his fur the wrong way he is a most delightful companion. As a conductor he has ideas and the power to impress them on others. He is not a mere animated pendulum, but insists that a conductor has a right to his own conception of a piece, just as an actor has in regard to a rôle. The good Leipsicers, who have so long suffered under the drowsy baton of the conservative Reinecke, will now have a chance to learn something about modern music; and how they relish this relief may be inferred from the fact that one of them, on hearing of Nikisch's appointment, sent him a telegram reading, "We congratulate *ourselves!*"

As Leipsic and Berlin are only a few hours' ride apart, Mr. Nikisch will find it easy enough to take care of the Berlin Philharmonic concerts besides those of the Leipsic Gewandhaus. His first Berlin programme was very tempting. He engaged Josef Hofmann to play a Chopin concerto, and the orchestra played Tchaikovsky's

Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony, Beethoven's third "Leonora," and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture.

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AMERICA has lost another great musician who, though he came to us from abroad, might possibly under more favorable circumstances have made his home among us permanently, like Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, and many others. I refer to Anton Dvorák, who for three years presided over our National Conservatory of Music. It is doubtless a mistake ever to harness Pegasus, but Dr. Dvorák was lucky to get $12,000 a year instead of the thousand or so which he earned at the Prague conservatory. Mrs. Thurber's generosity has enabled him, in three years, to lay aside more for his children than his compositions will yield him in a lifetime.

The great Bohemian must have been surprised to find that so few of our American composers and would-be composers came to him for instruction and advice. I was surprised, too, until I found that the members of our Manuscript Society apparently consider themselves quite on a level with the greatest living orchestral composer. A swelled head is a great stumbling-block in the way of progress.

But the three years which Dr. Dvorák spent in America were not lost to art. Whatever may be thought of the Afro-American elements in his latest compositions, it cannot be denied that they impart to them a charming local color, something quite new in music. The slow movement of his "New World" symphony is a gem of the first water, the most beautiful thing ever composed in America. His American chamber music, too, is the best he has written, and if he completes his opera, "Hiawatha," we shall doubtless have some fine specimens of Americanized dramatic music. And for all this beauty and novelty the world has to thank Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, to whose inspiration and generosity Dr. Dvorák's visit to America was due.

Personally, Dr. Dvorák is not a social man. He is shy,

shy, and while in New York seldom went out to call or dine. He usually composed very early in the morning and always gave up an hour a day to religious devotion. He once told me that he found himself in a peculiar position, inasmuch as he was too Wagnerian for the conservatives and too conservative for the Wagnerites. In the harmonic and orchestral sphere he is to-day more Wagnerian than ever, but in the shaping of his ideas and the choice of forms he has been largely influenced by Brahms. It was Brahms who "discovered" him, and he is one of the few men to whom Brahms ever writes a letter.

I often had a little chat with Dr. Dvorák when I visited the conservatory to deliver my weekly lecture on the history of music. I became better acquainted with him when the editor of the *Century* asked me to get an article out of him on Schubert. It was not an easy thing to do; he refused at first point blank, saying he was not a writer. But by making it as easy as possible for him, I finally succeeded. I submitted a series of questions to him and then came for an answer, which he gave in the most fluent and eloquent manner. Of course I could not reproduce his exact words, but I did the best I could, and afterward had him revise the manuscript, so that every line in it had his approval. Subsequently he was pleased to get a letter from the greatest living authority on Schubert—Sir George Grove—who wrote to him that it was the best article on Schubert ever written. But Dvorák never saw the number of the magazine in which it appeared!

THE MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION IN AMERICA.

IN his charming work on "The Art of Music," Dr. Hubert Parry remarks that in music, form and design are most obviously necessary, because the very source and reason of existence of the art are so obscure. The instinct of the artist makes it a necessity for him to find terms which will be understood by other beings in whom his appeal can strike a sympathetic chord. The stronger the delight in the thought or feeling, the greater is the desire to make the terms in which it is conveyed unmistakably clear; and this instinctive desire is one of the main incitements to the development of design.

Of all types of humanity those who are possessed with artistic dispositions are notoriously most liable to an absorbing thirst for sympathy, which is sometimes interpreted by those who are not artistic as a love of approbation or notoriety; and though it does sometimes degenerate into that unhappy weakness, its source at least is not unworthy of respect.

The necessity of some such sympathy must have influenced the feelings of four young musicians, as they met together on the evening of August 27, 1889, to listen to each other's compositions. These men were Addison F. Andrews, Louis R. Dressler, Joseph Harrison (now deceased), and the writer of this article. The suggestion was then made that a Manuscript Musical Club be formed, starting with these four names as a nucleus. This, in brief, is the history of the inception of the Manuscript Society of New York, now probably the most notable organization of composers in the world.

During the first season of 1889–1890 seven private meetings were held, the majority of these being at Gerrit Smith's studio, which became a regular meeting-place of the society during that time.

In the following year, and continuing for some period, the society was enabled through the courtesy of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin to hold its private meetings, and transact its business, at their commodious Hall on Fifth Avenue.

These arrangements have now been superseded by the acquisition of new and commodious club-rooms at No. 17 East Twenty-second Street.

The first officers of the society were: Gerrit Smith, President; Louis R. Dressler, Secretary; Charles B. Hawley, Treasurer; Addison F. Andrews, Librarian.

The present officers are: Gerrit Smith, President; S. N. Penfield, 1st Vice-President; John L. Burdette, 2d Vice-President; Louis R. Dressler, Treasurer;

Treasurer; Harry W. Lindsley, Corresponding Secretary; J. Hazard. Wilson, Recording Secretary; Sumner Salter, Librarian and Secretary of Music Committee.

Board of Directors: Homer N. Bartlett, George F. Bristow, John L. Burdett, Frederic Dean, Louis R. Dressler, Henry G. Hanchett. Victor Harris, Robert Jaffray, Jr., Harry W. Lindsley, S. N. Penfield. Silas G. Pratt, Summer Salter, P. A. Schnecker, Gerrit Smith, J. Hazard Wilson.

The membership of the society is no longer confined to New York alone, nor to this country; but in its broad organization it numbers as active and honorary members composers from all over the United States and across the sea, from London, Paris, and Berlin.

The group of four men has now developed into a society of nearly nine hundred members, included in which number is almost every distinguished composer in the country. In the ranks of the society are many professional musicians, such as conductors, singers, and instrumentalists. Many of the most prominent musical patrons in New York City are associate members. The first subscribing member was Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the first honorary member M. Alexandre Guilmant, and the first life member Mr. John Jacob Astor. Since then an imposing array of new members attests the esteem in which the society is held by those who are invited to join its institutions.

The original prospectus stated the object of the society to be the advancement of musical composition in America, and the development of a spirit of honest musical criticism. Since then the society has also made it a part of its purpose to collect original manuscripts and to give annual exhibitions for the interpretation of the same.

Another dream of the founders has lately been realized, viz., the attractive new club-rooms, which go far to prove not only the prosperity of the society but its adherence to one of its primary and vital aims, namely, the promotion of fellowship and good feeling. Here, almost any day at lunch-time may be found groups of the most prominent musicians of New York. At the long table, which invites hospitality, one may find himself seated next to Dr. Wm. Mason, or Anton Seidl, or Walter Damrosch, or listen to the brilliant flights of Xavier Scharwenka, or the genial sayings of Jos. Mosenthal, or the dry witticisms of George F. Bristow.

Many and various are the subjects broached at the broad board. It may be a manuscript by Rossini, or an autograph of Beethoven, or a letter of Grisi's which is going the round of inspection. It may be a discussion as to the tendencies of modern music, it may be a question of dynamics or rhythm, or it may be only Joseph Mosenthal speaking French to an Italian waiter. But in no case is it considered a breach of decorum for the speaker to leave the table and seek the seclusion of the piano to give an illustration or to enforce an argument. If there is a lull in the conversation it is probably the quieting influence of some lady members who have just come in. The club is proud of its lady members, and always pauses to do them honor, and the

LOUIS R. DRESSLER,
Treasurer.

SUMNER SALTER,
Librarian.

GERRIT SMITH,
President.

JOHN L. BURDETTE,
2d Vice-President.

HARRY W. LINDSLEY,
Corresponding Secretary.

the society is proud of its increased list of women composers. Scarcely a concert is given without the appearance of some women composers, and this fact speaks well for the development of musical composition in a direction hitherto not encouraged or suspected.

As may be seen by the prospectus quoted below the public concerts, now numbering four yearly, are still given by the courtesy of Messrs. Chickering & Sons in their hall; while the six monthly private meetings will hereafter be held in the attractive hall of the new Mendelssohn Club building. Three of the public concerts are given with orchestra, and one is a chamber music concert. From among its list of members the society can now choose as conductors Anton Seidl, Walter Damrosch, Emil Paur, Theodore Thomas, Rheinhold Herrman, and others.

In the early days of the society it was possible for each composer to conduct his own work. While this was often of value to the composer as an object lesson it was also of occasional value to the audience as entertainment. The vision of a well-known composer rushing into Chickering Hall on a stormy [evening, with upturned trousers, and suddenly grasping the baton before a fashionable audience was almost enough to bring smiles in spite of the dramatic beauty of his orchestral work. Nor was it less a cause for surprise and merriment when another famous composer, forgetting it was his turn to conduct, left the audience waiting a quarter of an hour while he went out to compose a new symphony. If these early days were full of pleasant associations and incidents they were not, however, devoid of unceasing labor and care on the part of those who were interested in the growth and welfare of the society. Many has been the time when failure seemed imminent; many has been the time when money had to be advanced; but through it all there shone forth the unquestioned value and future dignity of an organization which now rests secure upon its own foundations.

The critics were kindly at first, but as several seasons went by and there was not apparent the desired improvement in musical development, they criticised only actual facts, and forgot to lend encouragement to ideals. Finally they forgot to criticise at all, which was the strongest proof of their condemnation. Still the society continued to exist.

Until the Manuscript Society began its missionary work of making it possible for a prophet to receive honor in his own country, it was the great exception when an American work could be heard in public. The American composer lived in a German atmosphere, instructive to be sure, necessary, I think, but the atmosphere of the school-room, the doors of which had some day to be thrown open and the scholars given an opportunity to meet and greet the great world outside. Many of these scholars have in their turn become teachers. They now say, Let us build an institution where we may express our thoughts publicly and in our own language. This institution is the Manuscript Society.

Alfred Bruneau, a composer of the younger school of French musicians

cians headed by César Franck, says that the American composers are at the beginning of their career, and that the school now having left its cradle must tend toward the search for national talent, local color, and characteristic ideal.

Another French critic says that American music is not yet born, but is "seeking itself." Writers in the German papers have praised the schooling and elegant thought of the American composers, but denied originality.

In ending this article I cannot do better than to quote the closing sentences from an essay by Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel:

"So far as the future is concerned, the American composer, who is following the example of his brethren of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia in studying German ideals, will stand an equal chance with them in the struggle for recognition; *as soon as he is put upon their level in respect of encouragement at home and abroad.* These things are necessary for the development of that 'vigorous forward man,' who, as Bagehot has contended in his discussion of the origin of literary schools, will strike out the rough notion of the style which the American people will find congenial, and which, for that reason, will find imitation. The characteristic mode of expression which will be stamped upon the music of the future American composer will be the joint creation of the American's freedom from conventional methods, and his inherited predilections and capacities. The reflective German, the mercurial Frenchman, the stolid Englishman, the warm-hearted Irishman, the impulsive Italian, the daring Russian will each contribute his factor to the sum of national taste. The folk-melodies of all nations will yield up their individual charms and disclose to the composer a hundred avenues of emotional expression which have not yet been explored. *The American composer will be the truest representative of a universal art, because he will be the truest type of a citizen of the world.*"

GERRIT SMITH.

WILLIAM C. CARL.

MR. CARL, the organist of the First Presbyterian Church, has returned from an extended tour through the West.

He did not intend this trip to be anything but a pleasure journey, and was as much surprised as any one could be when it became an artistic *tournée*. His farthest boundary was the Pacific Ocean; but if his New York engagements had not interfered he would have gone beyond it to Australia.

A representative of that country used his best endeavors to persuade Mr. Carl to this course, and perhaps another season will find him in the land of the gold-fields and the kangaroos.

In looking over the notices that appeared in some Western papers, commenting on his recitals, I was astonished to note the discernment and intelligence that characterized them. The most frequent observation was the mention of Mr. Carl's magnetic personality, something appreciated, but not defined.

The instant and complete silence that followed his appearance at the organ was noted as unusual, and also as a certain proof of the immediate sympathy that was established between the young organist and his eager listeners.

Such a silence fell upon the great audience when I heard Paderewski for the first time. I can never forget it, for it seemed to me that great and small were alike overpowered in the presence of that great genius.

In several small towns the idea of an organ recital was as novel as a bull-fight would be in New York.

To the cruder Western mind the organ filled a part of the Sunday service; but that it might be made a pleasure at any other time was not thought of, and its possibilities unknown.

Curiosity incited investigation, investigation created enthusiasm, and as a result Mr. Carl has booked many engagements for the future in these very towns, which fact tells its own story of the pleasure given and the popularity gained. In the larger towns, where the musical experience of the community was greater, the principal comment was in regard to Mr. Carl's technique. His exact phrasing was a revelation to many, and his marvellous registration received fine appreciation from those of the audience who were familiar with the organ and its almost unlimited capabilities. He was recalled again and again, and repeated many times the new sonata in C minor by Guilmant,

Guilmant, which brought forth such favorable comments from all the Eastern papers last spring. It is no new truth that it is because of the full, deep tones of the organ that most performers rely upon effect, and slight the very exact phrasing demanded of a pianist.

Mr. Carl plays with the precision of a great pianist, with the warmth and tone-color of a Guilmant. He is, in fact, the beloved pupil of that great master of the organ, "who is unexcelled for brilliancy of execution" and whose visit to this country will ever be remembered by music-lovers. A teacher, I take it, cares for his pupil with an artistic rather than a personal love. It is the pupil's success that stimulates and creates this love, that brings them closer together, that creates in the mind of the teacher a passion for his pupil's success that could not be equalled by his own personal ambition. When a pupil has created this feeling by his ability and progress, and when his teacher is a Guilmant, we may expect much of him. Mr. Carl's perpetual growth of power and technique is no longer a wonder to us, and we recognize and appreciate the genius that can bring from the organ the thunder-like roar of the "storms" or the sweet notes of the vesper hymn.

Each summer for many years Mr. Carl has found his way back to his master's villa, at Mendon; each fall he has returned with new treasures of feeling, new abilities of expression, new results of composition.

In future Mr. Carl will spend even a greater part of his time visiting all parts of the country; opening new organs, giving recitals (assisted by local artists), and adding his share to the musical culture and enjoyment to lovers of the great art.

As an evidence of Mr. Carl's earnest work, he has given a number of free recitals for several succeeding seasons in this city, and in consequence has received unusual testimony of the benefit derived from them by organists of less ability or fame.

To students these recitals have been invaluable, affording them an opportunity to listen to one who had accomplished early in life what they were anxiously aspiring to attain.

Organists whose duties deprive them of hearing the organ played at the Sunday services are very glad to avail themselves of these performances during the week, just as the students of art gaze with admiration and careful criticism upon the famous pictures produced by the skilful artist.

It gives us great pleasure to state that Mr. Carl will give four recitals during the coming season at the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, the dates of which are, Thursday, October 31st, November 7th, 14th, and 21st, at four o'clock, when a number of important novelties will figure on the programmes, several of which are dedicated to the young artist.

EXPRESSION IN VOICE AND ACTION.

THE PLACE OF ELOCUTION AMONG THE ARTS.

By F. Townsend Southwick.

To the actor and public speaker elocution is a means to an end; a means more or less valuable, according to its quality. In the estimation of many it is to be shunned as productive of artificiality and vocal deterioration. To the general public elocution means "speaking pieces" with more or less fluency and disregard of the sensibilities of one's unfortunate auditors. Few, even among its devotees, realize the true dignity and value of this study as a mental discipline. This is because few have ever studied elocution in an intellectual way.

The "old school" elocutionist of the better class wasted much time over the pedantic and cumbersome system formulated by Dr. Rush. The result was that the average pupil, having little time for study, found himself, at the end of the brief course, with a formidable vocabulary of technical terms, but with little real knowledge of how to use his voice. The cheaper class of elocutionists, falling back upon purely imitative methods both of study and instruction, and necessarily relying upon vocal trickery and the coarser sorts of comedy for whatever poor success of a public sort they could command, neither dreamed themselves nor could enable others to conceive of aught that could elevate either student or audience.

In every generation a few superior and truly intellectual elocutionists have kept before the public the possibilities of the art, but there is no denying that to the world in general elocution stands for trash and clap-trap on the one hand, or for good literature, violently murdered, on the other.

Yet there is no art of them all that has a more honorable history, or is in itself a grander means of personal culture than this same despised elocution. It is the elder brother of the Drama and the father of Music.

Literature owes as much if not more to the arts of recitation pure and simple than to any other. If the actor points to Shakespeare as the representative of his art, the elocutionist can go back to old Homer, who was in his times a reciter, and can even claim a good share of the glory of the Greek tragedy, which originally, as we know, partook far more of the character of recitation than of what we denominate dramatic expression.

Nor is the function of the elocutionist obsolete to-day. There are thousands

thousands of refined people who enjoy listening to genuine interpretations of the masters of English prose and poetry. There are other thousands who could be taught to love Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, and others of the poets, if only the readers would do for their art what the musicians are doing everywhere to-day for theirs. It is a mistake to assume that audiences care for nothing but trash. Too many audiences do, because they know no better, or have learned to expect nothing better from their entertainers. Artists like Churchill, Riddle, Richardson, Powers, and others whose names will occur to the reader do not need to condescend to their audiences. But even on occasions when a certain amount of cheap literature may be demanded, the reader must be wofully lacking in respect for himself and his art who will not give at least one worthy selection worthily rendered. Nearly all of literature that deserves the name lends itself to vocal interpretation. The older poets were either reciters or balladists—that is, dramatic soloists; their excellencies of expression, dramatic fire, and musical cadence they owe very largely to the fact that they were composed not for the eye but for the ear. One test of modern poetry is still its vocal effect.

Consciously or unconsciously, the poet has before him an audience that is moved not by the rhetorical but by the musical or emotional contents of his poem. The same thing is true of all great prose writing. Trace back any fault in composition, and it will be seen that it is a violation of some perhaps unrecognized law of vocal expression. If these laws are forgotten or ignored, written expression, which, after all, is but the symbol for speech, will deteriorate. In fact, much of the verbosity or obscurity of certain modern authors may be easily referred to this ever-widening gap between the written and the spoken word. When, as is certain to be the case, expression comes to its own again, not the least of the blessings it will bring with it will be the restoration of the ancient criterion to literature—its oratorical effect.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.*

EDITED BY JOHN DENISON CHAMPLIN AND WILLIAM FOSTER APTHORP.

A FEW years ago the Scribners published a "Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians," which every musician and music-lover would have been delighted to possess, but which was so expensive that only wealthy amateurs could afford to buy it. It is true that for three such sumptuously printed, bound, and illustrated volumes, of about five hundred pages each, $75 was not a dollar too much, but it was more then the average music-lover, whose purse is apt to be slender, could pay. Luckily, however, the publishers have now issued a new edition, little inferior in beauty, and with all the valuable features of the first, but with the price reduced to $15, which, considering the importance of the work, makes it a "genuine bargain," as the ladies say.

Of musical dictionaries there are a multitude in the field, and those of Riemann (of which an English version by Mr. Shedlock is to appear soon) and Grove are of course essential to every musical library. But even those who have Riemann and Grove ought to add to it the "Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians," which has some important features missing in the other works. Suppose, for instance, that you want to "read up" about Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Riemann's "Lexicon" makes no special mention of the opera, and Grove gives it eight lines, whereas in the "Cyclopædia" you will find four columns about it, giving its history, original cast, plot of the libretto, names of the principal arias, costume portraits of eminent singers, etc. Moreover, suppose you do not, for the moment, happen to remember who wrote "La ci darem la mano," then all you have to do is to look that line up in its alphabetical place, and you will be referred to the article on "Don Giovanni."

Another feature in which the "Cyclopædia" is superior to all other works of its kind is to be found in the bibliography attached to each article. This enables you, in case you want more information about this same opera than the "Cyclopædia" can give, to go to the library and look up the books and periodicals it refers to—Dwight's *Journal of Music*, Hanslick's "Moderne Oper," Edwards's "Lyrical Drama," etc., etc. This feature alone makes the "Cyclopædia" indispensable to every critic and student. In compiling these bibliographic refer-

*3 vols. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

ences

ences the editors, John Denison Champlin and William F. Apthorp, have shown the most comprehensive erudition and patient research. The writer of this notice frequently receives letters from all parts of the United States, asking "Where can I find an article on 'Peer Gynt'?" or some other composition; and his answer almost invariably is, "Consult Scribner's 'Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians.'"

Biographic notices of mere performers and musical literati do not come within the scope of this work, but, on the other hand, modern composers, especially those of America, receive an unusual share of attention. Paine, MacDowell, Chadwick and others are discussed at considerable length, and lists of their principal works given. In the matter of portraits, too, the "Cyclopædia" is more profusely supplied than any other work of its kind. The articles are written in choice English and in the most impartial spirit.

In those cases where the authors have taken their information largely from other musical books of reference—Mendel, Fétis, Riemann, etc.—they honestly and frankly indicate their sources. But an examination of the articles shows that the authors do not claim too much when they say that their statements are not made at second hand, but are based on original research. It is possible that errors occur, but the reviewer has never came across one, although he has used the book constantly for several years. Grove, on the other hand, is frequently misleading, and even Riemann is not infallible, although his fourth edition is a great improvement on its predecessors. The greatest difficulty with all musical cyclopædias is that new composers, players, and singers will persist in coming forward. But, after all, most of them are comets who hardly deserve to have their names recorded among the stars of the musical firmament. Mascagni and Leoncavallo, for instance, are not to be found in Scribner's "Cyclopædia." Riemann, in his last edition, grudgingly gives them some little space, but the tone of his comments indicates that he feels confident that in his fifth edition he will be able to omit them again, as being no longer of any consequence.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A STUDY IN ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

THE purpose of Prof. Wendell's book * is, as he informs us, "to present a coherent view of the generally accepted facts concerning the life and work of Shakespeare." Its object is by means of serious criticism "so to increase our sympathetic knowledge of what we study that we may enjoy it with fresh intelligence and appreciation." The method by which this object is to be attained is "to see Shakespeare . . . as he saw himself."

The facts of Shakespeare's life, so far as we know them, are succinctly rehearsed. Then follows a chapter on "Literature and the Theatre in England until 1587." The former is summed up as follows: "In 1587, then, one may safely say that for above thirty years a certain

* Charles Scribner's Sons.

graceful

graceful poetic culture had been the fashion; that its chief conscious object—so far as it had any—was to civilize a barbarous language; that it delighted in oddity and novelty, and that it inclined to disdain publication." A description of the English theatre follows.

The form which the Renaissance took in Southern Europe was Architecture and Painting. In England it found expression in the Drama. When Shakespeare began to write he found a theatre, crude to be sure, but still well regulated and firmly established. He also found himself preceded by and surrounded by a group of dramatic writers. This environment, without any doubt, had a powerful influence on the manifestation of his genius. Prof. Wendell briefly, but I think accurately, describes this environment.

For the purpose of "defining Shakespeare's artistic individuality," he then analyzes the poems and the plays in the order in which he supposes they were written. In so doing he follows the chronological order as elaborated by Prof. Dowden and Dr. Furnivall. Of course the dates at which the different plays were written will always be a mooted question. The data upon which to form an absolutely accurate opinion do not exist. For all practical purposes, however, the order followed by Prof. Wendell is sufficiently correct. One of the distinguishing traits of Shakespeare's genius, mentioned by Prof. Wendell, which is manifested both in the poems and plays, is "that to a remarkable degree words stand for actual concepts." He discarded the euphuisms of the day. He eschewed the practice of writing pretty phrases. "To him, beyond any other writer of English, words and thoughts seemed naturally identical."

In the first dramatic work Shakespeare did he was the playwright. He took old plays and remodelled them, here and there adding, and in other places expurgating. In comparing the work in the early plays with that which follows, Prof. Wendell makes this distinction which, I think, is well founded: "While the interest of the preceding plays is chiefly historical, the interest of those to come remains intrinsic; apart from any historical conditions they are often in themselves delightful." Further, "while in the preceding plays one finds at bottom hardly anything more significant than versatile technical experiment, one finds throughout those to come constant indications of growing, spontaneous, creative imagination." It is impossible within the limits of this criticism to follow in detail the author's comments on all the plays.

Prof. Wendell's book is the fruit of careful study and mature reflection. It is scholarly and suggestive, and is a valuable addition to Shakespearian literature.

WM. H. FLEMING.

By Wm. H. Fleming.

MADAME MODJESKA AS ISABELLA.

In her engagement, during October, at the Garrick Theatre, Madame Modjeska presented *Measure for Measure*. This play is seldom acted on the modern stage. The plot of the play is as follows:

The Duke Vincentio decides to leave Vienna. Before doing so he commissions Angelo to act as his deputy.

Old Escalus, an ancient lord, becomes his secondary. Claudio, a young gentleman, has been too intimate with Juliet, and thereby violated an old, and for many years obsolete, law of Vienna. The new governor, Angelo, decides to enforce this law, and

"Now puts the drowsy and neglected act"

in force. Claudio appeals for assistance to his sister Isabella, who is about to enter a convent. At Claudio's request she goes to Angelo and pleads for her brother's life. Angelo, whose life hitherto has been blameless, is suddenly overcome with a passionate desire for Isabella, and, as she retires saying,

"Heaven keep your honour safe!"

Angelo, in an aside, responds:

"Amen;
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross."

When Angelo is left alone, in a soliloquy, he reveals his most hidden thoughts and feelings:

"What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season."

Angelo yields to the temptation and when Isabella again goes to him to plead for her brother's life, declares:

"Plainly conceive, I love you,"

and makes the salvation of her brother's life depend on Isabella's sacrifice of her honor.

Isabella

Isabella reports to her brother:

"Yes, brother, you may live.
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death."

Claudio's desire to live, and dread of death, are so intense that he begs his sister, even on the condition of her dishonor, to save him.

"Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue."

Isabella, with the utmost scorn and contempt, rejects this proposition:

"O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
. . . . .
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Tis best that thou diest quickly."

Angelo denies all appeals for mercy and orders Claudio's execution. The Duke, who has assumed the disguise of a friar and returned to Vienna, becomes informed of these facts. He, by a subterfuge, saves Claudio and calls Angelo to a strict account. The latter confesses and says:

"Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession,
Immediate sentence then and sequent death
Is all the grace I beg."

The Duke condemns him to death:

"'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *For Measure*."

Isabella, with a charity and forgiveness which are almost divine, beseeches the Duke to pardon Angelo. The Duke grants her petition. Claudio now appears, and is ordered by the Duke:

"She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore."

Angelo is commanded to love Mariana, to whom he is betrothed, and the Duke says:

"Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine."

Such is the plot of this play.

Of course Isabella is acted by Madame Modjeska. The character of Isabella is entirely original with Shakespeare, and is one of the most finely drawn of any of the poet's creations. She is, as Lucio describes her,

". . . a thing enskied and sainted,"

and this she remains all through the trying experiences of her dramatic life.

life. In some respects Isabella is a difficult character to act. She has the delicacy and refinement of feeling of the true woman, and as well the strong affection of the sister. These two emotions are brought into conflict. She is tempted to do wrong from a good motive, to sacrifice her honor in order to save her brother's life.

The portrayal of this mental and emotional struggle as done by Madame Modjeska is a fine piece of dramatic art. Her voice, like Cordelia's, is "soft, gentle, and low." This adds greatly to the effect of her pleading with Angelo for her brother's life. When Angelo positively refuses to be merciful and to save Claudio, her sense of right and justice becomes outraged, and Madame Modjeska with great force rebukes him:

> ". . . man, proud'man,
> Dreat in a little brief authority,
> . . . . .
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep!"

The climax of the play is the scene between Isabella and Claudio in the prison. In this scene Madame Modjeska is at her best. Isabella tells Claudio:

> "There is a devilish mercy in the judge."

When she plainly declares what it is, viz., mercy dependent on the sacrifice of her honor, she tells Claudio it is better he should die. When Claudio, however, begs her to make the sacrifice, her love for her brother, her grief at his impending death immediately give way to wrath at his baseness and pusillanimity:

> "Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?"

She utterly scorns him:

> ". . . Take my defiance!
> Die, perish!"

Madame Modjeska acted this scene grandly. The different shades of feeling, fraternal love, deep sympathy, passing into the strongest contempt, are all portrayed by her with great refinement and power. No woman on the English-speaking stage could act this character as perfectly as does Madame Modjeska. Her portrayal is dignified and fascinating; at times full of pathos, at others of scorn, and always charming.

The other principal characters are fairly well acted. The play is properly staged, and should be seen by all lovers of the Shakespearian drama.

PROFESSIONAL NOTES

WE hear that Rhea is making a great success in her new play, "Nell Gwynne," Paul Kester's five-act drama. It is said she will be seen in it here before the season closes.

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MR. WILLIAM H. RIEGER, whose fine tenor voice adds its own de light to all the principal musical festivals of this city and of the country at large, has opened the season with a very large number of engagements.

***

WE are in receipt of a small book, issued by Gustave L. Becker, No. 70 West 95th Street, containing valuable suggestions to parents who desire to have their children taught music thoroughly. It may be obtained free on application.

***

MR. JOHN CORNELIUS GRIGGS, of the Metropolitan College of Music, is to give a series of illustrated lectures on Worship Music before the Divinity School of Yale College. There will be seven of them, and they thoroughly cover the subject.

***

MR. HEINRICH MEYN is coming rapidly to the front. He is to appear at the first Damrosch Oratorio Concert. He has also many minor engagements. He is a young man of refined and powerful voice, and of a temperament which is sure to attract.

***

WE have seen an advance copy of the German Opera Souvenir, which is to be sold at a nominal price—ten cents—at all the performances of the German Opera Company. It is beautifully illustrated, and is, in short, a unique and telling book of its kind.

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MISS MARY LOUISE CLARY, the remarkable young contralto whose singing of "Ben Bolt" has perhaps done more than anything else to popularize in this country the song of Du Maurier's heroine, will be heard this season in work ranging all the way from her favorite oratorio of "Samson and Delilah" to "Trilby recitals." She will sing in most of our leading cities, including Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Toledo, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Washington, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn.

THE

THE LOOKER-ON

DECEMBER, 1895.

A NEW JULIETTE.

By Frederic Dean.

THERE is an old-time stage tradition to the effect that "a woman can never play the part of *Juliet* until she is too old to look it." If this be true of Shakespeare's creation what shall be said of Gounod's heroine? For, here is required the same beauty, the same girlish figure, the same poetic child possessed of the fervor, the passion, the self-devotion of highest womanhood, and, in addition, a voice of girlish purity charged with true dramatic fire. Truly, a combination rarely to be found, and, she who is thus endowed of the Gods must indeed possess the rarest of qualifications for such a rôle.

With the opening of the present season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, a new prima donna was presented in the rôle of *Juliette*. She came unheralded, save by the customary press notices that accompany every newcomer, be she worthy or unworthy of the newspaper praise lavished upon her; in the interviews had with her prior to her public appearance, she was described as a modest, unassuming little woman;

woman; and, save for an occasional picture of a face of rare beauty, we knew but little of her whom we to-day delight to call an ideal *Juliette.*

Frances Saville is ever a beautiful picture whether as the light-hearted belle of a Veronese ball, as the loving woman clinging to her *Romeo* in spite of all opposition, or as the sorrowful, dying wife who gives up her life to be with him whom she loves more than life. As she trips down the steps of Capulet's palace she is the personification of youthful charm. The face, the figure, the dress, the manner, all picture the *Juliette* of our fancy, light-hearted, happy, free from all sorrow, from all care. But a lover crosses her path and note the change. Here is the same beauty to be sure; but a new look has crept into the eyes, a new being is this for whom there is no world save *Romeo*, no atmosphere save love. Truly we can quote Leigh Hunt's criticism of a *Juliet* of by-gone days, and say of Mme. Saville that "love, tenderness, and sorrow were rarely represented with more effectual truth."

"Romeo and Juliette" is the most poetic of Shakespeare's plays. It has been set to music by the most poetic of modern French composers, and has in this new exponent of its heroine one of the most poetic of *Juliettes*. Mme. Saville besides possessing youth and beauty, a voice of surpassing loveliness and true dramatic power, is endowed to a large degree with that nameless something we call magnetism, magnetism of voice as well as magnetism of personal presence. Though her tones are beautiful they are not cold, and though her action is full of tragic power she is ever the same winsome attractive being, an ideal personification

SCENE FROM ROMEO AND JULIET

tion of the heroine of the greatest love story ever told. Mme. Saville sings as though she loved to sing. How joyous was the waltz in the first scene, how tender were the low pulsating notes with which she converses with her lover in the moonlight, how sorrow-laden were the tones of the heart-broken wife over the dead body of her lover-husband. There is a feature of Mme. Saville's singing that must be here noticed, as it is ever present in her work, and that is a reserve power that makes every note appear easy, every effort free from possibility of failure. Is it a cadenza? You feel confident no note will be sacrificed. Is it a passage demanding special force? Ample strength is held in reserve for still greater power than is needed. And thus a feeling of perfect security is begotten, and one rests in the satisfaction of knowing that no difficulties will arise that will not be met and conquered, no beauties of the score, or interpretation of the part will be lost sight of.

It is a pleasure to see so charming an actress in the part. Mme. Saville inherits from her Gallic mother the power of expression by look and gesture. The French, as a race, are born actors and actresses, and the mother of our *Juliette*, a cultivated singer, possessed to a rare degree this same power of mimicry. Du Maurier tells us there is no genius without a drop of oriental blood in his veins. Mme. Saville inherits from her father's family this "golden taint of genius," and thus right honestly does she come by her talent. This mixture of the Oriental and southern European has produced in the daughter capabilities and powers accorded only to the few. That she has not been negligent of her gifts is shown by her excellent use

to

to which she has already put them. The best of training, under the most capable masters, has given her power to become a pet of the European music centers, and, surely if she continue in other rôles her good work done in *Juliette*, she will end by finding herself enshrined in our "heart of heart."

The performance of the opera in which Mme. Saville made her American début was in every way satisfactory. *Romeo and Juliette*, the culminating point in Gounod's career, is in itself a work of great beauty and charm, and with such interpreters as Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Plançon, Bauermeister, and a host of others, there could be no other verdict than that of well done.

There were other newcomers in the cast that deserve a word of praise. M. de Vries, the *Mercutio* of the evening, is an addition to the company. His portrayal of the character was strong and harmonious throughout, and his Queen-Mab recitation received the recognition it deserved. Miss Clara Hunt, who essayed the part of *Stephano*, sang creditably for the first appearance on any stage, and Rinaldini, Vaschetti, Castelmary, Mauquiere contributed their share toward making a successful *premier*.

But methought that there was an unusual charm about the entire performance, more poetic beauty in the balcony scene, more than usual tragic power in the last act of all. *Romeo* was more impassioned in his wooing, *Capulet* more obdurate, the good *Friar* more then ever sorry for the fate of the poor lovers, the ever-present, never-to-be-gotten-along-without Mlle. Bauermeister was more than usually urgent in her importunities in the rôle of the "original woman's rights' dame"

—the

—the strong-minded *Nurse*—while the baton of the conductor Bevignani exerted an unusual power over the gentleman of the orchestra.

And wherein lies the secret? Can it be possible that this newcomer could so permeate every scene as to give additional power and beauty not only to the entire work, but to the task of each individual worker? Solve the riddle as you will, no more charming performance of *Romeo et Juliette*, and no more poetic interpretation of Gounod's heroine has been seen in this city for many a day.

Welcome to our new *Juliette!*

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

BY WM. H. FLEMING.

NEARLY every fact mentioned in this play is taken by Shakespeare from Plutarch. Plutarch's record of them is a history; Shakespeare's is a drama. Wherein is the difference between these two forms of literary composition? A history is a narration of events; a drama is a representation of events by means of action. The word drama is derived from the Greek word *dran*, to do, to act. Aristotle's definition of tragedy is: "An imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, *not told, but represented*, which, by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our minds." In answering the question: What is that which we call dramatic? James Russell Lowell (*Old English Dramatists*, p. 25) not only defines with perfect accuracy the drama, but also makes very lucid and vivid the difference between it and history. "In the abstract it is thought or emotion in action, or on its way to become action. In the concrete it is that which is more vivid if represented than described, and which would lose if narrated." Plutarch tells

tells us about the conspiracy which resulted in the death of Julius Cæsar. Shakespeare puts the conspirators on the stage; we hear them speak; we see them act. This, however, is not the only difference between these two species of literary composition. They differ not only in form but in nature. "History and poetry," says Aristotle (*Poetics*, Chap. IX.), "are distinguished herein that the one relates what has occurred, the other relates of what nature the occurrence has been. . . . Poetry refers to the general, and history to the particular. The general is how such and such a man would speak or act according to probability or necessity. . . . The particular, on the contrary, is what Alcibiades has done or suffered."

Dramatic poetry is not actual but imaginative truth. It appeals not so much to the intellect as to the imagination; to the imaginative reason; to the intellectual emotions. Poets are the ideal interpreters of life. Shakespeare adds to Plutarch's facts a subtle, indefinable ideality. After Claudio had cruelly slandered Hero and then deserted her at the marriage altar, Father Francis advised that she be hidden, and a notice of her death published. The effect of this, he said, would be:

> "When Claudio shall hear she died upon his words,
> The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
> Into his study of imagination,
> And every lovely organ of her life
> Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
> More moving, delicate, and full of life,
> Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
> Than when she lived indeed:"
>
> *M. A.* about *N.* iv. 1, 225, *seq.*

In

In these words, which are the very highest reach of imaginative poetry, Shakespeare describes his own work in this drama. By his vivifying imagination he resurrects these men.

> ". . . graves at his command
> Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd and let 'em forth
> By his so potent art." *Temp.* v. 1, 48.

He recreates them. He reveals to us "the idea," *i. e.*, the image, of their lives, and this he does so perfectly that we perceive not so much the body as the mind and spirit. Not to the naked eye but to the eye of the mind are revealed the thoughts, emotions, intentions, the conflict between "blood and judgment"; the subtle interflow of good and evil; in a word, all these powerful, though silent and invisible, forces which constituted the springs of action in each of these men. As a result, "every organ of their lives" is disclosed, and Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Antony, and the others appear before us not as shades of the departed, but as living men.

> "More moving, delicate and full of life
> . . . . . .
> Than when they lived indeed."

Of course, this idealism of the poet must be founded on realism. He must possess imaginative verity. He must see into the very "heart of heart" of a man or woman, and in his drama portray that man or woman with perfect truthfulness. Shakespeare would have erred if he had ascribed to Portia the morals of Cleopatra, or to Brutus the baseness of Iago. At the same time historical accuracy in every minor detail is not a requisite

requisite of a great drama. Sciolists speak of Shakespeare's incorrect history. By so doing they manifest ignorance of the nature of a historical drama, and also their lack of the critical faculty. Such in the words of Sir William Davenant (*Preface to "Gondibert"*) "take away the liberty of the Poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of the Historian." Shakespeare did not, nor was it necessary that he should, follow history literally.

Into Brutus's mouth he puts these words:

> "My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
> The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King."

This is not historically correct. Brutus was not of that family. "Brutus who expelled the Tarquins," says Froude, (*Cæsar*, p. 507,) "put his sons to death, and died childless; Marcus Brutus came of good plebeian family, with no glories of tyrannicide about them; but an imaginary genealogy suited well with the spurious heroics which veiled the motives of Cæsar's murderers."

Plutarch says Cæsar was stabbed twenty-three times. Shakespeare speaks of "Cæsar's three and thirty wounds." As a matter of history Cæsar never uttered the words *Et tu Brute!* They were original with Shakespeare. The latter was not a historian, but a poet. He knew that if Cæsar, when he saw his trusted friend Brutus raise the dagger, had expressed his thoughts and feelings it would have been in such words *Et tu Brute!* For as Antony in his speech said:

> ". . . when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
> Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
> Quite vanquished him."

These

These words, therefore, while not historically, are poetically true.*

I have descanted, possibly more at length than some may think needful, upon the difference between a history and a drama, because that difference is essential, and must always be borne in mind by the critical student. A knowledge of that difference guards against an incorrect method of studying a historical drama. It must be studied, not as history, not with reference to the correctness or incorrectness of its statements, but as a drama. To do the former is entirely to misconceive the intention of the poet, and, as a consequence, to fail utterly in comprehending and appreciating the poem. It is a mistake similar to that pointed out so long ago by Plutarch (*Morals. Of Hearing*): "He that goes about to split wood with a key, and to unlock a door with an axe, does not so much misemploy his instruments, as deprive himself of the proper use of both."

There are two kinds of tragedies. In one the hero is the active agent in causing the catastrophe; in the other, the hero is passive, the catastrophe being produced by forces outside of, independent of, himself. In the two, the dramatist portrays human life as dominated by one or the other of the two great forces which control it; in the former, Free-Will; in the latter, Fate, overruling Providence. Both these forces are referred to in this

* "Truth, narrative and past, is the idol of historians (who worship a dead thing), and truth, operative and by its effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason."

SIR WM. DAVENANT, *Preface to "Gondibert."*

drama

drama. Cassius alludes to the former when, in his first conversation with Brutus, he said:

> "Men at some time are masters of their fates.
> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Cæsar refers to the latter, *viz.*, Fate, overruling Providence, when he asks Calphurnia:

> ". . . What can be avoided,
> Whose end is purposed by the mighty Gods?"

And again:

> "Of all the wonders that I yet have heard
> It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
> Seeing that death a necessary end,
> Will come when it will come."

Shakespeare has written both kinds of tragedies. His art is many-sided, catholic. Examples of the former are Macbeth, Richard III. In these plays the hero, by his own will, expressing itself in a series of deeds, is the direct cause of the catastrophe which overwhelms him. An example of the latter is Romeo and Juliet. In this play Shakespeare describes the

> ". . . misadventured piteous overthrows,"

of

> "A pair of star-cross'd lovers,"

whose lives are sacrificed owing to a feud which was not of their causing. Othello is also a tragedy of the second kind. And so also is Julius Cæsar. Cæsar is not, as were Macbeth and Richard III. the direct cause of his own death. In this drama he is not only active, but passive. Forces outside of himself bring the action to

a climax. Other forces, still outside of himself, carry the action forward to the catastrophe. While he is the cause of the action, he is such *not as doing anything in the drama, not as an actor therein*, but as representing a sentiment, embodying a principle, *viz.*, Imperialism. While living he is the passive cause of the conspiracy; when dead, he is the equally passive cause of the retribution. It is his wounds,

> "Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
> To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:

that caused Antony to speak. It is his

> ". . . wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,"

which had power to

> ". . . move
> The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny"

that demand vengeance.

A third characteristic of this play, wherein it differs from most others is—no one person dominates it. The action centers around Julius Cæsar. He, however, is passive. The forepart, all preceding the Climax, is dominated by the conspirators. Of these, at the beginning, Cassius is the leader. He soon gives way to Brutus, who becomes the master-spirit. The after-part, all following the Climax, is dominated by the revengers, of whom Antony is the controlling personality. But no one person dominates the action of this play from beginning to end as did Henry V., Henry VIII., Coriolanus, Hamlet in the plays bearing those names. This drama, unlike those, is not a delineation of a person, but of a principle. It describes not so much the fortunes

tunes of Cæsar as it does the conflict between Republicanism and Imperialism. True, Antony said:

> "All the conspirators save only he (Brutus),
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar."

This opinion is questionable. But whether Antony was correct or incorrect of one fact there is no doubt; *viz.*, the avowed and ostensible motive which governed the conspirators in assassinating Cæsar was not dislike of him personally, but the belief that he embodied a principle which threatened the life of the Republic. As the play proceeds, this idea is iterated and reiterated. This was the final consideration which induced Brutus to join the conspirators.

> "It must be by his death: and, for my part,
> I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
> But for the general."

He reiterated this opinion in his first conference with the conspirators,

> "We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,"

and then expressed regret that in order to destroy the principle which, as he thought, Cæsar embodied, it was necessary to kill Cæsar:

> "O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
> And not dismember Cæsar."

After the murder he told Antony the motive which led him to stab his friend was

> ". . . pity to the general wrong of Rome."

It was the one reason which Brutus gave to the citizens for the justification of the assassination: "If there be any

any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer—Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more." In this statement Brutus was sincere. The motive which governed him, and which was announced as the motive of all, was a desire to save the Republic:

> "I slew my best lover for the good of Rome."

Cæsar's spirit, as the expression of treason against the Republic, was the cause and object of the attack.

As Cæsar's spirit was the cause of the action *so was it also of the reaction.* It caused the conspiracy which culminated in the assassination. It likewise caused the retribution which brought to Cassius and Brutus defeat and death. For, as Antony stood over the mangled body, apostrophizing it as

> ". . . thou bleeding piece of earth,"

he said the consequence of that murder would be:

> "A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
> Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
> Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
> With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
> Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war:"

and so it did.

Nor did Cæsar's spirit cease to range for revenge until

until it brought death to Brutus and Cassius. At the close of the battle of Philippi, just previous to committing suicide, Brutus said:

> "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
> Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords,
> In our own proper entrails."

As I previously said, no one man dominates this play. It does not treat of Julius Cæsar as an individual; it does not dramatize his personal life and fortunes. It treats of him only so far as he is the embodiment of a principle. The unity of the drama is not in a person but in the action. That action relates to the Conspiracy, its formation, its culmination, its consequence; the avowed object of which conspiracy was, by killing Cæsar, to preserve to the Roman people

> "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

In conclusion this play is unlike most of the Shakesperian dramas in that it is *simple*. I use the word in its original sense (Latin *simplex*), *i. e.*, not complicated. The action of the drama is not involved. There are no sub-actions. There are several episodes. These are very brief, and of very minor importance. The movement from beginning to end consists almost wholly of the Main Action. That moves steadily upwards to the Climax. From there it advances, almost without interruption to the Catastrophe. The Introduction consists of Act I. and describes the formation of the Conspiracy. With the completion of that the action of the drama begins. This ushers in the second division or Growth which consists of Act II., Scenes 1 and 2. Its subject is

is the plans of the conspirators which are perfected. The Climax or third division extends from Act II., 3, to Act III., 2 inclusive. It describes all that immediately precedes and all that immediately succeeds the assassination. The Fall, the fourth dramatic division, extends from Act III., 3, to IV. *finis*. It marks the beginning of the end. The action changes its course. It foreshadows the Retribution. This is followed by the Catastrophe, Act V., which brings the action of the drama to a conclusion with the defeat and death of the conspirators.

(*To be continued.*)

A DESIDERATUM IN CONCERT-GIVING.

By William Foster Apthorp.

We are living in a more and more luxurious age, one of the marked characteristics of which is that many things which, years ago, were to be regarded as luxuries have now become, or are fast becoming, sheer necessaries. Times change. A little over a hundred years ago, Mozart wrote home in high glee from Paris about the "luxury" of being able to write a symphony for an orchestra that contained a pair of clarinets. Twenty years ago, Von Bülow stepped angrily up to the edge of the Boston Music Hall platform, at a private rehearsal with orchestra, and wished to be informed what he was going to do without a fourth horn? "*Un quatrième cor, ce n'est pas un luxe, voyons! Il me faut absolument un quatrième cor!* (Come, a fourth horn is no luxury! I absolutely must have a fourth horn!)" And nowadays we feel ourselves rather ill-used if, at a performance of selections from Wagner's *Nibelungen*, four ordinary band-instruments are substituted for the prescribed quartet of authentic Bayreuth-tubas. The time may not have quite come yet, but it is fast coming when we shall feel our poverty and provincialism at the absence of a real Bayreuth-tuba, much as we used to feel them thirty or forty years ago, whenever a double-bassoon part had to be played on a bass-tuba, or a second-bassoon part on a 'cello.

This

This modern luxury, or rather this changing of whilom luxuries into necessaries, is an excellent thing in its way. I have sometimes thought it would be well to have it more thorough-going than it actually is. We now fully appreciate the importance of giving a composer's score just as he wrote it; it would be better still if we showed an equal appreciation of the importance of giving it under just the conditions he had in mind when he wrote it. It seems to me that there is one not unimportant item in concert-giving which has sadly fallen out of notice—one missing luxury which ought long since to have become a necessary.

The enormous growth of the modern orchestra, and the corresponding development of the art of modern orchestration have had as their result something more than the mere demand for large instrumental masses and once rare instruments. It should be a source of satisfaction to us that here, in America—or at least in New York and Boston, probably also in Chicago—we are in a condition to meet this demand more fully than it is met anywhere in Europe, with the exception of Paris and London. But, as I have said, this particular demand is not the only result of modern orchestral writing.

Time was when the traditional division of instrumental music into orchestral and chamber-music was quite rational; it was a classification in fact as well as in name. Under the head of chamber-music came all compositions for the pianoforte (except concertos), either alone or with other instruments; also, all those forms of concerted writing—trios, quartets, quintets, etc.—in which each part in the score is to be played by a single instrument.

ment. Under the head of orchestral music came all compositions for more or less full orchestra, such as symphonies, overtures, suites, divertimenti, etc. The propriety of giving chamber-music in smaller halls than those used for orchestral performances was universally acknowledged; and this acknowledgedly valid principle was pretty generally carried out in concert-giving practice. But it is to be noted that, with time, orchestral music began to appeal to a larger public than chamber-music; more people cared to go to symphony or popular orchestral concerts than to (nearly always "classical") chamber-concerts. Hayden's, Mozart's, Beethoven's, Schubert's, Mendelssohn's, and Schumann's symphonies and overtures were enjoyed by hundreds, where their quartets and trios were enjoyed by tens. These larger audiences had somehow to be housed—for concert-giving organizations are naturally loth to refuse good money when it is offered—and orchestral concert halls began to be built larger and larger. The orchestral concert hall got at last to vie in size with the opera-house. Indeed, there are not a few opera-houses in the world that would be only too glad to be able to count upon such audiences as habitually attend symphony concerts to-day.

That this building of large concert halls, for orchestral purposes, had a purely financial basis, need not be said—it goes without saying. A large audience pays better than a small one; here you have the whole reason in a nutshell! For it is unquestionable that these large halls were often utterly out of proportion to the music played in them; they were simply "*gouffres à recettes* (abysms for gate-money)," as Berlioz once called

called the huge opera-houses that preceded them. It was not until the modern style of orchestration—introduced by Berlioz, and then developed by Meyerbeer, Wagner, Liszt, and the whole grand army of contemporary composers—came into general vogue, and the works of the modern school became popular, that concert orchestras could produce their proper effect in the tone-swallowing spaces in which they were forced to play. Our large modern halls (that is, the good ones) are right for Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Brahms, and other modern composers. And do not think that the effectiveness of this modern music in large halls comes principally from the large masses of instruments employed, nor from any "brassiness" in the scoring; it comes from the whole modern system of orchestration, by which composers are enabled to draw an enormous volume of tone from even very inconspicuous orchestral means. It is the modern style of orchestral treatment which is so effective in large halls, not merely the composition of the modern orchestra.

But the older orchestral music suffers as much in these vast spaces as it ever did; indeed it suffers more, by comparison with the effectiveness of the new. The orchestral works of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Gade, Cherubini—let alone Mozart and Haydn—are completely *dépaysées*, out of their native element, in our modern concert halls; now and then a heavily "trombonized" movement may tell; but the effect is for the most part dull, lifeless, breezy, and inadequate. "Give me a hall in which the violins *cut like a trumpet*," once said a noted conductor, "and I will show you what a Haydn symphony is like!" I am

am fully convinced that the growing disfavor with which some of the older composers are regarded—and this disfavor really exists, though its proportions and violence have been exaggerated by some critics—is largely owing to the terrible handicapping put upon the older orchestral music, by forcing it into immediate comparison with the brilliancy of modern orchestration in over-large halls.

We cannot long conceal from ourselves the fact that the older orchestral music—especially the works of Haydn and Mozart—has virtually fallen into a category by itself; that the old classification of instrumental music into orchestral and chamber-music is superannuated and no longer up to the exigencies of the times. We need a new classification; what has hitherto been lumped together under the general head of "orchestral music" should be reclassified as large-hall music and small-hall music. And, as in old times they had small halls for chamber-music, and larger ones for orchestral, we now need halls of medium size for this new intermediate category: the orchestral music of the older composers, especially Mozart and Haydn. And to this intermediate category should properly be added most instrumental concertos.

Orchestral performance in very large halls has had another evil effect, beside placing the older music at an undue disadvantage. It has, gradually and insidiously, had an untoward effect upon orchestral playing. I remember once expressing the wish to Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, that we (in Boston) could have at least some symphony concerts in a hall the size of that of the Paris Conservatoire. "Yes," replied Gericke, "I should

should like that, too—*with the Conservatoire orchestra!*" You see, a very large hall affects the orchestral players themselves quite as much as, if not more than, it does the audience; the players cannot hear themselves play in an over-large hall as well as they can in a smaller one. And the habit of playing in very large halls sooner or later breeds a falling-off in the matter of delicacy and finish of style. The artistic material of which the orchestra of the Paris *Société des Concerts* is made up, is not, upon the whole, superior to that to be found in some other orchestras; except two or three phenomenal wind-players, its composition is not unparallelled. The drilling it undergoes is certainly not more arduous than that of many another orchestral body. Why is it, then, that it stands almost undisputedly at the head of all orchestras in the world? I am perfectly sure that one reason is that it habitually rehearses and plays in the Conservatoire hall; a hall of very moderate dimensions, and flawless acoustics, where every faintest shade of delicacy in playing is distinctly to be felt.

Even in our best orchestras the *pianissimo* or *piano cantilena* of the strings already seems like a lost art. And no wonder! Let there be but a grain of passionate emotion in a *cantabile* melody, and playing it *piano* with the first violins alone in one of our vast halls will not do: it will lack the first requisite of all artistic performance, the "eternal get-there." Modern composers seldom write an emotional *cantilena* for the first violins alone. They usually double the part with something else. But the older composers did write such *cantilenas*, and *piano* at that; we nowadays hear them

them played *forte*, or we hardly hear them at all. Conductors well know that a short symphony by Haydn or Mozart requires more careful rehearsing nowadays than a symphonic poem by Liszt; the scoring is so transparent that the slightest want of finish in the playing of any part is immediately perceived as a blemish. And our orchestral players are growing less and less used to such minute painstaking. Let them but play every now and then in a hall appropriate to the older music, and they will soon open their eyes to the habitual quality of their own playing; it will be the first step in the direction of acquiring the careful habit. The Paris Conservatoire orchestra need not remain forever solitary on its present eminence; we can do as well here, if we only have a mind and create the right conditions.

OLGA NETHERSOLE AND HER GENIUS.

By H. Gordon Johnson.

Mr. Tree, in his Harvard address of a year ago, gave a significant definition of the dramatic art. "Acting," he said, "is an affair of the imagination. The actor more than any other artist may be said to be the passion-winged minister of thought. Children are born actors. They lose the faculty only when the wings of their imagination are weighed with self-consciousness. It is not every one to whom is given the capacity of always remaining a child. It is this blessed gift of receptive sensibility which it should be the endeavor (the unconscious endeavor, perhaps) of every artist to cultivate and retain."

The significance of this definition lies in the care with which Mr. Tree seeks to avoid prescribing any mathematical laws as the wellsprings of the dramatic art, to which that art is necessarily subject. The actor recognizes the idleness of maintaining that one can climb to any permanent eminence in the dramatic profession, without those qualities which a strenuous training in the laws and practices of the art alone can give. But these laws and practices are no better than the footnotes of adroit commentators. All that is most essential, most luminous in acting is the outcome of the preponderance of the imaginative faculty.

Dramatic genius is the retention into maturity of the

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

the inborn receptive sensibility to all the impressions and influences of life that belong to the soul fresh from the hand of God, and true acting is the reflex of the individual personality to these sensations.

No better illustration of the truth of Mr. Tree's definition has ever been seen in America than the actress who, when those words were spoken, was playing at the Boston Museum. Olga Nethersole is not only swayed by an acute and subtle imagination, which makes her an actress of great genius, but she is the most perfect child who has ever made a great and valuable contribution to our dramatic privileges. We have had the opportunity of seeing her as we did not those actresses with whom we naturally compare her—Bernhardt and Duse—in the infancy, so to speak, of her dramatic life. Growth from girlhood to the present period of womanhood has not given to her delicately powerful imagination any very considerable docility. Maturity has given her a wider imaginative scope, and that is very nearly all. She acts to-day as we can conceive of the child Olga Nethersole, acting twenty years ago—if the child's imagination could have stretched itself to sufficient scope to grasp such characters as Camille or Frou-Frou. Her imagination is still childishly rampant. She has kept it the ruling center of her life, largely untouched by the discipline of the world. Her success, therefore, is the best possible proof of the essential truth of Mr. Tree's definition. It was achieved, not because of strenuous training according to conventional artistic laws, or because of utter subjection to them, but in spite of them. Olga Nethersole has shown us, when

when we most needed to see it, that, law or no law, the divine insanity of imagination which we call genius can, in acting at least, win its way to success. When American drama was feeling the enthralling influence of Mr. Henry Irving's idolatry of artistic golden calves, this young English prophetess appeared among us and proclaimed afresh the worship of the actor's true God. It was this that made her alike fascinating to the pleasure-loving theater-goer and interesting to the soberer student of her art. The impulses of her genius were so true that in her presentations she could not go far astray. That genius was so unadulterated, so unformed by any influences outside of itself, that it made her the perfect expression of itself.

Olga Nethersole is of all actresses pre-eminently the embodiment of pure genius and what it can accomplish in the dramatic life. It is with her as such that we are to deal in this paper. With the history of her personal life we have nothing to do. The morbid curiosity that seeks to know the details of an actress's personal experience is unwholesome, and tends to degrade the stage. The critic who descends to such insipidities deserves the scorn of the intelligent public who read him, and, as well, of the actress whom he criticises. But with Olga Nethersole, the actress, we have much to do. She has been here among us proclaiming great truths. Acting is an affair of the imagination of childhood ripening into manhood and womanhood, unspotted by the world; and of the modern spirit which considers every form of life as evanescing into every other form by infinitesimal gradations, which knows nothing except relatively and under conditions, and which defines truth

truth as attention to infinitesimal detail. This has a place in dramatic representation and a message through its means. So Olga Nethersole has been telling us, and this surely is the world's business.

What is most essential, most luminous in acting is, as we have just said, an affair of the imagination. But this faculty of powerful and subtle imaging may take one or two forms. It may give to its possessor the capability by scanning the text of a part, of projecting himself into the soul of the character, and of reproducing directly the appropriate accompaniment of action with force and truth. That is the method of insight, or, on the other hand, this keen and delicately adjusted third eye of the soul may read the words as symbols of action, and image upon its retina in the actor's brain the picture not of the character of the man who speaks them, but of himself, uttering them with all their troop of expression and manner and action. An actor of this sort has in his brain not the thought of a character which, out of the materials of his art and his own personality, he must suitably rehabilitate, but moving and doing phantoms, whom through his art and his personality he must make visible and let live. This is the method of action, the rarer and dramatically the higher form. The impersonations of an actor of the former sort are completely successful only in so far as his imagination gives him a clear and consistent mental picture of their souls, their motives and environments, his art is the servant of his intellect. With an actor of the second sort, assumptions will be over-exaggerated or meaningless whenever they pass the

the bounds of the capability of his imagination to register on his brain moving and doing phantoms; his intellect is the servant of his art. Both are imperfect and faulty, both need for their highest development a thorough education and a steady discipline in the methods of the other.

Olga Nethersole's genius is of this rarer and, dramatically more perfect, second sort. She is most perfectly the expression of her genius when she is doing. The most striking characteristic of her acting is a nearly incessant motion, which at first seems a bewildering restlessness. Yet it is soon seen to be clearly deeper than the superficial thing which it had appeared. Her Camille, her Frou-Frou, her Juliet, would be essentially changed were they acted without this apparent superabundance of motion. However good the conception of these characters might then be, it clearly would not be Olga Nethersole's.

This wealth of action in which she so exults is no mannerism of her genius, but one of the great channels through which its stage expression seeks to interpenetrate and irradiate the hearts and understandings of her audience. Attitude, gesture, muscle-contraction and extension are all ministers of her genius, as the air is the minister of the sun in the diffusion of its light. Juliet, in the farewell-scene with Romeo, as he climbs out upon the trelliswork, throws herself at full length upon the broad balcony and reaches her hand down to him caressingly through the railing. The perfect love of the girl Juliet, unwilling to hold her lover back to his danger, and yet loathe to let him go, could find no more fitting representation.

Again,

Again, in that great scene of confession where Camille tells Armand Duval of the loneliness of her life without father, mother, brother, or sister, or even friends who are not servile in their friendship, and of the dreams of a return to the higher living and the purer happiness of her childhood, built upon his love, and overwhelmed by the memories of a shameful past which had surged up at the first thought of his possible defection, we could not—without the restless pacing up and down, the clinching and unclinching of the hand, the mobile face, at one moment turning to gaze upon Armand, the next, as the full ignominy of the fallen woman sweeps over her, hiding itself from him—have had portrayed the eager, dissatisfied, longing Camille of Olga Nethersole.

In her power of muscular expression Olga Nethersole reminds one slightly of Sarah Bernhardt. She is not yet such a perfect autocrat of her muscles as Bernhardt. One questions whether she would quite dare to play the eavesdropping scene in Cleopatra, concealed from the waist up. She rejoices, however, in impersonations and situations that demand for their adequate expression strong and changeful muscular movement, whether of face or body matters little. Her Camille is throughout a study of the highest sort of facial muscular expression. The look of beatific happiness that steals into Camille's face as she breaks with her old life and refuses to answer Varville's note; the strength that shines from every feature as she bids M. Duval be of good cheer, for she will not falter in her resolution to give Armand back to his father and to social respectability; the forced happiness with which she veils her grief as she bids him farewell in pursuance

pursuance of that promise, are all genius-branded. Olga Nethersole, as Juliet, in the potion-scene crouching on the floor, trembling, chattering with horror, pours such a flood of nightmare fear into her every muscle as only Bernhardt else could do. The whole of her passionate nature portrays Juliet's wild and fearful imaginings with a true tragic force by the speaking of her muscles.

This virile, action-picturing imagination of Olga Nethersole's has a more subtle manifestation and a more powerful influence. Her conceptions are in two ways molded by this force. The interpretation of a character which appeals to her is the one most largely and most readily amenable to this portrayal by action. It is the romping child of a "Frou-Frou" that appeals to her, and of this conception she never for a moment loses sight. Once for an instant she struggles out of it, when she confesses to her husband her longing to fulfill the duties of her wifehood and motherhood, only, when that longing has been spurned, to become the child again. To have created successfully from Halévy's drama that other Frou-Frou, who, waking from her childishness, remains true to her newly discovered womanhood, would have demanded a deeper insight into Frou-Frou's mind and heart, and far less emphasis upon her girlish exuberance.

Again, the impersonations of an actress of Olga Nethersole's sort have, as we have said before, meaning and reality only in so far as they fall within the limits of the capability of her imagination to register conceptions in her brain of their moving and doing phantoms. This mercilessly logical law of mere being demands that within

within the compass of each assumption, considered individually, shall be movement, that is development or growth.

Obedience to this law controlled her rendering of Juliet. To her presentation of the Veronese heroine she brought personal qualities which of themselves could not have failed to make the rendition of more than ordinary interest. Her perfect bodily grace gave to her Juliet an unusual beauty, and her own simple faith in the power of unaided love saved her from the slightest taint of the coquetry with which thoughtlessly theatrical Juliets have marred the plighting of her vows. But a yet more radical and more characteristic innovation remains. As the play grows, Juliet grows with it. Olga Nethersole is true to her text, and marks clearly the distinction between the girl of sixteen and the woman she afterward becomes under the influence of love and sorrow. Notwithstanding the fault found with her by so many professional critics, she could not have successfully portrayed Juliet had she sacrificed this conception to any conventionalities, for in so doing she would also have sacrificed all the opportunity for growth in her impersonation so essential to her genius for its truest expression. Her Juliet is in its conception and its presentation modern and realistic.

Olga Nethersole's implicit obedience to the impulses of her genius, and her consequent complete manumission from the thralldom of tradition nowhere find a better illustration. The termination of the potion-scene is the most exquisite torture of tradition and the perfect quintessence of modern realism. Juliet who had been crouching on the floor chattering with a nightmare fear

fear and horror, suddenly springs to her feet, her eyes fixed on the spot where a moment before she had seen the phantom, the dread in her face supplanted by a look of determinate purpose. Hurrying after the phantom with the words, "Stay, Tybalt, stay. Romeo, I come," she gropes her way, as if blinded, to the table where she has left the potion and clutches it in her hand with a convulsive shudder. With the words, "This do I drink to thee," uttered slowly and with a passionate solemnity, she deliberately and without haste drinks the sleeping draught. Juliet, as the potion takes its certain but gradual effect, slowly sinks from the couch and rolls upon the floor.

But this modern Olga Nethersole-Juliet has a wider significance than its forceful originality. The successful invasion into the Shakespearian rôles of the modern spirit means that through this medium the nineteenth century is finding an expression for a characteristic with which Shakespeare's own age had little in common. The sciences of observation have developed in modern times the spirit of the relative in place of the spirit of the absolute to a degree unknown before. "The moral world, ever in contact with the physical, has been invaded from the ground of the inductive sciences by this relative spirit. There it has started a new analysis of the relations of body and mind, good and evil, freedom and necessity. Hard and abstract moralities are yielding to a more exact estimate of the subtility and complexity of our life. Character merges into temperament, the nervous system refines itself into intellect. Man's physical organism is played upon, not only by the physical conditions about it, but by remote laws of inheritance. And

And even when we have estimated these conditions, he is still not yet isolated, for the mind of the race, the character of the age sway him this way or that through the medium of language and current ideas. It seems as if the most opposite statements about him were true, he is so receptive. All the influences of nature and of society ceaselessly playing upon him, so that every hour in his life is unique, changed altogether by a stray word, or glance or touch."

In the expression of this relative spirit through the medium of dramatic form Olga Nethersole excels, and the Juliet is perhaps the best proof of her excellence. With a truthfulness at once as rare as it is subtle, she portrays Juliet's irresponsible girlish affection ripening into the woman's purposeful love by delicate and fugitive gradations. The love of Olga Nethersole's Juliet from the moment when in the ball-room scene she first sees her Romeo, to the moment when by the tomb of the Capulets she dies by the self-inflicted stab of Romeo's dagger, never falters in its growth, and yet never at any isolated moment makes us conscious of the change it is undergoing. That love when the time of bitter test comes is not wanting; the girl's affection finds its perfect fulfillment. Not till then have we been fully conscious of the change, and only by looking backward over all that has gone before can we understand the process.

Her charm, in large measure, lies in this power of so perfectly interpreting the modern spirit. Whatever woman she personates, whether Juliet or Frou-Frou, Sylvia Woodville or Camille, Olga Nethersole maintains with

with wonderful skill the fusion of individuality and environment. Each character, by the gift of nature or the discipline of experience, learns to accept the limitations of the situation in which she is placed, of her inheritance, of her past acts, of the individualities of others around her, and, having accepted them, to find in the end, though they may have seemed very hard at first, her largest usefulness and her truest happiness. Each is mastered by her environment, only to find the apparent defeat her life's real victory. Olga Nethersole's Juliet is a non-resisting Juliet. She surrenders without a single serious struggle to Romeo's love, and to her own love for him, and finds the whole happiness and purpose of her life in maintaining her utter submission inviolate. When that is impossible, she finds nothing for which to live.

But the submission to environment, when it is a hard and bitter experience, rather than the natural, joyous surrender of Juliet, summons to its portrayal Olga Nethersole's highest powers. The Nethersole-Juliet, except in the potion-scene, and the scene where she refuses to obey her father and marry Paris, is without any very considerable tragic sorrow. Moments of acute suffering there are, when, for instance, she first learns of Tybalt's death, and of Romeo's banishment, and the instant when she discovers the dead Romeo, outside the Capulet's tomb; but these do not strew with thorns the path she is treading in the following of her purpose. The idea of faltering in her perfect rest, in her love, because of Tybalt's murder, or Romeo's banishment, does not cross her mind, and the sight of the dead Romeo takes from her life all its purpose. Olga Nethersole

Nethersole makes you feel that it was a joy to Juliet to die.

A word must, even at the risk of digression, be said in commendation of this interpretation. The nature of the tragic in Romeo and Juliet has been one of the most misunderstood things in our literature, and the highest praise is due to this young actress, who has had the originality to perceive, and the courage to embody her perceptions, that Juliet's life was filled not with the bitterness of sorrow, but with its love-transmuted form of joy.

Modern drama is charged with being immoral in its subjects, inartistic in its form. The charge may be easily, though by no means necessarily, true. Art, to be art at all, must inform or control noble matter with some variety, some compass, some alliance to great ends, some largeness of hope in it. The drama would indeed be inartistic that dealt solely with the pessimistic blackness of the world's sin and evil, with the helplessness of its pain. But go deep enough into your study of sin or suffering, and you always must find some brightness there. There is always grandeur in endurance, always nobility in conquest, in self-denial, self-renunciation. Art that tries to deal with evil must emphasize not the sin but the sinner; that which seeks to grapple with pain must emphasize not the suffering, but the sufferer. It is good that now when the world most needs it, Olga Nethersole has come among us with a genius whose best expression is in its insistence upon the greater importance above the suffering or the sin of the human life which bears or struggles. Life, the importance of life, the power of life, that is the message

sage she brings in no uncertain tones. We need it, and are better for it. Our art needs it, and is the better for it. We wish in every undertaking of a glorious and hopeful future a warm Godspeed to Olga Nethersole.

THE WORD OF A VIRGINIAN.

By Gertrude Blake Stanton.

She was a magnificent creature, and for twenty-eight years all Virginia, and especially her own county, had been telling her so in word and deed, and in the kind of homage no one but a beautiful woman gets anywhere outside of Virginia. In other parts of the world she was called a beauty, and told she was beautiful, in many different tongues; but she had a taste for the native way, and would return to hear just how beautiful she was in the soft Virginianese. She had a history of duels, heart-breaks, and even a suicide, while poetry, tradition, and songs in her name surrounded her with a nimbus of romance which counted for more in Virginia than anywhere else. It was said that she cared more for her birth as a Virginian than for her beauty.

I was one of the epicurean sort of men who take their beauties without speech, and so I refused to be presented to her. I don't know whether she realized that I avoided her or not. She never seemed conscious of me until one night at my sister's house when I happened to be standing quite near her, just as she sent the man beside her across the room for her cloak. It was one of those revealing pauses when she thought herself quite alone, and I saw a nameless something about her apart from her beauty which held my eyes. She felt it, and turned her face

face full upon me, and in a flash I realized that she was more of a woman than I had thought. The dark eyes were very serious and there was something in them which shot a pang of pity through me despite their splendor as a pair of woman's eyes. She seemed conscious of my thought, a curious expression came over her face veiling for a moment its splendid lines and colors in a mist. But only for a moment; in the next the superb audacity of her pose and expression gave me doubt of what I had seen. I was included merely as a detail in her rapid glance over the room which was filling with people. She was quickly surrounded, but I saw her say something to the man who had brought her cloak. He came up to me, it was Page Talcott, and I remembered having heard that he was her cousin.

"Miss Talcott will permit me to present you."

"It is impossible to be other than willing to obey such queenly commands." I smiled to myself at the stilted phrases and followed my guide. I was presented.

"People don't usually pity me; why did you look at me like that?"

"It is something of a distinction to have given Miss Talcott a new sensation."

"Ah, I didn't expect that sort of thing,— it was hardly worth while."

"What did you expect?"

"That you might speak the truth with your lips as you did just now with your eyes." She turned her back on the room and we made a solitude of our own which is sometimes possible in a crowd.

"But if it seems on nearer view—well, hardly worth while."

"You

"You looked at me as if I were a starving child on a winter night and when, on nearer view, you see that I am a full grown woman and it is summer, your interest dies?"

"I might help the child, the woman in the summer is good to look at—but her world and mine—ah, well, again it is hardly worth while."

"Are you then a confirmed philanthropist?"

"No, only a simple lover of men and—women."

"Of men and women, then it is not only starving children——"

"I said men and women."

"Ah." She put her face into the June roses which she carried, and drew in their fragrance with a hint of a sigh and the fleeting shadows coming about her eyes again.

"Poor child, you are a poor starving child after all."

"Help me, then, why don't you."

"How can I?"

"I don't know, but I am hungry—soul hungry."

"I can't give you bread—I might suggest some way for you to find it—but I must know you better first. What do you feed on now?"

"Oh, admiration, homage, worship."

"At first it tasted sweet, and now?"

"Flat!"

"What do you live for?"

"The best I know."

"And that is, of course, self."

"Teach me something else."

"Have you never been in love? I don't mean with a man; with an idea, an aim, an aspiration outside self?"

"No,

"No, I wish I could be in love with anything, any one. Wait, yes, I have been in love with the idea of moving men with the exercise of power. I have taken pleasure in acting. You will have to be careful; this very unusual frankness may turn out a pose. I hardly know what is real in me. I have as many changes of self as changes of raiment—all charming, men say—it would be insufferably dull, otherwise."

"May I tell you what I think would be good for you?"

"Yes, do."

"The stage."

"The stage?"

"Yes."

"But that would only aggravate the disease; more, more, more self."

"No, no, I mean the real stage, the serious stage, the stage of work, and study, and labor. Not Miss Talcott of Virginia will star, but Miss Jones, Brown, or Robinson, working obscurely for several years, gathering life's fullness into herself and giving it expression again, so that men and women shall feel its heights, its depths, its comedy, its tragedy, as art alone can make them feel."

"Ah, yes, I remember now; I have heard you are a dramatist of the new school, whatever that may mean. You naturally think of your own *métier*."

"You don't think I go about the country advising young women to go upon the stage? Heaven forbid! I say this to you because I feel a possibility of dramatic power in you which is rare, and because I believe your whole nature is being cramped, stunted, dwarfed for lack

lack of expression. You must feel, throw off in expression, and feel again in order to grow. You have been limited to one set of emotions, one phase of life."

"I don't feel anything but weariness any more; it is all so intolerably alike after the first round."

"Because you have had all sweets. Try the brown bread of work. When once you get the wholesome taste of realities in your mouth you will never forget it, and the sweets, when you have time for them, will be all the sweeter. Now I am preaching; stop me, please."

"The stage?"

"No, first some work to see if you have the fiber of endurance; some hard work, some study."

"Set me a task."

"But not so capriciously. Think it over at least a night, a day. You must give up much, you know, all this that you call your life."

"I will think, but it will be strange to do so. I can't say how long it will take me; will you come and see me in a week?"

People said a mood, a caprice, a pose; but I saw her day by day and felt the growing earnestness, and knew that she was so far at least, sincere. In study she had much of the *naiveté* and sweet seriousness of a very intelligent child. Very soon I found myself thinking of my Hester Talcott as quite another woman from the Hester Talcott other men knew. Yet I was a hard taskmaster, unsparing, critical, brutal even, with an instinct of self-defense against her growing ascendency. For her own sake there must be one man in the world who could keep his senses when she let her eyes rest

upon

upon him. The sex charm was predominant in her; through me she should reach her possibilities as human being.

I was myself surprised at her powers of concentration. The original, untrained mind bent to its task with the hot ardor of the born student. The time of probation was soon over, and studies direct from the dramas of the day begun. Here her real power came to the surface, and all went so well that on my next trip to New York I made an engagement for her under an assumed name. In a few weeks she would begin the obscure apprenticeship at a good theater. She learned and really created the principal part in the play I had just finished. She had worked along with me, suggesting much, inspiring more, until I felt at last I had written something worth while. We were rehearsing it together; there was one great scene in it between the man and the woman. When we came to that, the subtle flattery of her exquisite conception of my work touched me like wine. Acting melted into reality, reality lost itself in exaltation. It was in the part to take her in my arms—but for us the play ended there. Great God! did she love me already; what else could her kiss mean? I held her from me, the great lids drooped heavily over her eyes.

"This isn't acting, this is——" I dropped her hands, my hopes for her, my more than man's love for her—this was my time to prove it. I drew in my breath sharply. In a moment I had sprung back into the part.

"Ah, yes, yes, that is good—very good—a great advance. We don't need to go over the rest. That was always

always the sticking point, you know." I turned from her and caught up my hat. To get away—that was all. I dared not once look at her standing there with the consciousness of that kiss between us. Somehow, I got out of the room, somehow to the railroad station. I knew there was a train for New York due in a short time. All that night in the train, the pulse of her lips beat warm against mine, the feel of her arms was on my shoulders, the clasp of her fingers against my neck, the faint perfume of her nearness came and went. And I had dared to write of it, as if I had ever known what it was before.

It took some days to get hold of myself, and just as I was about to go back, some real affairs turned up to detain me. The morning I took the train for Virginia I got a letter from my sister in which there was this paragraph:

"You had better come back and look after your pupil. She has broken loose, and returned with greater zest than ever to her native element. What an old prig you are, Roger, to think you could turn a woman like that into a student. Why, the whole world is her stage, and all the men and women merely actors. She played a part to subjugate you because you wouldn't yield to ordinary tactics. I wish I knew whether you yielded to the acting."

I arrived quietly at my sister's, and knowing the house was full of young people, told the servants to leave me unannounced. After some supper in my own room, I strolled around outside with my cigar, and finally leaned against one of the windows going into the drawing-room, and watched what went on inside.

Hester

Hester Talcott was the center of the group. With a pang I realized that it was not my Hester Talcott.

The cloud of thought which had hung over her, softening and chastening her, had lifted, revealing a demoniacal brilliancy, which had perhaps been the undetected secret of her spell. They were all talking, it seemed, of some tradition in the Talcott family. I made out that Hester's mother and grandmother had been celebrated beauties, and each had married her hundredth offer; that there was an old family wedding-ring in Hester's possession, with quaint chasing and some inscription about the fate of a Talcott being the hundredth man. They tried to make Hester say whether she would hold to the custom, and whether she had kept count. She parried cleverly.

"Hester slays her thousands," said Page Talcott.

"No, Page, I haven't got an even hundred yet."

"Then you do keep count!"

"Wait and see——" Hester sprang up and left the room. In a moment she was back, carrying a long sheet of white paper which she flourished Don Juan style. She would not let any one get near her; she flung herself from them into the middle of the room. The light struck upon a heavily chased gold ring she wore. She caught her skirt, and with a rapid swirl was off into a dance. She fluttered the long, white sheet of paper above her head, pressed it to her heart, let it stream like a ribbon behind her, trampled it under her feet. I forgot to be disgusted; I held my breath—surely there was a demon in the woman. At last she came to a sudden halt in front of Page Talcott and held the paper

paper out with a pretty affectation of concession for him to count.

"Mustn't read the names, just count," she panted.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten——"

"Oh, that's too tiresome;" she wheeled off from him.

"Let me count; there must be more than one hundred names there."

"No, there are just ninety——"

They waited for the next word.

"Odd!" It came half smothered in Hester's inimitable laughter. Then with a queer sort of defiance—"but I am going to end it all. I am going to marry my hundredth offer, like my good mother and grandmother before me. I am going to live and die in old Virginia."

Suddenly I seemed to realize that she was in earnest. Why or how I could not tell, but I knew her face when it took that look. She meant it. Instinctively I stretched out my arms toward her—"Hester," I said, but my voice was lost in my sister's——

"What guarantee will he have that he is the hundredth?" she said.

"The word of a Virginian."

"I think you are encouraging the gambling spirit, Hester."

Marriage is a lottery, say the wise. Mine shall be frankly so, that is all."

With a quick good-night, thrown carelessly into the room, she was gone.

Indignation, disgust, disillusion turned me hot; my thoughts seethed; I could grasp nothing clearly, but the

the idea that I must see her at once. She should account for herself to me. How could I get to her without my sister or some of the others seeing me? While I tried to think this out, I was aware that people were saying good-night; the keyed-up spirits had fallen flat, the evening was over. Lights went out in the great room and appeared again in various parts of the house. Nothing could be done that night. I relit my cigar and wandered off at random through the box-bordered paths, which brought me within sound of the negroes' quarters. They were swarming about, singing. The words came faintly to me. I went nearer and listened:

> "Rocks and a' mountains,
> Fall on me,
> Hide me from an angry Gawd——"

The sleepy rhythm soothed, in disregard of the text. Nothing could happen until morning, and in the morning she would come to me and tell me that it was all a bit of acting. Of course, she couldn't have meant a word of it, my sweet, woman-hearted Hester. I went back to the house, and climbed in my window, pulling in the shutters after me.

> "An angry Gawd—,
> Rocks and a' mountains——"

The distant anger of the Almighty hurling rocks upon his people lulled me to sleep.

I knew nothing till the noise of the falling rocks seemed turning into the sound of horses' hoofs thudding upon the ground beneath my window, and the daylight lay full in my room. I got up and looked out;

out; old Sandy was leading two saddle horses around to the front piazza. There were some half-hushed voices. Page Talcott helped Hester to mount, and jumped into the other saddle himself. They rode slowly down the avenue, and turned into the lane. They made a superb pair, each with the characteristic Talcott poise of head and shoulders. I watched them out of sight, pushing back the bushes to do so, and bringing down a shower of dew upon my head. Then I dressed and stepped out of my window. It was several hours until breakfast. I walked myself out of temper before my sister came downstairs. I caught sight of her at last, clipping roses into her basket as she came. The girls came fluttering out in their white dresses, every one foolishly in love with the sweet, young morning, and willing to linger in its promise, I alone ready to commit myself to the prosaic day by the ceremony of breakfast.

There was a smell of frying chicken and crusty corn-bread from the dining-room, and my sister said they wouldn't wait for Page and Hester, and we went in.

"Are your guests in the habit of taking these early rides?"

"Not often," and my sister tossed me a yellow rose from behind the urn.

"You know Page has been in love with Hester since they were babies, but they say he is one of the few men left in Virginia who hasn't proposed to her," said one of the girls."

"Got up early this morning to make up for lost time, I reckon."

"I'll

"I'll bet anything you like, Page has made up his mind to take a chance in Hester's lottery."

And they fell to betting on the chances of his being the hundredth man, while I realized that my old superior contempt of them and their ways was coming to the surface again. After the meal I went directly to the library, where I shut myself in and made elaborate preparations for work, but all the time I was listening to the beat of horses' hoofs, until the mocking sound got into my head, muffling the thoughts I was trying to put upon paper.

I could not tell the real sound when it came, and it was only the babble of voices, the rush of laughter, and the clatter of feet upon the piazza, which told me that the riders had returned. Laughter and gay words floated in to me.

Confound it all! I didn't want the woman if she had promised herself to her cousin in that way, and if she hadn't, then all was well. What the devil had got into my pen? I couldn't help catching some of the bantering talk from the piazza, and I put my head down on the table before me, to wait until there was quiet, but as I did so I felt some one was in the room behind me. She came swiftly up to me.

"Why didn't you come into the drawing-room last night?"

"Is it true?"

"What true?"

"About you and—and the hundredth man," all the scorn I felt got for once into my voice.

"Yes, it is true."

"The play is over then?"

"The

"The play has just begun."

"Which are you, Hester, the woman whom I have taught these weeks past, or the woman I saw last night?"

"You saw last night?"

"Yes, I was at the window."

"Which are you, the man who once saw my hungry soul and helped me, or the man who saw my love and scorned it?"

"My God, child, what do you mean?"

"You saw I loved you; you kissed me, willing in the man's way to take that from me, then you left me. For me, the real me, you cared nothing."

"Cared nothing? I cared all. I cared too much."

"Cared all? Then why——"

"I would not take you that way, in a storm of the senses. I wanted you to possess yourself first. I wanted to help you."

"Help me? Why couldn't you have just loved me? There's no help like that."

"But don't you see, I wanted to show you that I loved you more than any man had loved before.

"But your leaving me when I had shown you, had given myself—no woman forgives a thing like that."

"But I thought——"

"You wouldn't have thought. You would have felt how it hurt me. If you had loved enough, you could not have done it."

"But I was trying to control myself,—the man in me, for your sake."

"I had rather had you controlled by love. Let me hear

hear it now. All that you didn't say, all that you controlled. I am just a woman after all."

"You want to hear it, Hester, hear how I love you and crave you with every fiber of my soul and body?"

"Thank God."

"Ah, thank God indeed, Hester."

"For this one moment."

"For all time and eternity."

"For this moment, don't, don't end it yet."

"End it?" My arms tightened round her, she let me look close into her eyes, and brush a lock of hair from her forehead with my lips. The lids drooped heavily as I had seen them once before, my lips touched them—she started.

"Our moment is over," she said, and pushed me ever so lightly from her.

"Hester!"

"There is a barrier between us."

"There can be none, for you love me."

"There is one."

"What is it?"

"The word of a Virginian," with a pitiful little smile. Then she drew quite away from me, her great eyes opened full, the pride of her race sprang out in her pose.

"You have given your word to your cousin?"

"What was to prevent?"

"Your love for me,—or what you are pleased to call your love."

"Had you given me cause to consider that?"

"Your own heart had given you cause if you were a true woman. And all that last night? He is the hundredth man, I suppose."

"Ah,

"Ah, that was only a bit of play acting to please the crowd——"

"Truly your sense of dramatic proportion has grown."

"It helped me to strangle the pain of loving you too much."

"Loving me too much. Your much loving is a strange thing."

"No, it is a fearful thing. I am afraid of it. It leaves me no self, no pride, no peace. Why, I love you abjectly; look here, Roger, this is how I love you."

Before I knew what she did, she was on her knees and clasping my feet, had kissed them, and clinging to me as I stooped to raise her, threw back her head and let her face show an ecstasy of worship which I had somewhere seen in the face of a medieval saint.

"Ah, God, don't, don't look at me that way; I can't bear it."

"No, I know it; no man could stand being loved in that way. I can't love you any other way. I have tried, and so I can never belong to you."

"And loving me that way, you will belong to your cousin?"

"I shall not love you this way always. I shall fight it down. I shall kill it."

"Horrible, horrible! Why can't you let marriage alone if you won't marry me?"

"Because I am very human, and if I didn't marry some day I should yield to you, and then—then—there would be no more happiness for either of us. I tell you I love you too much."

"Only don't marry. There is the stage; oh, child, woman

woman Hester, haven't you strength enough to live for that? You are a great artist, you know."

"Am I? Could I be famous?"

"Yes, you could be famous."

"I lay my talent at your feet, Roger; I shall never act again. I wanted you to feel that I was an artist. What do I care for the rest; what does a woman care for a career? It was all for you, you, you. There is nothing I could not do for you and the love of you."

"Except the one thing I ask——"

"Stop, I shall marry the man who has wooed me, not the man I have wooed."

"Hester, can you never believe I love you?"

"Yes, but not as I love, a great love makes a man obedient to it, as to a God, a love which will obey a man is a poor love."

"Yet you are making your love obey a woman."

"A woman's love must be a tame thing."

"Leave subtleties. Come here, Hester——"

"Hush, you have seen. It is not for this world that kind of love."

"Then we will change this world; you belong to me. Come here where you belong, sweetheart."

"Ah, yes, yes, that is good—very good—a great advance; we don't need to go over the rest—that was always the sticking-point, you know." Her laugh struck my face with stinging challenge."

"Another bit of play acting to please a single spectator this time, a sheer waste of your power. But a skirt dance for the crowd is more your rôle."

Again the laugh, clear, ringing, with a music which seemed

seemed to burst straight from a woman's heart. The blood tingled angrily to my face as from a blow.

"You shall decide my rôle in another moment. I must give this one to my Cousin Page." She pulled a letter from some concealment in her gown, and taking the knife from my desk deliberately cut it open. With an effort at self-control I watched her. The laughter went out of her face as she read.

"Ah, poor boy, poor Page, he really cares. I would never let him speak. I turned him off—so he will write to me. Ah, well—that makes the ninety-ninth."

The latent savage stirred in me. I sprang at her, catching her in my arms, crushing the letter away from her face, and compelling her eyes to mine.

"You witch-woman, how you have made me suffer!"

IRVING AND TERRY IN MACBETH.

By Wm. H. Fleming.

This play was written by Shakespeare in the very maturity of his power. In it, he, at times, attains a grandeur and sublimity above which he never rises. It portrays

> "The fierce dispute
> Betwixt damnation and impassioned clay—."

Macbeth vacillates for some time between loyalty and treason. The temptation to murder the king and seize the throne becomes irresistible. He yields. Equally, if not more guilty, is Lady Macbeth. In the play Shakespeare portrays this mental, emotional, moral struggle, together with its consequences.

In forming a critical estimate of an actor's work it is necessary to judge both his conception of a character and his acting of that character. Mr. Irving has not left us in doubt as to his conception of Macbeth. "I have," he says, "deduced some theories of my own as to how Macbeth's character should be considered. For one thing, I believe it is evident that he conceived the murder of Duncan long before his meeting with the witches. He was a man of sentiment, not of feeling. Many essayists credit Macbeth with feeling, but he is undeserving of the least sympathy. He was nothing more than a thorough-going, black-hearted scoundrel." This opinion is, I think, mistaken. Macbeth certainly was a scoundrel and at times, *e.g.*, after he had murdered

dered Duncan and Banquo "a thorough-going, black-hearted scoundrel." He described himself as then being

> ". . . in blood
> Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
> Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
> Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd."

But when he first met the witches while he was potentially, he was not in reality "a thorough-going, black-hearted scoundrel." If he had been there would not have been any misgiving within him, which there certainly was. He gives expression to this in a soliloquy uttered just after the witches had predicted that he should be "thane of Cawdor," and "King hereafter."

> "This supernatural soliciting
> Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
> Why hath it given me earnest of success,
> Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
> If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
> Against the use of nature?"

Nor would there have been that vacillation, that indecision, which early in the play characterizes his conduct:

> "If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me,
> Without my stir."

But a moment later when the King names Malcolm as his successor:

> "The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
> On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
> For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
> Let not light see my black and deep desires:
> The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
> Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

Still

Still later, after his conference with Lady Macbeth, he reverses this decision and tells her:

> "We will proceed no further in this business:"

Surely no one knew Macbeth better than his wife, whom he dearly loved. In her soliloquy, uttered just after receiving his letter, she describes him:

> "Thou would'st be great;
> Art not without ambition, but without
> The illness should attend it; what thou would'st highly
> That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
> And yet would'st wrongly win."

Even at the very close of his career his better nature asserts itself, his outraged conscience is heard. In words inexpressibly pathetic, he says:

> "Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
> Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
> Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

When Mr. Irving says Macbeth was "nothing more than a thorough-going, black-hearted scoundrel," he is, in my opinion, in error. Shakespeare portrayed him, and intended so to do, as a man whose natural temper would have deterred him from evil, unless strongly tempted; a man

> "too full o' the milk of human kindness
> To catch the nearest way—"

that is, too thoroughly human (for the word "kindness"

ness" is here used in the Old English sense, viz., *kind, natural*) to use violent, bloody means to seize the throne.

Mr. Irving acts his conception of the character and does not portray any violent struggle in Macbeth. Rather his Macbeth is a man who has deliberately determined to murder the King and seize the throne. Failing, as I believe he does, to conceive this character correctly, his acting of it must of necessity be defective. Not believing that Macbeth is at war with himself, he could not recite correctly those soliloquies in which Macbeth expresses his indecision, *e.g.*, the one just before the murder of Duncan:

> "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly: *seq.*"

Later in the play, after the murder of Duncan and Banquo, Macbeth throws all scruples aside—

> "From this moment
> The very firstlings of my heart shall be
> The firstlings of my hand."

Mr. Irving's portrayal of Macbeth when he has reached this condition is much truer and more effective. Irrespective of his own conception of the character, his elocution is woefully defective. His tendency to mouth his words, to express them in a thick, guttural sound has increased since last he was here. The result is, his intonation is very indistinct, not a little of what he says is unintelligible or inaudible. This was especially noticeable in the soliloquy:

> "Is this a dagger which I see before me,
> The handle toward my hand? *seq.*"

His

His mannerisms, which seem to have become more pronounced, direct attention to the actor and not to the character which is portrayed. One sees and thinks not of Macbeth, but only of Irving. In passages the rendition of which requires intensity and tragic force, Mr. Irving is unequal to the demands upon him. He is not a great tragedian. His embodiment of this character —we say it with regret—is a failure.

Equally disappointing is Miss Terry's portrayal of Lady Macbeth. Miss Terry has the proper physique to act this character. Lady Macbeth was not a large, gross, Amazonian woman—her hand was "little." It is likely she was a small woman of a highly organized nervous temperament. But her nature became prostituted to an unholy ambition, and she became Macbeth's "fiend-like queen." An overmastering ambition silenced the warning of conscience; deadened her womanly feelings. Miss Terry lacks the tragic power to act this character. She is an ideal Portia, or Beatrice, or Ophelia, but is unequal to the task of portraying Lady Macbeth. She does not possess that power which is necessary to make Lady Macbeth the dominating force in the forepart of the drama. She is better in the sleep-walking scene. That is pathetic. But even in this she does not portray the utter ruin of a strong but perverted nature. Her acting lacks force and is disappointing.

The minor characters are very well acted. The staging of the play is all that could be desired. Mr. Irving is always faithful to Shakespeare's text. He may, in order to shorten the representation, omit some passages, but he never adds to Shakespeare's words.

words. For this he deserves the thanks of every spectator. The scenery, dresses, music—down to the smallest details—are all historically and dramatically correct.

I hesitate to criticise unfavorably any work of Mr. Irving's. As a stage-manager no man since Shakespeare's day has done so much to elevate the stage and make it a great educational force. His staging of this play, as of all in his repertoire, is a work of art. But candor compels me to say that neither he nor Miss Terry, great as they are in some rôles, are able to act Lord and Lady Macbeth.

I know it is a false standard to judge one actor or actress by another. It may be ungracious to do so. Still as I witnessed this production of Macbeth, I could not but recall another one, given many years ago with Edwin Booth and Charlotte Cushman in the leading rôles. Both of these artists conceived the characters correctly, and both possessed tragic force and genius sufficient to portray them. Never to be forgotten were three of the scenes. One was that of the hesitating Macbeth who had just told his wife:

"We will proceed no further in this business."

By his side stood Charlotte Cushman. She was larger, taller, and towered above him. She was wrought up to the intensest feeling. She attempted to infuse her own demoniac energy into the man. With one hand she patted him on the back lovingly, firmly, yet reproachfully; with the other, she grasped her own breast as she said:

"I

"I have given suck and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this——"

Booth, and every one in the audience as well, felt the masterful power of this woman who so unsexed herself to gain the throne for her husband.

At the banquet scene both were supremely great. Booth was the utterly unnerved Macbeth. Charlotte Cushman impressed every one with her dominating power. She was at times the hostess; at others, the wife. As the latter she was at times tender; at others, sarcastic. When she found Macbeth's fears were uncontrollable, she rose, and with all the gracious dignity and authority of a queen, dismissed the guests.

"At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going.
But go at once.

In the sleep-walking scene in the last act she came on the stage dressed in her night robes, carrying a lighted taper. She placed it on a table, then walked diagonally across the stage. All the while she was asleep. Her eyes were open, and revealed her mental desolation. Her sorely charged heart found relief in a sigh which was full of tragic pathos. It was a sigh which revealed the abysmal deeps of Lady Macbeth's personality, wherein was raging one of those "greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report." When she left the stage the impression made on every beholder was that of a great, but perverted, nature approaching its doom.

Booth's

Booth's Macbeth, at the conclusion of the play, was equally powerful—and unforgettable. The Scotch King, as Booth acted him, was overcome with grief and desperation.

> "I gin to be aweary of the sun,
> And wish the estate o' the world were now undone—
> Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! Come, wrack!
> At least we'll die with harness on our back."

And so he does, fighting bravely as he meets death at the hand of Macduff.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE POET ON MUSIC.

By Louis C. Elson.

In the old Greek days, *Mousike*, whence our modern term "Music," meant the union of all the beautiful arts of the Muses. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that in ancient Greece composer and poet were one, that poetry and music were not sisters but were absolutely branches of the same Art. Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and even Aristophanes, were composers, although we generally think of them as poets only. It is possible that even oratory, in its early days, was closely intertwined with music, for Cicero is known to have had a slave with a pitch-pipe, behind him during his great speeches, to help him modulate his voice in certain passages.

In mediæval times one finds the same union of the two arts in the works of the Troubadours and Minnesingers. The Troubadour, it is true, allowed himself an assistant in the guise of a Jongleur, but even when this underling was employed, he was in no sense a collaborator, for he did no more than play the accompaniments to the knightly Troubadour's compositions, the music and words being furnished by the latter alone. It is to be noticed that wherever the poet and musician were thus

thus united in a single person poetry seems to have taken the lead, and music was, in the strictest Wagnerian sense, the "Handmaiden of Poetry." The moment that music became more complex the divorce between the two arts took place, yet poetry still retained the leadership and the poet still remained the power which moved the musician.

Thus, for example, Shakespeare, who probably never wrote a note of music in his life, wielded a direct and tangible influence upon the art. No man that ever lived caused so much music to be written or gave the motive to so many different compositions. In the field of opera his influence was the most direct, and each of the important plays has furnished a libretto for the operatic composer, some of them a great many times over. Thus, "The Tempest" has been set fourteen times as an opera, beginning with Dr. Arne in the middle of the last century, not to speak of its rather absurd most recent treatment as a ballet, by Ambroise Thomas, six years ago. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" has had nine settings, of which the Nicolai version ("Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor," composed in 1849), and Verdi's very recent "Falstaff" promise to live indefinitely. "Measure for Measure" thrust Wagner into music with "Das Liebesverbot." "The Taming of the Shrew" awakened a musical genius for the world in the shape of Hermann Goetz. "Henry VIII.," with those audacious interpolations which the French venture to give to Shakespeare, caused St. Saens to bring forth his greatest opera. "Romeo and Juliet" has been set some twenty times as an opera, and has inspired a great symphony (by Berlioz) as well as overtures and symphonic

symphonic poems galore; Gounod's setting remains the masterpiece among the operatic attempts with this play. "Othello" with its four settings brought forth one masterpiece, the opera of Verdi, although some portions of Rossini's settings do not vanish from the repertoire after 80 years of wear. "Hamlet" with a dozen settings presents Thomas's work as possibly permanent. It would become wearisome to pursue the list in detail; more than 150 operas exist upon Shakespearian libretti, and such glorious works as Locke's "Macbeth" music, and Mendelssohn's music to scenes in "Midsummer Night's Dream," are also to be credited to the same source. This influence began to be exerted even in the century in which the poet's later plays were written, and Henry Purcell, the greatest musical genius that England ever produced, was at work upon Shakespearian topics about sixty years after the poet's death.

There are many stories told of rapidity of composition on the part of the great tone-masters, but when these are sifted they generally prove to be more or less mythical; one, however, bears all the tests of historical investigation, and is strictly true; it shows how quickly Shakespeare could kindle a flame in a true composer's nature. It was on a Sunday morning in midsummer of 1826 that Schubert was taking a stroll around the suburbs of Vienna with a party of friends. They were on the homeward journey, having turned back at Pötzleindorf, and were passing through Währing, when Schubert saw his friend Tieze sitting in a little open-air restaurant, "Zum Biersack." In an instant the party of friends had joined their new-found companion and were seated at the table ordering their own refreshments.

Beside

Beside Tieze's plate lay a little volume which he had evidently been reading; Schubert at once seized it, and, as was his wont, began looking through the pages for musical subjects. The volume was "Shakespeare's Short Poems and Sonnets." Suddenly, the musician paused and read and reread one of the poems, and then burst forth: "If I only had music-paper here! I have thought of the very melody to fit this poem." Instantly one of the party, Doppler by name, took the bill of fare, and, drawing the requisite lines across its back, handed it to Schubert. Then and there, in the confusion of a Viennese restaurant on a Sunday morning, and in the short space of time while the party were waiting for their breakfasts to be prepared, was composed Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the Lark," a setting which gives to Cloten's morning serenade to Imogen a double immortality.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century music had gone to the end of its intellectual tether; the art had become more and more complex until the most difficult mathematical problems with tones were evolved on every hand. The influence of the amateur is generally a most healthy one in the domain of art; it was a set of amateurs who guided our art to a pleasanter path. The culmination of their efforts was the opera, which began in 1600 as an effort to bring words and music into closer combination, as they had been in the old Greek days. But in evolving emotional music these cultured antiquarians had brought about something higher than the old Greek form which they attempted to copy, and they had also (like the fisherman in the "Arabian Nights") uncorked a genii that they could not control, for the effect

effect of the new music was such that the public began to value the music above the words. For a time the influence of poetry in this wedding of the arts was nullified, the French proverb that "whatever is too stupid to be spoken may be sung," became true, and it was not until the last half of the next century that Gluck arose to bestow a proper balance between the two arts, only to be followed by Rossini who undid all his predecessor's work by a baleful genius for tunes without meaning or dramatic purport.

While Italy was thus proving untrue to the art that she had established, Germany was very weakly following her lead in many of the vocal forms. There was, to be sure, a Bach, reconciling the old intellectuality with the modern emotion, in the oratoric field, but in the song-forms nothing worthy was evolved, because the musician held that poems were merely pegs whereon to hang pretty tunes, while the poets cared little for the short lyric, and generally essayed the larger and more abstruse styles of expression.

It was, therefore, a very real musical influence when Goethe introduced short lyrics into his works. Such songs as the "Mai-Lied," Gretchen's "Meine Ruh' ist hin," the songs of the Harper in "Wilhelm Meister," all meant a new epoch in music. Whenever a true poet appears the great musician is not far behind; Goethe awakened Schubert and was therefore a distinct factor in the evolution of the German *Lied*. This latter form, which owes its glory to the triumvirate composed of Schubert, Schumann, and Franz, is the Meissonier of musical art, the presentation of a gem in smallest compass. Naturally, its completeness depends upon the

the manner in which Poetry and Music second each other. The ideal poem for musical treatment is one in which the poet has not been too definite, where he has left something important for the composer to say. If one takes Goethe's "Erl-King" as an example, it will be seen at once where the poet has left room for the composer. The first lines

> "Who gallops so late through the night-wind wild?
> It is a father and his child,"

is a barren statement, but the composer can give the movement of the gallop, and can evoke the howling wind in a manner that shall give to the two lines all their latent force. The conversation of the father and child is brief enough, but it allows the composer to contrast the sturdiness of the former with the timid anxiety and feebleness of the latter in artistic juxtaposition. The enticing words of the "Erl-king" permit of a use of all the melodic sweetness that a composer possesses, while the final impatience of the spectral monarch and his seizure of the struggling child, the cry of agony

> "O father! he clutches me now with his arm,
> The Erl-King has done me a deadly harm,"

gains tremendously in realism by the addition of music. The terror-stricken gallop to the castle, the pulling up at the door, and the discovery of the catastrophe, the death of the child, are all merely outlined by the poet, and the colors are filled in by the composer. Here, then, we have the true exposition of the supplementing of poetry by music, whether we take the setting of Schubert,

Schubert, or the still more graphic one by Carl Loewe as our guide.

The use of the strophe-form in song-composition, the repeating of a single tune over and over to each succeeding stanza of the poem, although a frequent attribute of the folk-song, is a distinct lessening of the bond of union between the two arts. A familiar example may be cited to prove this; Kingsley's poem, "The Three Fishers," has been sung in this form in every English-speaking country, to the wonderfully powerful melody of Hullah, yet any one who reads the poem will see that the preamble, "Three fishers went sailing out into the west," calls for a different musical treatment from that required by the picture of the second verse, wherein three wives agitatedly watch the storm from the light-house-tower, or from the dread climax where "Three corses lay out on the shining sands." The dramatic power of the later poets in short lyric forms is gradually emancipating music from this false direction, and the art-song, in which each poetic turn of sentiment is reflected by a similar change in the music (the Germans graphically call this *Durchcomponirung*) is gradually abolishing the strophe-form save in the treatment of the simplest and most monochromatic of poems. Germany has been particularly fortunate in the poetic influence that was brought to bear in this matter, for Goethe was followed by Heine, and the latter brought the short lyric to its most powerful expression. Heine was a direct inspiration to the German song-composers.

Schubert was removed from the scene before the poet's power had fairly asserted itself, but if one examines the settings of "Die Stadt," or "Am Meer," it will

will be evident that his style of dealing with poetry was changing for the better because of the influence of Heine, and it is not too much to say that the highest powers of Schumann and Franz were evoked by the same poet, who therefore had quite as much to do with the establishment of the *Lied* as any composer whatsoever.

When the importance of portraying poetry by music is understood as Wagner endeavored to make it understood, the day of haphazard translations will have passed by forever. At present, too many of our native composers merely grasp the fact that some masters have achieved great results by musical treatment of Goethe or Heine in the original, and then take with avidity an English translation of the poets for their musical treatment, forgetting that translated poems generally resemble decanted champagne. How carelessly this branch of musical art is carried on may be instanced by such translations (actual cases) as that of Brahms's "Wie bist du, meine Königin?" into "How dost thou fare, my radiant Queen?" or by the havoc that has been made with Goethe's "Erl-King" in the celebrated Augener edition (London), in which the words of the child, set by Schubert to high-treble tones, are given to the father, while the child responds in the notes intended by the composer for the parent, becoming quite a bass-voiced infant in the transfer, not to speak of a subsequent stanza which runs

> "O father, my father, and saw you not plain
> The Erl-king's pale daughter glide fast through the rain?
> O no, my heart's treasure, I knew it full soon
> It was the grey willow that danced to the moon,"

a sudden change of weather, in a single verse, that would scare even a New Englander. It may be urged that these are extreme cases, but it is the sorrowful truth that, did not space forbid, many more equally startling examples in prominent editions might be cited offhand.

Thanks to the musical thunderstorm that cleared the atmosphere when such works as "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," or "The Flying Dutchman," were written, the great composers of the present see more clearly what is needed in the combination of the arts than their predecessors did, but our native poetry is yet almost an unworked mine to our native composers. How much of progress has been achieved within the half-century may best be illustrated by tracing the actions of Verdi in the matter. At the beginning of the epoch we find him utterly indifferent as to the worth of the poetry he set to music, judging it only by its immediate stage value; if a drinking-song were requisite for enlivenment of a scene it appeared even if the scene in question were a funeral. Two slaves carried out the mandates of this musical overlord of poetry; Solera and Piave were ready to deliver anything from prayers to cabalettas at any point of their librettos. "Un Ballo in Maschera" was a historical libretto ending with the assassination of Gustavus III.; forbidden in Naples, the Roman authorities gave permission to attempt the performance if the murdered party were not a king. Verdi made not the slightest objection to changing the hero into the "Governor of *Boston*," and this gentleman was duly assassinated at a masked ball which must have been held in Massachusetts *in the time of the Puritans*. When this master

master essayed the setting of Shakespeare, a half-century ago, he caused Macduff to roar forth a dashing "Liberty-song" because Italy was then furious against Austrian tyranny, and the audience would go wild over the subject,—and they did. Fancy a Macduff singing

> "Our Country forsaken
> Our tears should awaken;
> 'Gainst tyrants, unshaken,
> Our Spirit should rise;"

and then fancy this same composer, changed with the spirit of the time, studying the meaning of our great poet before setting another of his plays to music, forty years after; calling to his aid the most careful librettist of Italy, Arrigo Boito, heightening every trait of Othello and Iago with reverent hand, blending salient points from "King Henry IV." with "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in order to accentuate the character of Falstaff, and, in short, showing allegiance, in every note, to the art he had once regarded merely as a vehicle for gaining applause for his music.

The reforms of Wagner bring us to the starting point again, for we have been traveling in a circle; once more we find the poet and musician united in the same person, once more we find the poet giving the direction, the composer the fulfillment, as a sounding-board is directed by the vibrations of a string, yet amplifies and glorifies the tone; but there is a distinction—in ancient Greece the music was probably of a simplicity that made it possible of attainment by any cultivated poet; it probably consisted of melody only, or at least no harmony beyond a simple drone bass; to-day it is too much to demand a second Wagner, it is unwise to expect

pect the poet to master an art which in itself demands a lifetime of study, or to demand that the musician shall be able to express himself in words before he ventures to give a still higher expression in tones; but it is not too much to expect that the wedding of the two arts shall not become a *mesalliance*, that the poet shall insist upon his thought being carried out and not subverted, and that the composer shall listen to the poet with some effort to catch his note, before he commences his song. A year before his death, the greatest of recent song-composers, Robert Franz, wrote to the author of this article the following important words regarding his mode of composition:

"One of the chief characteristics of my songs may lie in the fact that I do not make music to the text which I use, but allow it to develop itself from the poem. The first two verses of a Heine poem run:

"If your eyes are very clear
And upon my songs you ponder,
You will see a fair young maid
Through their measures gently wander.

"If your ears are very sharp,
E'en to hear her voice endeavor,
And her sighing, laughing, singing,
They shall rule your heart forever.

"I instinctively followed this suggestion of Heine, and did this chiefly from the conviction that a closer connection ruled between Poetry and Music than barren minds could comprehend. Every truly lyrical poem holds latent within itself its melody."

Herbert Spencer, in his essay "On Education," states the same fact with more detail. He says, "Perhaps

haps it will suffice to instance the swarms of worthless ballads that infest drawing-rooms as compositions that Science would forbid. They sin against Science by setting to Music ideas that are not emotional enough to prompt musical expression; and they also sin against Science by using musical phrases that have no relation to the ideas expressed even when these are emotional. They are bad because they are untrue. And to say that they are untrue is to say that they are unscientific."

Extremes meet in this case, for the most conservative composer and the most thoughtful scientist echo the thought of the most radical musical reformer; and the above extracts, and this entire article with its statement of the poet's influence on music, only amplify Wagner's terse sentence, not to be read or comprehended by every one who runs, yet containing the pith of the entire subject—"Music is Truth."

FRIENDLY · OBSERVATIONS · on · People · and · Things · in Books Society and Real Life by Simon · Olive-branch ·

No. 2.

ON THE DEPARTING WOMAN.

We hear a good deal, in these latter days, about the Coming Woman. She casts her shadow before. If her substance is to correspond with it in all points, she will be somewhat fearfully and wonderfully made, and will give abundant occupation to The Looker-On.

But meantime there is another figure on the stage not unworthy of our attention. I suppose we must call her the Departing Woman. If this is to be her last appearance, as the hand-bills say; if she is to be finally and forever displaced by the new arrival, then there is all the more reason for making our observations with promptness and precision before she vanishes from our sight.

Friendly these observations must be, perforce. For, apart from all considerations of prudence in making remarks upon a queen whose abdication is not yet accomplished, and who still retains the power of inflicting considerable punishments and bestowing great rewards, setting aside all these motives of self-preservation and interest, I must confess an immeasurable gratitude and an unutterable attachment to the Departing Woman.

She has played her part well. She has filled a large and noble

noble rôle with credit and renown. She has moved us to happy laughter, and purifying tears. Wanting her presence, life's drama would have been dull and worthless, and often base. And if, forsooth, the next act is to be played without her, I for one would join heart and hand in applauding her while she still lingers on the stage, and never suffer her to leave without her well-earned ovation of praise.

This Departing Woman, according to modern accounts, has been horribly handicapped. It must be true, or else so many people would not agree in saying it. But in spite of her handicaps she has done wonders.

Her education has been abominably neglected. At least so they tell us. And yet, somehow or other, she has succeeded in performing the largest, and by no means the worst, part of the world's teaching. I will venture to say that seventy-five men out of every hundred who know how to read and write and cipher learned these primary accomplishments from a woman. In the army of instruction it may be true that most of the generals and staff-officers have worn the trousers; but what advance would they have made without the patient, skillful work of the more numerous captains and non-commissioned officers in skirts?

Is it a less important, or a less difficult task to awaken the young mind to a desire of knowledge, and to train it in the first exercise of its powers, than to make new discoveries in the sciences and new inventions in the arts?

Even here the Departing Woman has not failed to make her mark. There is hardly one of the branches of modern learning, or of the departments of modern industry, from astronomy to cotton-spinning, that does not owe something to her insight and skill. But if she has devoted her attention chiefly to the simpler rudiments of knowledge and the finer arts of living, this also has been

been very much to the world's gain. No other could be found at once so capable and so interesting. In conversation, in letter-writing, in all the delicacies of human intercourse, she has been, and still is, our mistress, and the molder of mankind.

It is true, I suppose—at all events it is commonly asserted—that her character has suffered from the tyrannies of man. And yet she has been broad enough to exercise a controlling and guiding influence on all sorts and conditions of men, and strong enough to do the main part in upholding the moral standards of the world.

I do not fancy that she has had a better chance in Armenia than in other countries. Here is what an Armenian said of her the other day:

"It is the Armenian woman who has preserved the Armenian nation. The patient dignity, the devoted faith, and the unflinching heroism of the Armenian wife, mother, and daughter are traditional among their native hills and in the archives of their race."

Where is the nation from which you will not hear a like testimony? The world's highest work has been done, the world's noblest deeds have been achieved, the world's upward and onward movement has been maintained hitherto, under the influence and inspiration of the Departing Woman. Who could have expected it from such a poor, dwarfed, down-trodden, and neglected creature?

In religion her pre-eminence and power have been acknowledged as a matter of course. It has been generally admitted that she has kept far ahead of man in such affairs as praying and reading good books and going to church and exercising the heavenly virtues of faith, hope, and charity. There has even been a disposition to grant her a monopoly of these things. I

am

am sure that when we get a sight of the Directory of the Celestial City we shall have no right to be surprised or offended at the predominance of feminine names.

But I do not mean to dwell upon this side of the subject. I want to stick close to its terrestrial aspect. Looking at the practical results of religion, and at the church as an institution which is designed to benefit this present world, it would be hard to overestimate the good influence of the Departing Woman.

She may not have kept up to date in her views of Moses, but she has understood how to help the poor. Her perception of fine points in doctrine may be a little hazy along the edges, but she knows what it means to love God, and your neighbor as yourself. She has been the mainstay of hospitals, and asylums, and benevolent societies.

I honestly believe that nothing but her unconquerable prejudice in favor of good works and plain, wholesome religion, has kept the church many a time from degenerating into a theological debating society, and talking Christianity clear out of sight.

This is no small service. It is all the more remarkable as coming from a person who is alleged to have a comparatively small mind.

And when we come to think of it, there is a lot of practical benefits that she has conferred upon society which are not exactly of the nature that one would have expected from her.

Take, for a concrete example, street-cleaning. That is rough work; for more than a hundred years it has been "a dirty business" in New York in all possible senses of the word. And yet I think it is no more than fair to say that the present conviction of the people of New York that the streets can be cleaned, and their determination that they must be cleaned, are the results of the work begun by a woman—Mrs. F. P. Kinnicutt—who gave no rest to mayors, or common councilmen, or uncommon committee-men,

committee-men, until she had shown them what could be done with a broom.

I will admit for the sake of argument, that the Departing Woman has her limitations, prejudices, and peculiarities. But I will not consent to call them faults. Many of them, as, for instance, her views in regard to mice—are endearing, although, or perhaps because, they are not altogether reasonable. Some like her inability to keep accounts—her own, I mean, for she often shows amazing skill in keeping those of other people—can do no great harm so long as we recognize them. And others, such as her unaccountable fondness for reading aloud, her firmly rooted opinion that the shortest way to every man's heart is through his stomach and her invincible tendency to give a personal turn to all conversation, while in themselves things not conformable to philosophy, are yet, in their ultimate and undesigned results, highly beneficial and productive of much pleasure. So that, upon the whole, we may conclude that even the limitations and peculiarities of the Departing Woman have added to the Joy of Life and increased the Gayety of Nations.

Charles Lamb says a gentle thing about her in the "Essays of Elia": "If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is always sure to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best when she goes a journey with you."

And is not this true of life itself, which is only a longer journey? Woman—not the Coming Woman, but the Departing Woman—has made a decided success as a companion in this protracted voyage, and all the more because she has not been a commercial traveler or a rival in trade, but a friendly comrade, without envy or competition.

It may prove an unambitious spirit that she should have been willing so long to allow man to win and defend the kingdom of home,

home, while she was content to rule and adorn it. I am not going to dispute that point. All I say is, that the result has been highly satisfactory.

There has been a certain charm about her way of doing things, a delightful consistency in her very inconsistencies, and an air of superiority in her very shortcomings that has gone far to enliven the tedious stretches of conscious existence, and made us feel that she is a person whom it would be "gey ill to live wi'oot."

She is absurdly subject, for instance, as all men say, to the caprices of fashion. But somehow she manages to subjugate them all in turn to her feminine quality. She may wear wings on her shoulders, or hang a wire cage from her waist, or carry a hump on her back, but through all these quaint disguises she looks like herself. For the one thing that the Departing Woman has not desired is—to be mistaken for a man.

She is open to compliment. And, in spite of what the doctors of psychology have said about its necessary effects, she can digest it without injury.

She is capable of receiving the homage of gallantry without falling into the insolence of a tyrant in petticoats. But she has her own old-fashioned taste in the matter, which is quite unlike the preference attributed to the Coming Woman. The Departing Woman has not been pleased by courtesies offered to her person in disparagement of her sex. She would rather be deferred to as a woman, than praised for the accidental symmetry of her foot, or the exceptional perfection of her mathematical faculty. In short, she has the singular humor of not caring to be regarded as a freak of nature, even for the sake of becoming a missing link in the chain of evolution toward a new order of society.

She has her own little vanities of course, perhaps almost as many

many of them as her husband or her brother; but they appear like humilities by comparison with the grandeur of her fixed idea that there is no quality in the world quite so worthy of reverence as that which belongs to her alone—the quality of womanliness.

And to tell the truth most of the men who have had any ideas at all have shared in this one. All the poets and painters and sculptors and dramatists and novelists have used their arts to glorify "das ewig Weibliche."

The world's literature would be a blank without the figure of the Departing Woman. She has been the central point of fine ambitions, the prize of noble conflicts, the guiding star of heroic hopes. She peoples the Palace of Imagination with her presence, and all the Temples of True Fame echo with her name. What were Greek Drama without Antigone and Iphigenia? or the poetry of the Renaissance without Beatrice and Laura? or Shakespeare's stage without Perdita and Juliet, Cordelia and Desdemona? or modern fiction without Ellen Douglas and Flora McIvor and Jeannie Deans, without Lady Esmond and Lorna Doone and Romola and Lucy Desborough. And what are all these shapes of loveliness and vital power but forms of her who has inspired man's best efforts since time began, his counterpart, his other self,

"Not like to like, but like in difference,"

—the Departing Woman?

For my part, I am sure that the best thing that we can do is to pray that she may not depart after all. She has done so much for us that we should be lost without her. Let her stay with us and she shall have a better chance than ever before. Set her up in another kind of type, if it must be, but let her keep the same meaning. And, merciful Heaven, forbid that she should ever lose the inscription which she has carried on her heart since it began to beat—"*but yet a woman.*"

MUSICAL COMMENT AND GOSSIP.

By Henry T. Finck.

Concert Hall Reforms — Last Stage of the Mascagni Fever — A Berlin Failure — Personally Conducted Operas — The Absurd Attitude of Singers — Music in Scandinavia — Prizes for Women — The Most Popular Composers — Dr. Spitzka on Nordau, Wagner, and Liszt — The Paderewski Craze.

Berlioz, in one of those delightful essays on music which Mr. Apthorp has done into idiomatic English with a literary art rare among translators, dwells at some length on the harm which comes to music from the excessive size of our opera-houses and concert halls. He points out that what might be called the "musical fluid," the unknown cause of musical emotion, "is without force, warmth, or vitality at a certain distance from its point of departure. We *hear*, but we do not *vibrate*. Now, we *must vibrate* ourselves with the instruments and voices, and be made to vibrate by them in order to have true musical sensations."

There is much truth in this contention, and I have sometimes wondered whether Berlioz's propensity, to write for a colossal orchestra, did not spring partly from an instructive desire to *compel* the auditors at the other end of a big hall to "vibrate" with his music It might possibly be asserted, too, with some show of justice that one reason why Wagner's music moves and stirs modern audiences like no other music, is because of its sonorous orchestration, which enables it to reach the topmost parts of the gallery before it has lost its glow of color. No doubt, the increasing dimensions of our opera-houses have helped to drive the thinly orchestrated works of the Italian and French schools from the stage, and it may be safely asserted that Humperdinck's fairy-opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," with all its charming music, could not have won its extraordinary success in Europe, if the composer had not wisely given his orchestration Wagnerian fullness and resonance.

The science of *applied* musical acoustics is still in its infancy, and it remains for architects of the future to make possible once more the performance of works that are not sonorous "music of the future."

future." But, there are other needed reforms in our concert halls that might easily be attended to at once. The other day Dr. Fridenberg had a letter in the *Evening Post*, in which he complained about the excessive light in these places. "There is no reason," he wrote, "why, at the concerts at the Carnegie or the Metropolitan Opera House, the eyes of thousands of helpless auditors should be exposed for hours together to the glare of innumerable bright electric lights. To say nothing of the discomfort, the strain thus inflicted upon the eyes is injurious and productive in many cases of headache and other nervous derangements. As the people file out of the house, at the close of a concert, you may observe a number of burning, blinking, weary-looking eyes, that welcome the darkness of the street."

A "dim religious light" is quite as desirable in a concert hall as in a church, in order that the attention may not be distracted from the thing for which the people assemble. You cannot enjoy music if there are a hundred sights in glaring light to divert your attention; still less, if that light makes your eyes smart, and your head ache.

By generalizing this assertion, we come to another and still more serious defect in our amusement halls—the lack of proper means of ventilation. Everybody knows the exhilarating effect of fresh air—knows that he can work or enjoy himself twice as much in pure air as in a vitiated atmosphere. Yet the air in our places of amusement is almost always so stagnant and filthy that the brain is wearied after an hour's attention, and everybody wishes for the end of what was dearly paid for in the hope of keen enjoyment. People remember such depressing experiences, and when the question next comes up, "Shall I attend to-night's concert?" the answer is very apt to be, "Oh, dear! I felt so tired and sleepy the last time I went, I guess I'll stay at home." If managers and artists suspected how much money they lose from this cause, they would not sleep a wink until they had bribed some expert to solve the problem of ventilation—without chilling draughts. It can be done; but architects, like shipbuilders, are only just beginning to study the problems of comfort and health.

* * * *

In the last number of THE LOOKER-ON I incidentally referred to the fact that the distinguished German critic, theorist, historian, and lexicographer, Dr. Riemann, expresses his contempt for Mascagni, and his surprise at those who caught the "Mascagni fever."

He

He thinks that the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was partly due to its libretto, partly to the clever advertising skill of the publisher, Sonzogno; and he refers to the absolute failure of his next two operas, "Amico Fritz" and "I Rantzau," in which "the weakness of the music was no longer covered by the merits of the libretto." Since this was written, Mascagni has produced three more operas, each of which added another fiasco to his repertory, both in Italy and in Germany; while the absurdly overrated "Cavalleria," too, has proved its ephemeral character by its virtual disappearance from most opera-houses.

It is always a more or less invidious and unwise thing to cry "I told you so"; but I cannot help recalling with satisfaction an article that appeared in the *Epoch* some years ago, in which surprise was expressed at my audacity in opposing nearly all the musical experts and critics in treating Mascagni as a charlatan, and in laughing at the so-called "new school of Italian opera" as a chimera. Well, gentlemen and confrères, where is that "new school" now? What has become of all these much-advertised operas, these musical or unmusical settings of coarse, vulgar scenes of peasant life, of jealousies, adulteries, and murders? With one or two exceptions, you will not find them on current repertories, and it seems the very irony of fate that a recent book which treats of them, Pfohl's "Moderne Oper"—though intended, as its title indicates, to be a guide to current operatic literature—should already have a merely historic value, or would have, were it not for its excellent chapters on the Bohemian Smetana, the German Cornelius, and the immortal octogenarian Verdi, whose last three operas alone constitute a *real* "new school of Italian opera."

The five consecutive fiascos have cooled the Mascagni fever, which has now entered on its very last stage—the personal. It is an interesting bit of ephemeral musical history that the man who discovered Mascagni and foisted him on the world, had to fall back on him, a few weeks ago, as his only savior from immediate collapse. He organized an Italian Opera Company and went to Berlin, where he announced a four-weeks' season, at which the gems of the "new Italian school" were to be produced. But the Berliners had already had enough of these paste diamonds, and left them on the manager's hands. Result: the "four-weeks' season" lasted just nine days, and the Italian singers might have had to walk home had it not been for Sonzogno's happy thought of having the "Cavalleria

valleria Rusticana" "personally conducted" by the composer. Mascagni was hastily summoned from Italy, and the people flocked to *see* him. The wily manager rubbed his hands joyfully, and at once set out on a tour through Germany with his "personally conducted" "Cavalleria"—his last and only trump card, and that only good in the hand of its maker. Mascagni received $250 a night for conducting, and he was worth it, so the manager thinks. But ocular curiosity is soon satisfied, and the latest report is that Mascagni, tired of these self-exhibitions, is about to accept the position of director of the conservatory of Pesaro. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

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I wonder if Hans von Bülow's delightful pamphlet, entitled "Letters from Scandinavia," will be included in the two volumes of his correspondence which Breitkopf & Härtel have nearly ready for the market. If not, these letters ought to be reprinted in book form, together with his pamphlet on Wagner's Faust Overture and some other critical essays. Pamphlets are almost as ephemeral as newspapers. Some years ago I tried to get those "Scandinavian Letters" from several German music sellers, but failed until one of them called my attention to a sort of literary detective company in Leipsic, which hunts up such things for a slight consideration, and which promptly put me in possession of the desired document.

The Scandinavian countries have always seemed to me worthy of more attention than they get from musicians. There are Grieg's songs, for instance, gloriously original in harmony and steeped in a most bewitching Northern atmosphere. Our vocalists never sing them, simply because difficult intervals occur in them, and because their own convenient "Italian method" has taught them that all songs which are not written for the singer's benefit—to give him a chance to show off his good points—"are unvocal." Grieg has just completed a new volume of songs, but they will of course be neglected, like their predecessors. As Sebastian B. Schlesinger, a friend of Robert Franz, and himself a good song-writer, has said, "Singers generally do not consider that they are put into the world to interpret the works of composers, but regard the latter as having been put into the world for their special benefit, and the creators must take a back seat while the interpreters sit in the front row. Music is good if it suits their voices; if it doesn't, it has 'no sort o' interest' for them."

There

There seems to be a good deal of activity in the concert halls of the Scandinavian capitals. I see that the season at Christiania opened with a concert under the direction of no less a personage than Grieg, who produced on this occasion a new work of his, a "Legend" for orchestra, which, it is to be hoped, we shall hear on this side of the Atlantic before the end of the season.

At Copenhagen woman seems to have come to the front. Feminine orchestras and players are not a new thing, but heretofore they have been associated chiefly with dime museums and beer-gardens. At Copenhagen they have recently had a Woman's Exhibition, and in connection therewith prizes have been offered for which only lady musicians were allowed to compete. The successful instrumental works were thereupon executed by a feminine orchestra, while a cantata that had received a prize was sung by a choir of ladies, both under a female conductor.

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Who are the two most popular composers in New York? Wagner, of course, for one. The directors of the London Crystal-Palace concerts declared publicly a year or two ago that a Wagner programme was more certain to draw a large audience than any other kind of a programme that could be made up, and New York is a much more Wagnerian town than London. So anxious, indeed, are New Yorkers to hear Wagner, that even the wretched performances given last spring were a great financial success. But who comes next to Wagner? It is hard to say, but I believe that we shall not go far astray in naming Liszt. No other composer evokes more enthusiastic applause from the most refined audiences, especially when Paderewski plays or Seidl conducts. Paderewski, though not a pupil of Liszt, has done for that master what Seidl has done for Wagner, and I shall never forget the enthusiastic applause which he evoked at his first New York recital this season by his performance of Liszt's first concerto. And with what rapturous delight are Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies always received when Paderewski plays them!

I make these remarks by way of introduction to an amusing critical curiosity which lies before me. It is a reprint of an article on Max Nordau which appeared in the *American Journal of Insanity.* Its author is Dr. E. C. Spitzka, well known as one of our best authorities on mental diseases—a most interesting department of medicine and psychology to which I, too, devoted considerable time

time during my student days in Berlin, under the excellent Prof. Westphal, who, as is often the case, went crazy himself a few years ago from constant association with madmen. *Absinthe omen*, as the Frenchman said.

On page four of Dr. Spitzka's pamphlet I discovered the reason why he sent it to me—obviously as a challenge. The doctor frankly confesses his ignorance of music, but this, *of course*, does not prevent him from posing as an authority on the subject. If Max Nordau claimed that the modern craze for Wagner was a proof of "degeneracy," Dr. Spitzka tries to prove the contrary by claiming that *there is no Wagner craze*, that "Linda di Clamounix" and "Trovatore" draw larger audiences than Wagner's operas (has the doctor been asleep fifteen years?) and that "Parsifal" suffers a "yawning neglect"—when, as a matter of fact, the "Parsifal" festivals at Bayreuth are the most profitable of modern operatic enterprises. But, of course, the doctor does not know that "Parsifal" is not allowed to be sung except at Bayreuth.

Dr. Spitzka's comments on Liszt are in the same vein. I quote them without comment, as jokes ought not to be explained: "It were to be fervently wished that Nordau could have been present at a recent entertainment given by the leading German-American musical society. He would have been struck by the look of hopeless bewilderment of some, of the visible effort born of courtesy to repress hisses on other, and the unmitigated disgust on all faces when Liszt's horrible mal-interpretation of the 'Lorelei' was performed, and he would have surely cancelled this portion of his work."

Most assuredly he would! But does not Dr. Spitzka think that a cobbler—beg pardon—an alienist ought to stick to his asylum, and leave musical diagnosis and prognosis to those who know something about music? In spite of Dr. Spitzka, there *is* a Wagner-Liszt "craze"; and if it is a mental disease the job of curing it will prove too big for one man, for then all the world's a madhouse and all the men and women merely lunatics. The opponents of Wagner and Liszt usually lack a sense of humor, or they would see that they are in the position of the twelfth juror, who declared that an agreement could have been easily reached had it not been for the stubbornness of the other eleven jurors.

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The New York correspondents of newspapers in other cities have been busy of late in telling their readers about the "hysterical craze"

craze" of New York women over Paderewski, and preaching severe little sermons on the subject. When women shout themselves hoarse over the winners of a boat race or a football match, these correspondents apparently see nothing wrong or unfeminine in their doings; but that they should "enthuse" over a genius, the greatest living pianist, seems very unbecoming and hysterical to them. As a matter of fact, their pictures are absurdly overdrawn. It is true that the applause is more demonstrative at a Paderewski concert than anywhere else; but there is a very good reason for that. It is true, too, that hundreds of women crowd down toward the stage while he is playing his encores; but many do this simply to get a near view of his hands in playing and of the expression of his features. It is also true that his room is invaded after each performance, and that there are some unbidden guests who ask foolish questions. But most of these visitors are personal friends who go there to shake hands with him, as he is so busy that it is almost impossible to see him anywhere else. Let us be grateful if there is a Paderewski craze. It is infinitely better than if he was neglected by his generation, like so many geniuses of the past. Schopenhauer compared men of genius to grapes which men never enjoyed fresh, but waited till time had changed them into raisins. We have fortunately learned to like our grapes fresh and luscious from Nature's garden.

ESSAYS ON SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.*

THIS work of Prof. Boyesen which was published but a few months ago, possesses an interest aside from its literary value, because of his recent and sad death. In buoyant health, in the prime of life, full of intellectual vigor he was suddenly taken hence. This volume was the second of three which he was preparing on the great literary personalities of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. The first volume was devoted to Henrik Ibsen. In the one under consideration he studied Björnson, Kielland, Lie, Andersen, Brandes, Tegnér, and also devoted one chapter to Contemporary Danish Literature. In the succeeding volume, not published, he proposed to treat of some prominent Swedish and Danish authors.

For the task which he undertook he was thoroughly well equipped. To its performance he brought broad and deep culture, and a fine critical insight. I know of nothing in all the range of literature which better describes the vocation of the literary critic than the opening paragraphs of the essay on George Brandes: "It is a greater achievement in a critic to gain an international fame than in a poet or writer of fiction. The world is always more ready to be amused than to be instructed, and the literary purveyor of amusement has opportunities for fame ten times greater than those which fall to the lot of the literary instructor. The epic delight—the delight in fable and story—to which the former appeals, is a fundamental trait in human nature; it appears full grown in the child, and has small need of cultivation. But the faculty of generalization to which the critic appeals, is indicative of a stage of intellectual development to which only a small minority even of our so-called cultivated public attains. It is therefore a minority of a minority which he addresses, the intellectual *élite* which does the world's thinking. To impress these is far more difficult than to impress the multitude; for they are already surfeited with good writing,

* Chas. Scribner's Sons.

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A FAVORITE JULIET

writing, and are apt to reject with a shoulder-shrug whatever does not coincide with their own tenor of thought.

What I mean by a critic in this connection is not a witty and agreeable *causeur*, like the late Jules Janin, who, taking a book for his text, discoursed entertainingly about everything under the sun; but an interpreter of a civilization, and a representative of a school of thought, who sheds new light upon old phenomena—men like Lessing, Matthew Arnold, and Taine. The latest candidate for admission to this company, whose title, I think, no one who has read him will dispute, is the Dane, Georg Brandes."

The first of Prof. Boyesen's essays is devoted to Björnstjerne Björnson, who is, he says, "the first Norwegian poet who can in any sense be called national. The national genius, with its limitations as well as its virtues, has found its living embodiment in him. Whenever he opens his mouth it is as if the nation itself were speaking. If he writes a little song, hardly a year elapses before its phrases have passed into the common speech of the people; composers compete for the honor of interpreting it in simple Norse-sounding melodies, which gradually work their way from the drawing-room to the kitchen, the street, and thence out over the wide fields and highlands of Norway. His tales, romances, and dramas express collectively the supreme result of the nation's experience, so that no one to-day can view Norwegian life or Norwegian history except through their medium." Boyesen then gives a sketch of Björnson's life and an exhaustive analysis of his tales, romances, and dramas. This essay extends to nearly half the book, which is not too much room to allot to it, considering the overshadowing literary influence of the subject on the life and literature of Norway.

These essays are all interesting and instructive, and manifest on the part of the critic a comprehensive grasp of the subject, and an ability to express that in good English.

THE ODES OF HORACE.*

[TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY W. E. GLADSTONE.]

THE principal characteristic of Horace's genius, that which has made him a favorite with scholars, is—charm. Of all the lyrical singers of the ages none is more popular than the Venusian poet. His poetry possesses that requisite of great art, universality. His kindliness of heart, his width of observation, his varied experiences of

* Chas. Scribner's Sons.

of life have all tended to develop in him a quality which is best described by the Latin word *urbanitas*. These qualities find expression in his poetry and give to it a charm which has made it popular with cultured people in all lands and ages. No poet probably is more difficult to translate. In fact he is almost untranslatable. It is almost as difficult to catch and reproduce his wit, his fire, his perfect form as to capture the fragrance of the flower, the song of the bird. And yet no poet has had more translators. Among the latest of these is Mr. Gladstone. He brings to the task thorough familiarity with the subject, coupled with ripe culture as a classical scholar. He thinks one requisite of success in translating Horace is "the necessity of compression." Coupled with that the translator must exercise great freedom. "Every one of the Odes, as a rule, has a spirit, genius, and movement of its own; and I hold that the translator of Horace should both claim and exercise the largest possible freedom in varying its meters, so as to adapt them in each case to the original with which he has to deal." This method of translating has been followed by Mr. Gladstone with the happiest results. While he has not translated Horace literally, he has in some measure caught the spirit, and reproduced the meaning of the poet. How well Mr. Gladstone has done this can best be illustrated by comparing an ode translated by Bulwer Lytton, who attempted to translate literally, with the same ode translated by Mr. Gladstone. There is none better for this purpose than the ode "To his Lyre" (I. 32). Bulwer Lytton's translation begins as follows:

> "We are summoned. If e'er under shadow sequestered,
> Has sweet dalliance with thee in light moments of leisure
> Given birth to a something which lives, and may, haply,
> Live in years, later." *seq.*

The same stanza is rendered by Mr. Gladstone:

> "They call for thee. In sport, in shade,
> Thou, O my Lyre, some strains hast played,
> Which yet may live. But now inspire
> A patriot fire." *seq.*

While the latter is not so literal as the former, it has far more deftly caught the spirit, the lilt of the original, and conveys to us Horace's poetry.

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